

## *Through the Eyes of a Child of War*

I am the eyes of a child of war,  
Crying at night, for depression fills my soul.  
I'm as hard a stone, but tender with pain.  
I've seen too much hatred:  
Fathers killing sons.  
People's lives wasted over such mindless things,  
The mother standing over her child's grave wondering  
why, WHY?

I am the eyes of a child  
Hiding in darkness afraid to come out.  
What if I did?  
I belong to the face that haunts your dreams,  
The silent tears that run down your face.  
I'm shut out of the world when you don't want me to see,  
But I will, I always do.  
I am the window to your emotions.  
I see what causes the sick feeling in your stomach.  
I try to run away but my feet will not move.  
I watch whole cities being abolished by one man's doing,  
People who mean so much to me  
Killed as if they are nothing.  
I watch people on the streets crying to God for mercy.  
The world is cruel and cruel, as always will be.  
I am the eye without sparkle.  
My world is clouded over by the darkness of evil.  
I see the results of hatred.  
I am the results of hatred.  
Today I'm alive.  
Tomorrow, who knows?  
Look into my eyes.  
What do you see?  
For I am the eyes of a child of war.

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