

Healing The Wounds Of War

Tank

It came the day they went to town,
Where the rebel men had held their ground,
He sold his son for a bag of maize
And prayed to God for him to be saved.
Forced to march under orders, drug-fuelled minds running wild,
Despite their age they look much older,
Fight as a soldier, die as a child.
Healing the wounds of war, so they will bleed no more.
Came the day of his escape from rebellion, corruption, murder,
rape.
Forced to march under orders, rebel force running wild,
In uniform they look much older, fight as a soldier, die as a child.
Healing the wounds of war.