

Bleeding the Weak

All Out War

There are those who suffer and those who bleed them dry and there are always those who just stand by. We ignore the horror and we allow genocide, for selfish reasons we are content to close our eyes. We live by these words, "They come for them and not for thee." And when our time comes, there will be no one free. The world still won't listen, instead we turn our heads. After all it's not us. No one here will wind up dead. And we take comfort. Genocide, we need not fear. Holocaust mass execution, those things don't happen here. Soaked in the blood of innocents. Baptized by the disease of man. In 1933 we watched them suffer. We left a generation to be damned. And so it goes, on and on and on again. Appease the demons. If there is no profit we will always refuse to defend. Someday can we break the silence, before another ethnic cleansing breaks or will apathy again betray them and disinterest decide their fate. Will we fail another generation? Will we fail again?

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