

## Extermination blues

Robin Trower

We stood and watched the storm clouds gather  
Watched as mountains turned to sand  
We let them steal the future  
Did not raise a hand  
Not quick enough to anger  
Far too slow to understand

We chose to walk away in silence  
Was that fear or apathy  
The noose began to tighten  
Found it hard to breathe  
Not quick enough to anger  
Extermination guaranteed