

# Sounds of War

## Boonaa Mohammed

### Sounds of War

I can hear the drums of war; it is the most musical of sounds  
Marching to the tune of conquered villages and towns  
Victory as violins' cover the silence of violence  
The thumping bass of mass graves as unmarked bodies meet their final resting place

I don't even listen to music, but this sound cannot be missed  
Everywhere I go, the screaming sirens make me sick  
As I reflect on the award winning performance most wars represent  
Because nothing brings people together more like war and pointless death

Politicians conduct symphonies of lies and deceit  
As the puppet master plays away his propaganda for the deaf and dumb to read  
Emptied magazines from shooting live clips on to the street  
Terrorist or freedom fighter, both must defend what they believe

They are chanting at the protests, "we only want peace"  
So masked police pull out their pieces and spray in harmony  
Like, Boom, Boom, Boom...Boom...Boom, Boom  
Now they are deceased in pieces but will not get to rest in peace

Cease fire, for an interlude while suspects are being pursued  
Soldiers salute all in tune with what the major asks them to do  
Yes Sir, No Sir, in fact the war was all a blur  
Everybody looks the same when their brains are on the curb

They are kicking down the doors, rounding up the men as they snore  
While women and their children pay the highest price for war  
Because raping is like rapping, thugs holding guns while other men are clapping  
They tie them up in chains; give them whips if they complain

Can't you see it's all a game, drones flying over homes  
By remote control, while teenage boys are chillin' just killin' in the comfort of their homes  
I can hear the call of duty, they all want an encore  
So his machine guns sung the most of beautiful of cords

Oh you didn't know, Muslim blood is cheaper than oil  
They sell it by the barrels to the Pharaohs and their boys  
Nuclear A-cappella's will have any nation sell-out

And join an orchestrated effort of dis-united nation sellouts  
Because weapons of mass destruction are nothing next methods of mass consumption  
Oiling the instruments of war as the crowds begin to roar  
Playing Russian roulette with German Lugar's and British bayonets  
American shotguns silence Chinese bullet proof vests, war is international business

I can hear the tanks rolling, holding their positions on the hill  
Citadels ring their bells, as Hell leaves a bloody trail  
Revolutions always fail, when casualties are less than 12  
Years of age, teens with rage will avenge their families' honour to the grave

I can hear the orphans as they morn, closing their parents casket door  
With the fear that their tears will forever be ignored  
But we dare not speak of those who have died, like they are dead  
Say Nay, they are alive, finding comfort with their Lord instead

Listen to the harmony, of lobby groups and foreign policy  
Zionist and western duets lead the melody of Middle Eastern conflicts  
Dictators sing like choir boys, when their corruption gets annoyed  
Democratize capitalism's lies of despising civil war

Because how can you hate war, when it is the anthem of the world,  
You either love it or you live it, but every nation knows its words  
Marching troops are hesitating; they don't know what they are dying for  
While flying mortars are making martyrs who are smiling as they go

I can hear the flat lines, the aftermath of land mines  
Giving birth to worthless earth, the most dangerous of minds  
There are things much worse than death; there are Kings in much more debt  
You push a peoples backs against the wall, they will not fall, they will destroy it

It being the theme of humanitarian dreams and schemes  
Providing aid for which they prayed, another day for this concert hall to play  
The magnificence of the grand stage, get your tickets here today  
For the battle of the century, featuring people who look like you and me

This is our legacy, history books will soon know  
Lights, camera, action, get ready for the show

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