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As We Eulogize

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As We Eulogize

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As We Eulogize

I pass this on through the pages of my world
A generation of learning
A generation of love

Introduction:
War
The earth groaned as it shook beneath their arrogance. It desired peace. A peace among the children that walk its tender skin. A peace that would never be realized as long as the arrows still scream through the air.

The learning:
I can taste the future's shock as we return the bodies back into her womb. They are lifeless and tomorrowless. Their passions lay with the dead. There is shame in these acts that have scarred our world, but there is hope to change this as we can learn. We do not need this war anymore. We can learn love.

The lesson:
We are all born with nothing
Yet some are born unto lies.
Humanity jaded with ignorance
As we are all born under the same sky

Blanket the earth with war
We can all be so much more
Cast away this poison
For in this world I shall raise a son
We are no different that anyone

What is all this hatred for?

My child will learn love
But, how hard this will be
To tell him that his mother's gone...

Why did this war have to take her?
Why must the earth swallow another body?
What is all this Anger for?
God, I don’t understand
Please don’t tell me this is part of your plan
Bombs that kill and have been designed by man
How could you let this happen?

Why must she lie in her grave?
For all that she tried to save?
God, I look to you for strength
I could see your strength in her eyes

And on this earth I have become their hatred
Their pitted and pointed anger
I am no different yet why must I suffer?

The blood continues to bathe the land
The end may soon be at hand
My son has learned this lesson well
Because the strength in him was the strength in her
Before she fell

I taught my son love
He will learn what I’ve said
Importance of heart
Not the blood that is shed

And now that I am dead
The lessons that I’ve taught are still in his head
And as we guide him from above
He will teach his daughter love
And that the color of all of our blood is red.

We are no different than anyone
We must end this pain and suffering
My granddaughter will live and love
Let the rain wash away this blood
So that she will not see her family die in vain...

--Christopher Minsterman