

## After the War

Asia

For those that are able  
To go underground  
Missiles disenable  
They hit faster than sound  
They're coming and you have no choice  
The helpless with one human voice  
That will categorically say  
This underdog will have his day

One more dead is one more than it ought to be  
A travesty  
One more missed will be kissed to eternity  
Or purgatory

After the war

Red button he's pressing  
But he knows not why  
He's programming orders  
War lights up the sky  
He's on the hotline tonight  
His mind is high as a kite  
His fingers decide wrong or right  
This man has it all in his sights

Used as tools to believe in autonomy  
Minorities are no more  
Men are fools, one last cry to humanity  
No sanity any more

After the war

On my arm, a tattoo for my sons to be  
That numbers you and me  
There's a scar on my face  
That is photographed for all to see

After the war