Trust

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Firstly I trust everyone,
But no one likes this image of icon,
When others break the trust what can be done,
One has to serve relations in long run.

Since the relations which are deceiving us are our loved ones,
How can I trust someone after all the things undone,
My upbringing nature compels me to trust my loved ones,
But my brain hates all this and tells me to stay apart and let them go to hell.

Relations are nothing but a machine gun,
All the faces open with time one by one,
That time you will cry for this mischief overrun,
That time you can do nothing since everything is done.

This time I am not mature and I trust everyone,
This is the thing which our almighty teach everyone,
But today's world is full of lies, confirmed by everyone,
One day will come when I will unable to trust my favourite son.