

Clark Anne "Nida"

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The world keeps watch where its jewels are sleeping -
under desert sands , its black heart's beating
the pulsing liquid earth - ours for the taking

But beyond the marked borders , beyond strategic
lines

the dust's turning red , the wind's carrying cries
and all around the world the world closed its eyes
A people without land fights for existence
as opposing winds disperse all calls for assistance
Will their annihilation be the price of our silence ?
The only sounds heard are oil-hungry nations'
blood-thirsty threats of immediate action

should the hold on resources ever be threatened

their can be no excuses , no justification
no heads turned away from their situation
the price of our silence will be their annihilation !
Beyond the marked borders , beyond strategic lines
the dust's turning red , the wind's carrying cries
and all around the world the world closes its eyes.

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