

Think Of The Children

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THINK OF THE CHILDREN



HAIL CAESAR! WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU!

God made the Heavens and the Earth, and when He had made
The Earth truly beautiful He gave man to be ruler over it,
Man who was made in His image, formed by His Love,
Inbreathed by His Spirit: and what has man, so blessed by God,
Done with this most superlative gift?

A tribute to his intelligence, an indication of his sense of honour
And truth lies buried in contaminated soil, polluted seas, foul air
And fouler waste that will live on to kill our children...and our children's
Children. What do we leave *THEM*, our "chosen ones" as *our* Testament,
Our monument of love? We leave them eroded beliefs, corrupt moral
Values and a devastated Universe. We bequeath them denuded forests, a
Memory of extinct lifeforms thoughtfully preserved in books few will be
Able to read such is the level of mediocrity we now accept as 'normal'.
We leave them hopelessness and despair because too few people *cared*
Enough to stand up and be counted. Too few people *cared* enough to
Stand against the acquiescent crowd and denounce as *traitors*
Those who rob our children of the Promise of Life and their formerly
Extensive Birth-right. They had a right to breathe *clean* air, to grow
Food in *unpolluted* soil, and to fish from *uncontaminated* seas.
They had a right to raise children of their own in expectation of a future.
We have denied them all these things because too few of us *cared*
Enough to UNITE and cry SCOUNDREL at those who put the
Acquisition of riches *before* public Health, and 'progress' before having
TRULY ascertained *the actual cost* of their acclaimed 'advances'.
Yes, man can be truly proud of what he has done with the gift God gave
Him. He has ruined that which was *perfect*, tainted forever that which
Was *pure* and all the while he has vaunted himself before God and his
Fellowman worshipping his own intellect, bathing in his own vanities,
And writing his own epitaph in his children's blood. *Behold* Oh 'Bloody'
Man! *Be proud* all who stand with blood-stained hands and pronounce
Yourselves higher than God!

HAIL OH PETTY CAESARS! WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU!