

# The Effort, Nineteen Years Late

I thought I gave everything I could  
And I thought my words finally stood  
Above our countrys actions  
And above all the violent reactions  
But as I see the blood in Burma  
My discontent turns to paranoia  
When a monk living in tranquility  
Loses his life to live in peace  
Let everyone be free from harm,  
Let everyone be free from anger  
Let everyone be free from hardship  
Ive lived too long in a useless bubble  
Worrying about this countrys troubles  
Because you cant open anyones eyes  
If they are content living blind  
The liberties we all take for granted  
Pour out the wounds of the enlightened  
Our hands are just as unclean  
Because back in 88 this should have been foreseen  
Were still fish in a bowl despite the efforts  
Making us the logical targets  
Nineteen Years Late  
We are too late