

The World Goes On
By:Unidentified Melodies
composed by Vera Moller

A baby starves at a starving mother's breast,
And yet the world goes on.
The guiltless are hung, while knaves go free,
Yet the currents of life still run.
A maiden must sell herself for bread,
Yet the suns shine as they've always done.
And that which has been, will be, men say,
Since it has been, it must be so
Since beings have lived, given life and died
In the midst of oppression and woe.
But they forget that the gods' mills grind
Even when they grind slow.
A slave dreams of freedom and files at his chains,
And yet the world goes on.
The oppressed of a nation rise up in their wrath,
And a few bloody tyrants are gone.
Serfs gather and plan to uprising, but no bolt
Strikes them dead with the coming of dawn.