

Vague Suspicions

Esperanza Spalding

On the neon news they won't be talking bout his life
Flowers still unfolding when he had to fly
Toward, toward God

May this war end, Insha'Allah, he knelt to pray
When a dusty troop misjudged and blew him away
Strangers, same God

They are faceless numbers in the headlines we've all read
Drone strike leaves thirteen civilians dead
Hold that thought, My God

Maybe your heart is seized with passing pity for the dead
And vague suspicions creep into your head
Am I part of war? And what is God for?
Next on channel four, celebrity gossip