



**POEM  
TOWN  
BRADFORD**

**A Dying Nation**

All I have to do is look in the mirror  
To see deep in my eyes  
The damage done  
To my body, my soul, my spirit  
My gift to an ungrateful nation

One look at the news  
A constitution tattered and worn  
Rule of law battered and torn  
Brown shirts march under burning crosses  
The expression of a hateful nation

Hear the disquiet among our friends  
Where we were loved and admired  
Now distrusted and scorned  
We are predators feeding on the Allies  
Shame of a dishonored nation

In nightmare of my days  
All I have to do is close my eyes  
To see the white crosses  
Spread to where the horizon meets the sky  
Dreams of the young sacrificed to a dying nation



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