

Why all this fighting and bloodshed?

Instead of love and medicine to avoid being dead;

Why all the suffering and conflict and pain,

Couldn't we all live in peace and learn to explain.

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Who gives what the right to kill anyone anyway?

To take life from another at any time of the day;

With all the death and destruction no-one can win,

It's fighting an uphill battle and leads only the sin.

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And if you wish and want everything your own way,

Use consideration for others and see what they say;

With all the beauty around why must we kill,

That's not what I learnt at school but a trade or skill.

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In war it's always the innocent ending up the victim,

Instead we could all be monks of the Benedictine;

Praying and thanking God for being able to be our friend,

Instead of senseless shooting being unable to mend.

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When battle lines form and troops move around?

What hope have we to keep heads above the ground?

Why don't we listen and let our hearts do the talking,

Expressing ourselves naturally and go bushwalking.

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And if you read this and understand what I mean,

Lead with your face and keep the whole world clean;

For the kingdom of heaven is a place in which to desire,

Where war will finish and where lives the hallelujah choir.

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Signed,

Life's better than money.