

Dirotta Su Cuba

"Merry Go Round"

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Sitting here on a merry go round, just waiting for the world to stop. The night is fading the dawn is nearly here and I feel so tired I could drop. There's a shadow in the distance with a gun in his hand and his mind is on shoot to kill, then a shout comes up from the back of the crowd to fire at ones own will. Then one by one they fall to the ground and for a moment I think I'm not there, then I open my eyes and I'm still going round but my mind is tortured with fear. There's a flash from behind and it lights up the sky, could the world be at an end? But its just a bolt from an unknown resort with a message from heaven it sends. Then its back to the prison of life so it seems, a prison to which you were born, break the chains off your hands and the nails from your feet otherwise inside a prison you'll mourn and as the bodies lay crippled upon the mud, not a shudder or blink of an eye they've suppressed the anger that lies within, now its my future to die. In the squalor of a demolished street cries a girl no older than three, no clothes on her body, no shoes on her feet, yes once this could have been me. And as the merry go round comes to a halt, from the devastation flies a dove. You'll find it within, the conqueror of all, the answer is look to your love.

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