

Clark Anne, Red Sands

Blood on the sand
Blood on the hands
of a handful of madman
What a way to see the world
Through the smeared window of a TV-Screen
Technicolour assassinations
Assasinations that make me scared and afraid
Afraid of the streets that breed malice and hatred
Those with their heads bowed to the darkness
Those who can't see for the glave of the light
Those without strength
Who can't raise hands yet alone guns
Become prisoners of concience
Though not your concience
You cheer and rejoice as life trickles away
Through the outlets you give in the shape of a gun
Our world is slipping quickly away