

## Lex Zaleta

# "Al Qaeda On The Western Front"

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They showed the man in custody.  
His shoulders slumped, and his head was bowed.  
They foiled his plan, no doubt bloody,  
Is there just one killer in this crowd?

Forget his money  
Or how he prays.  
We all live to see  
Our dying day.

His business card said, "Terrorist;"  
I guess that's an occupation now.  
I studied hard; I must have missed  
All those courses in college somehow.

Forget his money  
Or how he prays.  
We all live to see  
Our dying day.

I saw his face, rugged and pained;  
Looks like he's been in and through it all.  
He's a disgrace, forever stained -  
With innocent blood, I guess it's called.

Forget his money  
Or how he prays.  
We all live to see  
Our dying day.

Let's check his eyes to find a clue  
To what makes him hate humanity.  
Don't be surprised if when we do  
You find yourself looking back at me.

Forget his money  
Or how he prays.  
We all live to see  
Our dying day.

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