

POWER

You revel in your worldly power
And as a squirrel stores acorns for winter
You store missiles and bombs
To enforce your power of destruction.

You exude your fearsome power
Invading a peaceful nation
With the fury of your arsenal
And the approval of powerful friends.

One friend in an adversarial nation
Describes your invasion as brilliant,
Brilliant as a missile strike in the night
Scorching a home where children slept.

These people you trample have power too;
It is the power of God and freedom.
A father gives his life to fight you
So that his wife and children may be free.

Brave Ukrainians halt your assault on Kyiv
And your army retreats in evil disgrace.
It raped, tortured and killed good people,
Lives now honored by the nation they loved.

Destroyed tanks litter the ground,
On a silent street an old woman crying.
A man asks her if she is unhurt
And all she can say is Why? Why? Why?

God created the world with His love
And you will never kill that love.
In Ukraine God's love is still everywhere:
A mother's smile with her baby,
The laughter of children at play,
Kindness from strangers around the world.

You are a man of great power of hate
Opposed to God's power of love,
And in this last power struggle
You don't have a prayer in hell.

GOD BLESS UKRAINE

