

The Riot Before "In Perspective"

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Far away across an ocean in a distant foreign land
A face is falling off from poison on an every aging man
And in the cracks and creases of the flesh a light goes
out a constitution dies

By a fire in a forest a soldier sits holding a gun
In a village a young mother cries while looking at her
son
Because while he sleeps and dreams so peacefully
outside the enemy has arrived

And on the side of a bomb falling
Is my name penned to read left from right

In the street there is barbed wire from an unjust
occupation
In the air a rocket's fired and it feeds the desperation
Of a people pushed so far against the wall there is no
escape to see

In a city's crowded market an explosion brings despair
The people pack the streets holding high fists and
coffins in the air
The reporter calmly calls one terrorist the former
thought out strategy

And on that day in another season
A starving child forever closes his brown eyes

Here I sit with stomach full there's peace and quiet on
my street
In my closet there are clothes I have shoes tied onto my
feet
I'm embarrassed by my sadness all because my hand's
empty
This is my cry throughout the world this is my apology
So I offer up my hand in all it's barren readiness
And I offer up my voice and it's origins in my chest
Help me give all that I can in spite of my unwillingness
Push me forwards toward compassion and away from
selfishness

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