

Clann Z, There Will Be No Morning Copy

Your borders are bloody mirages that expand and contract at the will of the blade
drawn across the back of a people in shadow.

We are on the ropes.

Tasting the blood in our mouths, mixing with what little hope we have left
as it slides down our throats constricted by hands of avarice, soft media, oxymorons and military m

How long must we live in the shadow of your wall
that divides our lives, our loves and our hopes?

How long must we live in the daily fear of returning home to find it gone?

We are refugees in our own land, waiting in hope
for the day when we can walk our own streets.

Just because you have the biggest gun doesn't mean your war is won.

Just because you take our homes doesn't mean our hope is gone.

Just because you claim your cause as just doesn't mean that you're still not wrong.

Just because you build a wall doesn't mean it will last that long.

A bullet flies through the head of another ten-year-old boy
who held a rock in his hand against a thirty-ton tank in his people's land.