

# 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