

WH Auden wrote the poem "Funeral Blues" as an expression of grief at the loss of someone he loved. He couldn't equate the world still turning while life for him had come to a complete halt. His poem has universal significance for many who are unable to process the finality of the death of someone so dear to them. In 2020, the clocks stopped for the world. Cities were abandoned, workplaces emptied, social life was decimated, and families were torn apart. Time for us all stood still. The death and destruction caused by protocols deployed worldwide saw life as we knew it destroyed. For many of us, we see so clearly that this path of destruction hasn't ended. We can choose to let it define us or we can work to educate and support as many as possible to challenge the narrative and change the future. Be the hope our children need for a better world.

'Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone'

Stop all the shots, cut off the media drone,
Prevent the annihilation of our own,
Silence the "experts" who beat the safety drum
Judgment and justice for every harm will come.

They told you holding grandma would sentence her to death
That masks would stop a virus passing from your breath.
That six feet apart would safeguard your health
In a campaign of lies and programming by stealth.

Sports and schools suspended under the guise of care
An everlasting legacy of harm and despair
No gathering at funerals, no comforting the sick
Told we'd all be saved by just a little prick.

Every means has been deployed to make sure you comply
Financial bribes, mandates, pressure from all sides
No stone left unturned to ensure you took the bait
They knew their deception would come to light too late.

Now hear children's voices cry to heaven high
"We are the silent victims, their lies cost us our lives."
Unmask every face they see, embrace a world of smiles
And trust that the perpetrators will be brought to trial.

Every corner of the earth, North to South, from East to West
Fear, not a virus, remains our greatest threat.
There's no time for denial, for blame or regret
Courage to face the truth will save us all yet.

This was orchestrated genocide which now they try to hide
With their wanton, wilful and weaponized designs.
Burying the evidence, one body at a time
But excess deaths will testify to every single lie.

Rewriting history to cover COVID crimes
They will execute a better plan for us all next time.
Deliberate distractions to keep you deaf and blind.
As the death count continues, out of sight and out of mind.

Terrorized or ostracized, populations fell.
No sanctuary or respite from an all-pervasive hell
It's time to rise from the ashes like a phoenix and take flight
Stand for the truth and turn past wrongs to right.

Projections are not wanted now: their plans to see us gone
Pack up the panic narrative, that cost us every one
Pour away the poisons, weep for the world's spent blood
Evil is defeated when we choose to act for good.