

Song for Them

Flux of Pink Indians

the wind blows
the baby cries
people die
deaths are untold
land is desolate
nothing here grows
people living
for the sight of a food bowl
trapped in existence
it's hard to think
that such people really exist
hard to believe
their plight is accepted
when money so wasted could be re-directed
they're not some race that don't feel pain
starvation is something you don't become immune to