

Lesion

Stampin' Ground

You'll reap what you sow
The sky is a new shade of war
The colour of meat rent raw
This conflict's innocents
In heaps of twitching limbs
Mouths stretched in silent screams
What becomes of their dreams?
Dulled eyes plead to the sky
Witnesses to this genocide
The men slaughtered
Before their families' horrified stares
The women dead and raped
Mouthing their futile prayers
But it's the children's eyes
That burn into my mind
And drag me sweating from nightmare
The land now a scape of sores
Blistered by countless wars
Earth tears, oozing like pus
Congealing in civilisation's dust
As cold...
As governments who deemed to piss
Our consciences lie rigormortised
As cold...
As the governments who deemed to piss
Upon the twitching corpse of human rights
Their grim refusal of all foresight

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