

Lebanon

Luka Bloom

Things are looking bad now
They never have been worse
To the north lie mountains
To the south a curse
Bloodstained footprints in the shifting sands
Among the olive groves of Cedarland

Lebanon
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Young girls go running around
Giggling out the door
Every generation has seen these wars before
Caught between a rock and a hard, hard place
Still you live your lives in a state of grace

Lebanon
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Old man smokes his pipe
And through world-weary eyes
He curses the cameras
And pleads to merciless skies
Through the ashes float the words of Khalil Gibran
Love in time will show her hand

Lebanon
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