

PALESTINE (Paul Metsers - 2018)

My heart it bleeds for Palestine
And her myriad travails
Those dispossessed in deep decline
Now mourn their ancient trails
While teargas air and sniper spear
Unleash a mortal wind
And dreams of peace and nationhood
Like hopes on hearts, are pinned

What strokes of pen, or high decree
Could seize these Arab lands
And claim this twisted history
Was writ in age-old sands ?
So as you claim a righteous place
Ordained from deep belief
You shield your heart and turn your face
From cries of loss and grief

My heart it bleeds for Palestine
And her myriad travails
The dispossessed in deep decline
Now mourn their ancient trails
For all the anguish, suffered so
The Holocaust and all
It's surely time to let it go
And reach across that wall