

STOP

Shots in the night
Cries in the dark
Pain and death in the air
Innocence lost
Blood runs in veins of ice

Stop the madness...
Stop the pain...
Stop the hate...

The flash of a knife
Children cry in hunger
The stench of rot and decay
Soldiers and guns
Souls are dead

Stop the madness.
Stop the pain.
Stop the hate.

A grenade goes off
Silence as thick as rock
Children left as orphans
Trained to kill
The vicious cycle of hate

Stop the Madness!
Stop the Pain!
Stop the Hate!

A bomb explodes
Tearing flesh and bone
Wails and screams of widows
Beating on lifeless bodies
Voices going silent

Stop the madness
Stop the pain
Stop the hate

-Erin Vought