

Crucifix, Death Toll

Born weeks premature not to everyone's delight
crippled from malnutrition, another unwanted child
she cradled him in her
arms while she brushed away the flies
praying that her newborn can survive through the night
it's a shame to give birth in
a world that is dirt
what kind of life can she give when she has nothing to offer
she held him to her breast, a future they
can't even hope for
a reality she can't escape, numbed to the cold and despair
victim of greed, the poor never get their
share
it's a shame to give birth in a world that's dirt
the stifling heat of the night, mother and child on the ground
the
pain and the sadness, children scavenge for what can be found
they try to hide the poverty but poverty can't be hidden

covering up a lie with another lie it's the way of the system
their solution to hunger is a dime from here and there
but
still they support the arms and i don't believe they care
and the millions go on starving to preserve the american dream
as
they pile up more statistics to prove that's how it's always been
when morning came, her baby died, she could do nothing
but weep
something broke inside of her, something frail and weak
she accepts death as a part of life that is lonely and
final
accepts a life of poverty, then she closed her eyes to sleep
weighing the burdens, maybe it's better off to die

not having enough to eat, starving the young is such a crime