

THE EARTHQUAKE

*From the mound of rubble, a little voice cries
"Please help me", then it fades and dies*

*Cries, anguish, tears, there's despair all around
There's no face you can see on which hope's to be found*

*An old man is seated, next to him is a corpse
It's his only son, "O please help him God!"*

*A little girl holding a hand so tight
It's her brother's hand who died last night*

*Blood pouring from wounds, there's a stench in the air
Towards the sky the dead just stare*

*It's freezing cold, people thirsty and starved
No fire or light, its just pitch dark*

*A baby is crying, it can sense something's wrong
'Cause the comfort of its mother's arms is gone*

*I sit there and look at the distressing scenes
It seems so unreal on the TV screen*

*Then all of a sudden I start to weep
That could be my child, that could be me!*

*The tears won't stop - it's like a dam that's burst
'Cause something tells me it's going to get worse*

*Will things ever be the same? O God we need help
It's not only their trial, but ours as well*

*Then all of a sudden, something happens to me
It's like I've been blind and now I can see*

*No weeping for me! That's all in the past
Let me get into action and do my part.*