

Nida

Anne Clark

The world keeps watch where its jewels are sleeping -
Under desert sands , its black heart's beating
The pulsing liquid earth - ours for the taking
But beyond the marked borders , beyond strategic lines

The dust's turning red , the wind's carrying cries
And all around the world the world closed its eyes
A people without land fights for existence
As opposing winds disperse all calls for assistance

Will their annihilation be the price of our silence ?
The only sounds heard are oil-hungry nations'
Blood-thirsty threats of immediate action
Should the hold on resources ever be threatened

Their can be no excuses , no justification
No heads turned away from their situation
The price of our silence will be their annihilation !
Beyond the marked borders , beyond strategic lines

The dust's turning red , the wind's carrying cries
And all around the world the world closes its eyes.