**"Is There Blood On My Hands? Nay, It Is The Lord's Sign!"**

*1971*

His father knew his son was up

To our country's "reasoned" needs,

Bad timber could not grow, he'd cried,

From hearty timber's seeds.

"RULE NO. 1: IT'S THEIR LIFE OR MINE."

"RULE NO. 2: YOUR GUN DRAW NO LINE."

And mother felt as mothers do

That "loves" the same as "feeds,"

With a

Foreign-deviation

Deprivation

Association

Equation

Saying,

"EVIL" (fit for heroes' deeds)

"RULE NO. 3: A MAN KNOWS HIS OWN KIND."

“RULE NO. 4: LOOK AHEAD NOT BEHIND."

Yet in the end, it was him, or was them,

Whose color, whose country, whose women,

Would bleed, for men's creeds.

DO YOU HAVE ANY SOUL?

ARE YOUR EYES REALLY THAT BLIND?