

## Sacrilege

# "Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind"

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Such a sorrowful scene, this sight fir sore eyes,  
Emaciated bodies, another cild dies,  
A sad symbol of the brotherhood of man,  
Out of sight out of mind in a faraway land.  
Begging for a morsel, bowl in hand,  
While the rich men talk of  
Relief plans,  
Drawing up agreements of who gives what,  
But the bowl stays empty and the corpses rot.  
Such a sorrowful scene, this sight fir sore eyes,  
The weapons pile up, a whole country dies,  
A sad symbol of the hatred of man,  
Out of sight out of mind in a faraway land.  
Begging for sanity, let reason prevail,  
The wise men talk, the efforts all fail,  
They make new agreements of whos got what,  
The stockpiles get higher, the child is forgot.

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From WALDM000@MZDMZA.ZDV.UNI-MAINZ.DE Mon  
Dec 29 08:23:29 1997

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