

# Nameless in Exile

In a land far away, ships prepare with billowed sails.

Journey the unknown, what will await them?

While an unsuspecting tribe live their lives in simple ways.

First nations stand condemned.

Masters of the gun.

Enslaving and breeding their sicknesses in those whose lives revolved around the sun.

Oppression bodes repugn, high seas inopportune.

Intolerance and disaffection governing our spheres.

Differences in how we live won't shelter us from our fears.

Negating history in perpetuity is tantamount to smear.

People living on the edge, inside a countrys' scrawl.

Corralled by nations hunting them, who subject them as a whole.

Declaring mortal foes.

There is nothing that will calm the war that forever taints us all.

Going back into the fall, a war cannot be resolved.

Through genocide and torture, with secret gaols filled, nameless in exile, swear allegiance or be killed.

Refugees displaced across the globe, wanted by none.

Never swear allegiance to a rogue or the timeless sun.

Is it learned or just recalled, appeals to a few, it's the way of the world.

Humankind is bound to fall and that is why conflict must be eschewed.