

Whispers of a Burning World

People say the ice is thinning,
And the forests will disappear.
But what about homes burning?
And whispers laced with fear?

Yes, the planet's breaking,
But there's more beneath the sky.
Where the hungry march in silence,
And the oppressed are left to die.

Yes, the planet's hurting,
I do not disagree.
But we need to see the real fight,
And it's not that with the sea

They tell me the seas are rising,
And the sky is glowing red.
The Islands quickly sinking,
Creatures dying overhead.

They say that homes are flooding,
But I see bodies stacked as walls,
In cities where guns are singing,
Where justice never calls.

While they warn of rising tides,
I see prison bars instead,
I see borders built on hatred,
And the living left for dead.

We all still hear the anger,
And we all still hear the dread.
The cries of little children,
Arent about a river bed.