

We are hiding in the morning light

Sub-category: Poetry

Author: Richard Wiggins

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We are hiding in the morning light
Little children born to die

By ruthless men with their hounds of war
By heartless mothers who love no more

By greedy doctors who swore no harm
Are murdering babies yet unborn

We are hiding in the morning light
Souls of children born to die

We are hiding in the morning light
Crying children born to die