

The Harsh Side of the World

Some people in this world
Don't mind disturbing the beauty of the Earth,
Of people,
Of life.
Why do you shoot innocent people?
Why?
I don't want to be a part of the harsh and horrible side of this world.

But sometimes
I think that the harsh side of this world
Is the only side at all.

We are all just people.
People who want peace in his world.
People like any other,
Who were brought into the world
Without wanting to fight.
People can't decide where to be born
What religion to practice
Or our race,
So why harm them for something
That they didn't do?

Sometimes
I think that the harsh side of this world
Is the only side at all.

It is so sad
Every year
To hear that hundreds, thousands were killed
In a terrorist attack.
To hear that my country
Your country
Our country
Was attacked.

Sometimes
I think that the harsh side of this world
Is the only side at all.

I don't want
To be a part of all this confusion in the world.
I want to cry
And cry
And cry.
Until everyone hears
My cries
And listens.
Finally, my words will ask a question
That everyone is wondering:
Why?
Why hurt people?
Why hurt the world?
We are all equal.
So it does not matter.
Our race,
Religion,
Gender.
Where we live,
Or anything.

But some people don't believe in human rights
But some people don't care.
To a point where it's just not okay.

Sometimes
I think that the harsh side of this world
Is the only side at all.

But I will find the other side.

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