

GUNS & BOMBS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
(A Picture of War)

11-21-13
(#32)

1. The children wake for no one's sake
with guns and bombs blowing up in their head.
To shrieks and screams beyond the worst dreams
of mothers wishing it were them instead.
And babies not yet able to comprehend
how their own bodies bled.
In the midst of even the toughest soldiers
wishing to God that they were dead.

2. The blasts and roars 'midst "whys?", "what-fors?"
that shatter the peace in the middle of the night.
Kicked open doors, in bankers' wars
that spatter blood for the sheer cause of might;
Of rattled sabers, cruel behaviors,
all to prove "we were right" (to our delight).
In imperialist-madness, tragic sadness
— lost to (almost) everyone's sight.

REFRAIN: What is it all for ? What's it all for ?
Money, minerals, maim, mass murder,
picture of war . . .
The blood and the gore, addicts to the core,
addicts for more, more, more, more, more, more
What, oh, what, was it all for ?

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. Blazing guns and bombs against babies and moms
yet these are those the masses idolize.
It is any wonder they tear asunder
and desecrate creations' most precious prize ?
They dare not care as if it's not waiting there:
that ever-threatened day of reckoning.
To the criminally insane it just couldn't be more plain
that they acted only under God's own beckoning.

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

4. The Almighty media raves, about obedient slaves
to glorify the most damnable of knaves;
politicians toast to the chief commanders' boast
of the great democracy his mass-holocaust saves.
Ah, but don't make waves, kneel and bow, give praise,
in vainglory dreams 'midst the pain and gory screams —
as guns and bombs rule the day, in this night where they slay
the children — more collateral debris in the way.

[INSTRUMENTAL OF REFRAIN, FADEOUT]

[END]

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