

Clark Anne, Nida

The world keeps watch where its jewels are sleeping -
under desert sands , its black heart's beating
the pulsing liquid earth - ours for the taking

But beyond the marked borders , beyond strategic lines
the dust's turning red , the wind's carrying cries
and all around the world the world closed its eyes
A people without land fights for existence
as opposing winds disperse all calls for assistance
Will their annihilation be the price of our silence ?
The only sounds heard are oil-hungry nations'
blood-thirsty threats of immediate action
should the hold on resources ever be threatened

there can be no excuses , no justification
no heads turned away from their situation
the price of our silence will be their annihilation !
Beyond the marked borders , beyond strategic lines
the dust's turning red , the wind's carrying cries
and all around the world the world closes its eyes.