

'Their Hate'

A young girl's cry rings in the mid-dawn air,
As a man prostrates to the call of prayer,
His ivory skull cap stained with dust,
Gripping onto his shaven stubbly head.

Starved of humanity we wait,
Shackled, each steel link mocking our freedom.
As we are confined, controlled and contained,
Locked away at the heart of Hong Kong.
They force what is wrong with us down our throats,
And feed lies of what the public want to see,
Labelled 'the terrors to humanity',
We are all the same, apparently.

A father's desperate restraint,
As his daughter's grip holds firm.
The cold-blooded soldiers drag him away,
A bullet to the temple leaves him dying in the dirt.
They say we have wronged them.
But it's our religion they hate.
It's our religion they disgrace,
A fascist society they create,
Xi Jinping's royal reign and lack of care
As the blood of children is spilled
And their bodies lay bare.

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