I CRY

I cry for the girl who wanted to finish her lunch

but she couldn't because her house blew up

I cry for that people who had dreams to fulfill and now are laying rest

I cry for the youngsters who wanted to finish their studies but next day school was in

flames

I cry for that mother who came to tuck in her child

and she found him dead because of aerial attack

I cry for the crazy world where we live;

where the truth becomes a lie

and a lie becomes truth

I cry for the kid who can't eat a decent dinner yet

I cry for the little girl who wanted to finish her drawing but now is covered in blood

I cry when I see who are in charge:

they wear a blindfold which they put on themselves

A crazy world; where the mean are seen as heroes

and heroes are seen as evil

They say "unity is strength"

but, where are we going to find this unity?

If I speak about it, people turn their heads

Three sentences, three words and three letters

"They want to be still alive"

"We are ignoring a genocide"

"Would you accept to be expeled from your own home?"

"Please wake up"

"Hey".