

# Untitled

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There is a people  
off in china  
who are killed  
for their beliefs

There's a culture  
that is dying  
like the coral  
in the reefs

And *my* country  
can do nothing  
Though some people  
feel we should

For the buerocrats  
that run it  
and would do nothing  
if they could

And all the while  
world is ending  
has been ending  
for a year

It turns out  
all I value;

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other people fear

I think this world  
will make me bitter  
long before  
my hair turns grey

While *they* will never  
feel the loss  
of what they  
take and throw away

but I know the world's corrupted  
and it's not because of man  
we were born into the fire  
we've only crawled into the pan