

## The Battle

A world; our world  
Threatened by us  
The very ones he  
Provides for  
Protects and  
Lends shelter to  
He sustains our existence, yet we  
Persecute him and he  
Suffers because of our actions  
Mercilessly, without conscience we  
Harm him, as if he  
Were the enemy

We fight a battle that  
Will never be one for if we  
Are triumphant then we, ourselves  
Pay a price, a severe price that we  
Don't yet recognise, perhaps we  
Do, too indolent to act, but we  
Do act, we do fight, we  
Pollute his oceans, we  
Poison his creatures, we  
Fail to preserve all that, we  
Should treasure, we  
Cut down the trees, we  
Emit gases, they  
Pervade his air, we  
Leave him defenseless, to  
Face our large guns, our army  
Marches onto the battlefield, we  
Carry deadly bombs, deadly cannons, we foolishly  
Hope to conquer

Now  
His seas begin to rise  
His lands begin to sink  
His air becomes moist, then dry and hot  
His poles begin to melt  
His glaciers disappear  
His rivers overflow  
His creatures lose their home  
His corals have been bleached  
He changes

And  
We his attackers, we cry out in vain  
The imminent threat, The imminent pain  
The blood from this war stains all OUR HANDS  
So while a few generals issue commands  
That we should retreat  
It matters not because we will not accept defeat  
We realise we're not just killing him  
We fight ourselves  
Do we realize we threaten our own existence

When  
Will we drop our swords  
Put down our guns  
Stop firing our cannons  
Retreat