

Terror Struck Home

Terror struck home, yesterday
A beautiful morn, so bright and gay
Suffocated by fire and flame

The plane was fine,
Until around nine,
When knife-wielding hijackers took safety away

Confusion, panic
Where were they headed?
Alas, our fair city, beside the Atlantic

To do the unthinkable
Aiming right for the peak
A heart-stopping sight
And an ear-piercing shriek

The people looked up, a collective cry
At the sight of red fire against pale blue sky

People rushing to help,
People running away
No more beautiful morn,
No more bright and gay

A last resort of jumping, fleeing
They couldn't believe just what they were seeing
As bodies tumble out of windows 100 stories high,

The horrified onlookers beg and cry,

“Oh, God, make this end!”

But it happens again,

The other tower hit by a plane

And as the famed landmarks give up and collapse,
What once were proud towers are now steel and ash

The desire for revenge

Burns in our minds

But somehow, some way, we are able to find

That to answer evil with evil is wrong:

We are kind

Good things emerging out of the terror,
People helping each other, saying a prayer

And if we'll all just give kindness a try,
Then maybe the evil will wither and die ✓

Tragedy brought us together,
Hate can't break us apart

For no one can take away
The freedom in our hearts (