



"CRIES IN AGONY"

It was a night:  
Where you could see the darkness bright:  
One could hear the thunder rumbles  
and the stray ghost's mumbles.  
I wasn't able to sleep  
Uneasiness settling deep in my chest.  
I heard a frantic knock  
When I unhook the lock,  
I see her, the 'Goddess of Peace'  
Without her grace and ease.  
Her epithet of an eyes in pain.  
Pacing as if she has gone insane.  
And she cries in agony  
Like christ in a cross of mahagony:  
She says "They are waging a war  
in my kingdom's heart.  
They are killing my youth like a ceremony  
And Slapping their thighs, high in vile victory.



Please run and ~~do not~~ not return.

'Cause they are coming here, to inflict fear.

I can't save all of you, but I've got to try:

I looked at her,

At those tattered clothes and tangled hair:

Took a hold of her hands and said;

There is no place to run and hide

All them people of power,

All they want is more power.

They will reign your kingdom as they

please,

To acquire all their greeds:

Don't you hear the cries of the women

Maddened by the lose of their dear men?

Don't you see the longing of the children,

Robbed of their merriment?

There is blood in the clouds,

ready to pour over.

There is a crowd afraid that today is the day



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they die,

All hopes will be in ruin, unless we try.

We can't suffer in silence and

let them take our innocence.

Adjusting to violence,

is pleading guilty on death trials.

Remember our halcyon?

Those days are over the horizon.

But we've gotta bring it back.

We've gotta bring gain it back again.

Let us hear no more cries in agony.

Let them cross no more christs in

mahagony.

It's high time to realise your cries of agony.

And return yet to you, your symphony.

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