

No Words

Tragedy

No words, no words can explain the anger from years and years of being beaten down
No words, no words can relay
no words, no words can erase
Brainwashed, domesticated, bound in chains
No words, no words can relay
As the giant steamroller called progress
mows down the last fragments of what once was
No words can explain the rage as another factory replaces another field
No words, no words can relay
No words can begin to say what would be said if the dead could replay,
if the napalmed children,
the tortured dissidents,
the publicly executed,
the burned villages,
the silent masses could
cry, could scream,
could speak..
Telling tales of tragedies for which we find no words
For which there are no words