Ballydowse "The Land, The Bread, And The People"

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Another armchair economist playing Our life into a mess, what you know About poverty you learned in a book. Think you're really qualified to Mouth off and theorize about the fears

You've never even felt.

Time's past to button up,

Taste the fare on which they sup and tighten your own belt.

Get in line with us a while, see ya humbly watch Your child's health held in balance by the whim of the system.

Between Cosette and the privileged few A fat dog chokes down more than he can chew A poor land's labours are a rich land's gain Little Oliver lives again

The red scare has come and gone,

A temporarily peaceful dawn finds us lost without a villain.

When the free market reigns supreme will Lazarus

And scream or will the new bosses' wage be the same? What's it mean to buy and own when all is God's and God's alone.

Does a father feed half his children?

Our glory is indeed our shame if our comfort breeds on others' pain.

This feast would be better if it wasn't so lonely.

Theologies of liberation formed by mother's

desperation, The church condemns but offers little else.

Brother sun and sister moon hear a starving Child's tune thanking God for all His goodness.

Across the seas the bitter mutter behind ivy walls and

Shutters they plot to keep their own.

Moths and worms around us gather,

A slow wrath descends a ladder.

Mercy received in the measure it was given.

Holy Father we all want bread,
Both from heaven and your fields so green.
I know your grace is man's first need,
But I can no longer hold the pain I've seen.
I am my brother's keeper and that I'll always be.
I'll not turn my back be he stranger of blood
And embrace a life of greed.
I am my sister's keeper and that I've always been.
Every day I've left her out in the streets

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