

Where Am I

Where Am I, sirens ring all the time.
Men kill men waiting the small night.
Birds never come closer to the men.
If they do so, will be killed soon then.

Where Am I, the hearts are also sold.
Smile and welcome are latched by a bold.
Men never share love to the deeper heart.
If they do so, will be the joke of a classic art.

Where Am I, the body are purchased.
To get the victory, missiles are lunched.
We never select the way of His.
If they do so, will be losing the time.