

105-1000
Dead corn

Have you ever seen endless fields of corn
Withered under an unrelenting sun
Like starving soldiers, prisoners of war
Unable to resist, no strength to raise a gun

Have you ever seen the farmer
With His face inside his fingers
Now unable to recall
What rains sustaining lingers

And I from my car
Finding beauty in that scar
A landscape decimated
Parched and emaciated
I'm searching for my thunder
And never stop to wonder
What suffering is born
Of this dead corn