

Who Stole the Soul

William Elliott Whitmore

Who stole the soul.
And who stole the heart.
And who took the spark from inside of me. Why can't I breathe.
And I'm afraid they won't stop.
Till all the poets have failed.
Till all the good men are jailed for nothing at all.
Let them take the fall. And they'll bring devastation.
And call it diplomacy.
But an occupation won't bring a nation peace. And I'm so ashamed.
And these things beyond value.
That we cherish so dear.
I won't let them go.
No, I won't let them go. And who stole the soul.
And who stole the heart.
And I got back the spark from inside of me.
And I can finally breathe.
Hear the shuffle of my dancing feet.

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