

## Pandora's Box

By John Ernest Giffard

The men came in the early morn as I lay in my bed  
They took my son and handcuffed him. They battered his poor head  
They threw him in a prison van and then they drove away.  
The only thing that I could do was kneel then hoping, pray.

So many of the young men from families far and near  
Are taken from their loved ones and simply disappear  
And many after torture as in their cells they lie  
Are totally abandoned and simply left to die.

My son was missing many months. I found it hard to cope  
I kneeled beside his bedside and weeping prayed with hope.  
I hoped they would be merciful and would not harm my boy  
And soon they would release him to my eternal joy.

There's been a revolution. They're dancing in the street.  
The tyrant has been overthrown, The victory complete  
They said they'd found survivors but they are sick and weak  
It would be hard to learn their names as many cannot speak.

For many weeks I searched for him in hope that he would be  
Alive and being cared for in a nearby sanctuary  
And then at last I heard the news. He'd been identified  
My joy was so unbounded I laughed and prayed and cried.

But when I went to see him they warned me I should be  
Prepared to face the outcome of his captor's cruelty.  
He'd suffered dreadful torture because he'd not betray  
His friends and their involvement, so they could get away.

They'd broken both his kneecaps. He could no longer walk  
They'd cut of all his fingers to try to make him talk  
The tortures they inflicted too horrible to tell  
Had left him lying in a state of agony and hell.

I hoped that with my nursing I could help him through the pain  
But though I've nursed him many months His agonies remain.  
I hear him in his torment and ask the dear Lord why  
He lets my poor son suffer. I hope that he may die.

One other thing I hope for. That very soon we'd see  
The freedom loving Nations wipe out all tyranny  
So everywhere throughout the world true justice will be done  
I hope it for all people especially my son.

Pandora's Box stands open. All evil spread around.  
But in its darkest corner the seed of hope is found.  
Let everyone throughout the world in sympathy unite  
To take that little seed of hope and show it to the light.

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