

Turned on the radio to hear
The tragic story of an boy of 7 years
Should be sleeping in his bed
Should be sleeping, but instead he's lying dead.

In a world where children lose their lives
Face the bullet, face the knife
Is this what we call being civilised?

Face the pain, it's all gone wrong
Who's to blame? It can go on
Can't rewind, what's done is done
When will we learn from the memories?

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What happened to our pleasant land?
Ignore the suffering, ignore the outstretched hand
That reaches out to us in vain
We are fortunate we don't end up the same.

In a world with nowhere left to run
Spiral downwards, damage done
Is this what we call being civilised?

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