

Our own correspondent is sorry to tell  
Of an uneasy time that all is not well  
On the borders there's movement  
In the hills there is trouble  
Food is short, crime is double

Prices have risen since the government fell  
Casualties increase as the enemy shell  
The climate's unhealthy, flies and rats thrive  
And sooner or later the end will arrive

This is your correspondent, running out of tape  
Gunfire's increasing, looting, burning, rape