

Anasarca, Whispers And Cries

Night by night I have voices in my head.
First I thought them to be parts of nightmares,
but now I know where they' re from -
the voices are from children that have died !

Awaking in a bath of sweat,
the voices are gone,
I don' t want to feel asleep again -
I can' t endure these helpless cries !

Little humans died by war,
or they simply starved.
A mother holds her child,
no more sign of life.
Mutilated corpse,
a dummy in it's mouth.
Hunger and pain,
remember, it is just a child !

Night by night there's nothing I can do !
I have a pity on these little beings.
A silent voice whispers : "Help me please".
Night by night I still can hear them scream !

In my dreams I can see them die,
the victims of the madness in the world.
They never did anything wrong at all,
they' re just the "trash of society" !

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Hunger and pain,
remember, it is just a child !

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