

Gong, Damaged Man

Behind the mask of the dictator
I know there is a damaged man.
Inside the man there is a frightened little boy
With scary toys
That somebody will make a deal with.
On either side there is resistance
to the thought of change.
Eventually there is a moment
When one by one the zen machine guns fall to silence.
And all the children still alive can then be saved
To turn em into good little soldiers.
O Warrior Warrior
Why do you want to kill and kill and kill
The women and the children!
Your mothers and your daughters!
Your very own ancestors!
There is no them and us and them and us at all...
Just other versions of ourselves.