

## Red Sands

Anne Clark

Blood on the sand  
Blood on the hands of a handful of madman  
What a way to see the world  
Through the smeared window of a TV-Screen  
Technicolour assassinations  
Assassinations that make me scared and afraid  
Afraid of the streets that breed malice and hatred  
Those with their heads bowed to the darkness  
Those who can't see for the glare of the light  
Those without strength  
Who can't raise hands yet alone guns  
Become prisoners of conscience  
Though not your conscience  
You cheer and rejoice as life trickles away  
Through the outlets you give in the shape of a gun  
Our world is slipping quickly away