

Death Toll

Crucifix

Born weeks premature not to everyone's delight
Crippled from malnutrition, another unwanted child
She cradled him in her arms while she brushed away the flies
Praying that her newborn can survive through the night

It's a shame to give birth in a world that is dirt

What kind of life can she give when she has nothing to offer
She held him to her breast, a future they can't even hope for
A reality she can't escape, numbed to the cold and despair
victim of greed, the poor never get their share

It's a shame to give birth in a world that is dirt

The stifling heat of the night, mother and child on the ground
The pain and the sadness, children scavenge for what can be found

They try to hide the poverty but poverty can't be hidden
Covering up a lie with another lie it's the way of the system
Their solution to hunger is a dime from here and there
But still they support the arms and I don't believe they care
And the millions go on starving to preserve the American dream
As they pile up more statistics to prove that's how it's always
been

When morning came, her baby died, she could do nothing but weep
Something broke inside of her, something frail and weak
She accepts death a part of life that is lonely and final
Accepts a life of poverty, then she closed her eyes to sleep

It's a shame to give birth in a world that is dirt

Weighing the burdens, maybe it's better off to die
Not having enough to eat, starving the young is such a crime