

Ryan Harvey

"Placing The Blame"

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Every bomb carries with it the stories of the dead.
The stories shared choking back tear tear between the
family and friends
Every name is a history, every bomb is an end.
The memories of the grieving are all that we've got left

Everyday I live, I see my friend
Lying in his brand new coffin

The shaky hands that built the bomb
And set it to explode
That picked the date and time
And placed it on the road
They didn't write the plans for war
They didn't fly the planes
They're as stuck as the soldiers are
In this twisted violent game

And how would you react?
If soldiers occupied your block?
Would you fight in the name of your country
Like the people of Iraq?
We took these people's world
And now we're coming back for more
Don't blame the ones who built the bomb
Blame the ones who built the war

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