

Madness

The cellar is my refuge,
It is my prison too.
I spend the days and nights here
Despair is nothing new.

The cold and damp surround me,
I pull my blanket tight.
The guttering candle flickers
And soon I'll have no light.

My daughter has stopped crying
And now has fitful sleep,
I try so hard to join her
But my fear it runs too deep.

Noises in the distance
Another mortar shell,
As we lie here in terror
In this wicked living hell.

I cannot understand this,
Why punishment? What crime?
Why make our lives so awful?
We suffer all the time.

Why should we live in fear?
Our young men made to fight?
Because a greedy madman
Has engineered this plight.

The regime now in Russia,
This war is their misdeed.
And Putin is the ego freak
Who can't control his greed.

It's gaining land at any cost,
He won't change his position.
He'll lie and kill and maim for an
Illegal acquisition.

Our homes, careers and families
Have all but disappeared.
The happy lives we used to lead,
The very notion - weird?

Our teachers and our lawyers
Now brandishing a gun,
Who sadly must continue till
This evil war is won.

But we swear retribution
And plan, in better times,
To bring the scum to justice
They'll answer for their crimes.

But no one is the winner.
And death's on either side.
With rows of silent tombstones
Where mothers screamed and cried.

So in this crazy time
When life brings only sadness.
Where's the reason-ing for this?
It's madness, madness, madness.

