

8 Words Too Little "War In Iraq"

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The worlds splitting apart
Theirs wars going on its
Getting arky in Iraqy
America is setting bombs off every where.

Kids are screaming for mummy but mummy's
Gone she isn't here she isn't around
She is lying in the under ground.

People are sleeping on the street
Their homes are gone

Bullets are going into hearts of little ones.

Kids dodging bombs just to get home
To find out their loved ones have gone.

I can't bear the thought

To what these kids are going through

The hard times, the good times, and in between the
Two

Kids are dying lying on the ground
Crying no shelter to hide in

The ground is shaking from the bomb breaking.

Night and day, death and destruction in their faces

They are dirty they're hungry they have no food.
They're not living a life of fun and happiness they're
living a life of despair and fear.

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