

For Jam, Cooper and everyone who is helping us,
Paul x

Gun Crime Pollution

Even the wind left me alone that day
That moment when hope twisted and resisted to stay
The air wrapped in silence and the void filled by tears
To lubricate an army of iron clad fears

Two stars were forged from a chanceless, senseless crime
The only enemy they ever made was the fickle hand of time
Perhaps it was because you never played by it's rules
Or you turned moments into magic and used seconds as tools

But in my hour of darkness when the bags around my eyes,
Weigh me down like the truth does and cut me down to size
You appear in peripheral vision sending words to teach
Close enough to help me though a moment out of reach

I will always see your faces in every passing car
And will always hear your voices in Nick McCabe's guitar
You will always be laughing, leading, calling us together
The moments and the atoms gone but your life lives on forever

And so I turn to you, you naive drudge of violence
Did you think that what you did would be met by eternal silence?
Well you underestimated, negated and failed to see
That those men still live and love, their fight resides in me

And you think you're a man with a gun in your hand?
You'll always be a child until you strive to understand
There is no weaker sight than that of a weapon
Anyone can take a life but very few can make one

Being a man is about making a conscious decision
To be a positive force and see the division
Between us and you in this grand race we run
You may have a pistol, but we have a starting gun

Do we put up with arms and lay down forever?
Or lay them down and stand up together?
From the brightest star can come the blackest hole
But from a galvanised group, the loudest soul

The moment you fired was the moment you lost
Because when the dust settled and we swallowed the cost
We stood up, carried them and began the revolution
The beginning of the end for gun crime pollution