

# Wake Up

You watch TV and wonder why,  
People hurt people;  
And all you can do is sigh.  
“I don’t understand how a person could hate enough,  
To torture; to maim; to kill;  
Remember the times you suspected abuse but sat so perfectly still.  
You knew a child was in desperate need,  
But It wasn’t your problem then,  
You didn’t care because after all, it wasn’t your sick deed.  
You ignored all those screams you heard so loud  
You closed your windows to shut it out.  
Besides, there were others there who heard it in the crowd  
Remember the news about the junkies and crime.  
Remember these junkies weren’t born that way; they were made over time.  
They were once born just as pure as you,  
With the same hope and promise afforded to you too.  
Remember they were once so safe those first few days of life;.  
But fate stepped in and changed their life into one of constant strife.  
So, the next time you see news that rattles your cage,  
Imagine that child kept raised in a house of rage.  
After years of crying, the child becomes numb;  
To the sound of a bone break,  
The cock of a gun.  
So, open your windows and look around;  
For the child in need; he is easily found.  
He’s quiet and frightened and frequently bruised;

His soul's been corrupted,  
His body's been used.  
Remember the next time you tell yourself  
"It's not my place".  
When that child grows up;  
And holds a gun to your face.  
Maybe you'll realize,  
You helped feed his hate;  
By ignoring his pain, little care for his fate;  
The fate of a child after years of abuse.  
It is easy to predict,  
So wake up to the truth.  
You cannot ignore it when you know something's wrong,  
Because it will become your problem before too long.  
When he grows up and needs drugs to get through a day,  
And when his drugs run out;  
Pray you aren't in his way.  
He will kill for the money he needs to get high,  
To blot out the pain; to allow him to fly.  
Fly through life hating all of mankind;  
because no one helped him all those years he was confined.  
Don't you dare shake your head at the sad news you hear,  
You helped to create it through your apathy and fear.  
Wake up, Wake up to that small voice inside;  
That tells you a child's pain won't subside.  
Do something now,  
Before it's too late,  
When he's holding the gun that delivers YOUR fate.

