

MY WAR

The war far away
Not touching me
For many it's child's play
For many not so lovely

Never experienced the destruction
The torture and the overwhelming fear
But in my head all these constructions
Forming my own war in here

My thoughts never finding peace
My head like a jail
Nothing can escape with ease
But still everyone hoping they won't fail

The war outside can be stopped
But what about me
Will my war ever get stopped?

Peace declaration

With no reason we are fighting each other
Like lives don't matter of one or the other.
But that's not true, no not at all
Every life matters no matter big or small.

The solution for anything isn't violence
So put away your terrible arrogance
And make and live in peace
That's a good goal to reach!

There are many people daily
Who fear for their safety
Older people, adults, children
everyone wondering when?

When will this come to an end?
So, it's a peace declaration you need to send!

There's nothing to gain

No one likes war
It rattles them to their core
The world stands still
The leaders are long gone over the hill

So many soldiers have fallen
but not forgotten
While they rot on the field
Everyone wishes for the other to yield

They have to leave their homes
which will end up as bricks and stones
The world is bloodstained
And still, not a thing was gained

No peace but War

Peace is something we all seek
When we lack it, we feel weak
Since it's rooted deep inside
With our peace we're closely tied.

They fight for control, fight for land
Some just need a helping hand,
We must rid ourselves of variety
And embrace peace through humanity

War and peace, opposite sides
Lessons learned history provides.
Education is the hope,
Future struggles, need to cope.

War is something we should stop
and not let the government on top
The well-being of people has priority
Where did it disappear, people's humanity?

Peace should return

War is so bad
and the destruction makes me sad
why is it there?
Shouldn't be anywhere

What's wrong with this world?
So many people are hurt
and so many people have died
in this brutal fight

Peace is much better
So says the sweater
from someone who is demonstrating
for the peace they hopefully receive

Peace should return to every country
that people shouldn't be hungry
we help where we can
and hope the people have a plan

Another world

Russia isn't the enemy

It's not their identity

They don't want war

They prefer how it was before

But what do you want them to do?

They don't have the same rights as you

They can't talk out loud

In Russia, that's not allowed

In Ukraine

there's death and pain

But we left them on their own

Because disagreement can't be shown

It's like in the forties

But now there nuclear weapons

that destroy giant cities in seconds

And we have to show that we don't support these

Generic Poem about War

On the battlefields soldiers are dying,
At home their familiers are crying,
In the trenches grenades are flying,
The leaders at home are lying.

People brought home dead,
Their bodies full of lead,
Laying on their deathbed,
Leaving children without a dad.

All of that to destroy political bridges
Cities being burned like witches
All of that just so that the rich can get more riches
All of that but you still don't get any bitches.

riches = Reichtümer

Lead = ^{the} ~~material that~~ bullets are made of. blei

War of cruelty

The white dove,
perforated by bullets.
Red blood flooding,
corpses in the colour of love.

Like a big black hole,
this raging war
takes your soul,
nothing can hear this sore.

People are the victim
of their country's system.
The aggressors madness,
creates loss and sadness.

perforated - durchlöchert

Eye for an Eye

Eye for an Eye
tooth for a tooth
Shot after Shot
move after move

The option is peace
it's what everyone wants
bullets like a breeze
no peace if there's guns

War isn't good
war leads to death
it's a giant fraud
countries getting mislead.

manueurs

The troops are doing manueurs
firing with sixshooters
the civilians complain
trying to save their terrain

civilians trying to fight weapons
while politicians eating fish with lemons
they are trying negotiations
while doing humiliations

People are trying to escape
fleeing from the liquidate
It is a time, were civilists
are becoming symbolists

Death

It is dark

It is wet

at the end of your reign
in the middle of your web

Where you will collect
all the memories that are left
from what you thought was perfect
but also filled with theft

Now you are foul
but can't smell the reek

Now you are rotten
but can't see the filth

Now you are a hollow shell
lost your last breath
Now you know the feeling
of death

theft - Diebstahl, reek - Gestank

war

a resounding sound is heard nearby
the windows shatter with deafening screams
everyone wonders what this means
a bad dream no one can deny

a shrill noise close to my ear
and my heart escapes from me
mixed with my fear
pure destruction I see

my feet carry me away from the glistening light
into an unknown world
hopefully to a place with peace
and away from any fight

The reason is war

The reason I can't sleep at night
Why I am not allowed to leave the bunker all day
The reason nothing feels alright
Even though my parents say:
"Everything is going to be fine."

The reason my father had to leave for the military
Why we had to part on the border
The reason everything is so scary
And even though nothing is in order
I think: "Everything is going to be fine."

The reason my mother and sisters cried nonstop
since we left our home
the reason my favorite shop
is now a pile of rubble and was bombed by a combat drone
But still I say to my sister: "Everything is going to be fine."

The reason everywhere is blood
And corpses lie everywhere on the forest path
The reason this forest path turned into mud
On which soldiers have to submit the blood bath
And suddenly I start to realise: "Nothing is going to be fine."
And the reason is war.

rubble - Schutt

combat drone - Kampfdrohne

Peace through help

When people fight
thinking it's the only way that's right
nothing matters but to win
but nothing is a more terrible sin

From now on the people might
not have one silent night
but if we are just brave
there are lives we can still save

It's now or never
and if we offer
a life that's better
they'll be grateful forever

Troubled Times

Isn't this the time we have to stand together?

Everything is cold, not just the weather.

Inside of me, I have a bad feeling,

Even though I still have the freedom.

Why we can see what others can't?

They're able to look but aren't allowed.

While they're destroying somewhere every little plant,

they think there is a serious reason and are proud.

How can we help as many countries?

Everyone, together, united or just some families?

If we'd help them, are we the next victim?

But no, we will not support their system.

The bridge of hope

Salty tears washing wounds that turned bloody
A sharp pain that wakes our body
Children's laughter sweet like pears
Noises, that slowly disappeared

- Killing the clam, just for us to take the bead?
Explosions giving us a warm breeze

- The bridge of hope is bombed by greed

- A bad dream no one can wake up from
Thoughts racing around
Hearts pounding as loud as a drum
In a river full of tears hope drowned

Crying or dying
Everywhere you see soldiers walking

You can hear their little children talking
whispering to their mothers ears
"What if he disappears?"

Their fathers wouldn't know
that their hearts will turn to gold
when their children become old.

Is all this an urgency or need?
Crying or dying it all sounds so bitter sweet.

Soldiers were so brave
around me so much death
there weren't enough graves
to give them all a bed.

At once everything is destroyed,
houses, cities, families
without making any noise

When the last soldier on field fell
the enemy found his way to hell.

Finally came the savior great
but it's long too late.

It has to stay in our minds
if love or war
it always leaves a scar.