

Hellfire In Our East

The adolescent hands of lunacy
those vacant souls of senseless acting
have struck the first born flickers
of an unthinkable crime
against our eastern ended lands

And now, the hungry inferno
has almost stretched forever
over our Blue Mountain's terrain
savaging Shoal Haven to Cessnock;
desperation waits for rain

From the safety of our TV screens
we see heroes chancing death
armies emerge from the blinding smoke
to save what is left

We praise their selfless actions
as they face the walls of hell
with grand measures of courage
and the water cannon's swell

Homes have been swallowed
in back yard and tree top heights
and the hapless lives of dazed creatures
have vanished in the glowing night

Water laden heli-tanks
cut the acrid sky
rain upon embracing arms
flaccid, singed and dried

A raging thief of hopes and dreams
has charred us with deliberate sin
but lest we forget that ash is sweet
and from it life will begin.

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