

# Stampin' Ground, Lesion

You'll reap what you sow  
The sky is a new shade of war  
The colour of meat rent raw  
This conflict's innocents  
In heaps of twitching limbs  
Mouths stretched in silent screams  
What becomes of their dreams?  
Dulled eyes plead to the sky  
Witnesses to this genocide

The men slaughtered  
Before their families' horrified stares  
The women dead and raped  
Mouthing their futile prayers  
But it's the children's eyes  
That burn into my mind  
And drag me sweating from nightmare

The land now a scape of sores  
Blistered by countless wars  
Earth tears, oozing like pus  
Congealing in civilisation's dust

As cold...  
As governments who deemed to piss  
Our consciences lie rigormortised As cold...  
As the governments who deemed to piss  
Upon the twitching corpse of human rights  
Their grim refusal of all foresight