What is this world?
What has it come to?
If peace no longer exists in this world,
From the drug sold streets of New York,
To the old-fashioned barnyards in the country-side.
Everyday lives are lost in a red-tainted warp hole that we call, youth violence.
What can we do about it?

Deceived by the trickery of one's own mind,
We believe that we can't do anything about it.
WRONG!

We can do something of it.
For every being has its strength and courage.
When one is born they're strength of destiny is woven.
Its color may gleam, its color may fade
If one is willing to accept one's fate, and it's good,
It's woven thread shall gleam and sparkle deep in color.
Every moment of which we speak or do so.

Someone is hurt and to be in grave pain.
In violence one's mercy is unimportant
As blood is spotted,
One's heart is filled with an undesired grave,
to keep forwarding one's fist towards another being.
If one is not to forgive oneself then oneself shall not stop.
If one doesn't stop violence never ends
If violence never ends then peace never begins
If peace never begins then peace never spreads.
If peace never spreads
then violence shall last forever.
like