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These Breezes of Diseases

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ISSN: 0976-8165

O' breezes of diseases
please cease to seize lives.
o' soldiers of death, please leave.
Leave, so innocent souls may live;
these diseases are armies attacking.

With hey ho* diseases came, to launch pain missile into our heart. and play the elegaic tunes of groaning drumming betwixt our wish to be in health and the pseudo-reality of journeying to death.

With hey-ho diseases came, to attack the cities of our bodies holding hostage our zeal to live on; worries like warriors laying ambush along the lanes of our tender emotions.

With hey-ho diseases came, to imprison us in our own cells and make body tissues an issues Won't disease cease to burden bodies with loads of fear and stripes of anguish.

With hey-ho diseases came,
as a nightmare to ensnare us.
Though we're crying, we war on!
Though we're dying, we wrestle on!
As hope guides our heart to survival.

With hey-ho diseases wants us killed But in God's name we'd be healed.

(The coinage 'hey-ho' was first used by Williams Shakespeare in his poem 'With Hey-ho the wind and the rain. It is used in this context to mean disease came with its trouble')