

MEN AND GUNS

Why do men have guns
With their cold dark steel
They kill our sons
Their coffins they seal
If god so designed
If it was His will
Would it be on men's mind
To maim and to kill
How many world wars
Might not have been fought
To settle the scores
Which men thought they sought
Guns bring about destruction
Many crimes of passion and shame
And they add to corruption
Bringing sorrow and pain
Men argue, we need protection
Our families are at stake
But if they take this direction
Their families will break
The officer leaves his family behind
His gun has power, set was the stage
Who tells his family when he dies fighting crime
When in the line of duty, he is taken in rage
Men, I pray, I pray
Will finally realize their worth
They will throw away
All their guns
Stand up and call his name
We now deserve to be your sons
This we now acclaim

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