

Bombs drop, as shrapnel scatters. Screams.
Tears drop, as salty water splatters. Streams of tears,
but also blood that runs through cracks of rubble,
dusty bricks, fused with Crimson, saturated burning Red in accordance to the crimes done.
And Perpetrated. Dead.
Are the many and often innocent infants.

War is raw, like grazed knees,
war is raw like uncooked meat, no one wants to eat,
only the bloodthirsty hound dogs,
that masquerade as leaders of nations,
with an unquenchable appetite for bloodshed.
To them, War has no law. So crime it is not.
A law unto thy self, they spread death, black plagues for wealth.

How far goes such evil you may ask, well ask pharaoh at war with God's people, they task them till
death, dig through the sands of time and ask the archaic Sudanese that died at Jebel Sahaba. The
world's first record of war.

We transcend from blunt fists and kicks, to sharp spears, swords, bow and arrows, that cut through
skin, it's tip touches marrow. To tanks and missiles, that are set off by missed lies, they sail through
the sky, misguided bombs of lies they cannot miss.

Our demise through the symphony of orchestrated war that we conduct, foreshadows the corrosion
of our human nature, no devil to blame when we self-destruct.

Blood spills every day, and parallel to such is the drip from our souls to God when we lose our way.
Each drip and each drop, we lose sight from God. And descend, and decline, and decay when we
decide to hate oneself. I mean isn't that what war is? Hate of self.

So let us dine in hell, with pitchforks and swords because
I see no me in you.
I see no God in me, so I see no God in you.
There must be no love between we
I see no life in truth.
I see no heights, just roofs.
No wise in age, only the folly of youth
I could see not what we could be
Only what we couldn't do

And so we wage war.
Until the earth is scorched,
Until the stench of death embeds within our pores.

We never press rewind, we just press red buttons, someone please press pause, maybe then we'd
discern and discover the inherent cause... for this frailty and failure in human nature.

We took the pen from God and became the author of our own annihilation.
We must give God back his pen.