

The Desert in the East

Hush

Listen – because you cannot win –
You cannot win – you cannot win.
The war will rage on –
The children will burn –
The women will weep the lost peace of a past
That never existed.

Hush

Listen because the world
Does not change.
The men will die
The bombs will rain.
The cities will remain shattered upon foundations
That never were.

Hush

Listen to the thousand-year-old cry
That has not changed.
You cannot change the hearts of hate –
You cannot lose yourself in the horror.
So hush and listen to the voice from within
That calls you by name.

Hush

Listen to the hallowed wind
That blows over the grave of a child
And scatters the petals of the flowers –
Across the dry desert.
Hush and listen to the sands that never change
And never age.

Hush

Listen to a land
That has long seen the cruelty
Of mankind.
The desolation of a divided world
That cares for none but their own sufferings –
Less for the babes of the enemy.

Hush

Listen because you cannot change
An ages' old war.
Hush
Listen to the silence –
That only comes from the constancy of never-ending warfare
The pain of a nation.

Hush

Listen because tomorrow
You may never hear again.
Hush
Listen because that child's laughter
May never ring through these halls again. Hush.
Listen to the dry and empty desert.