

THERE IS A FEAST

We call a feast with finest grain
Where poor and lowly at table reign
Where love is shared, where all can come
Life-is-full-for-all, and not just some.

Out in the field the battles rage
A few seize all, most have no wage
No bread but guns, see the children stand
Afraid of missiles that destroy the land.

We'll build the way to create peace
Where life is shared and all wars cease
Where all are family, where all are one
Where children grow without the gun.

There is a feast with flowing wine
Where every nation can come and dine
And feel no fear, no hatred grown
And reap the peace from justice sown.