

What are the ethics of profiting from war. Answered in a poem

Green and blue

Once upon a time there were blues and greens

Living in harmony with beautiful dreams

Life together as fine as can be

In the land filled with glory and glee

The land was ruled by the king and queen

Who always knew how to work things out

One day they became mean

Some nights you could hear them shout

A week passed by

The blues and greens were split

They had declared war

The sky was lit

While everyone fought for their land

Guns were sold and bombs were made

They will win is what he said

But all the money went to the king's hand

While everyone fought for their queen

She was nowhere to be seen

All she did was gaining power from day to day

She promised the greens a better pay

Years went by and the blues got no extra land
The greens didn't get a better pay
The royals are using us for profit
Is what no one dared to say

The royals were richer than ever now
no one really knew how
The fear went up and the health went down
But the royals proudly wore their crown

They were living off fear
And violence too
Money and power came in
But depression grew

The royals forgot just one thing
Peace is not weak its strong
And war is always wrong
And maybe they should give peace a ring

In the end they realized what they had done
All the beautiful things were gone
They had fun while others suffered and cried
Still, they never realized how many had died

That day they chose peace instead of war

Life was better than before

The land was never the same

All because they wanted power and fame

They chose the wrong path, that they knew

But they tried very hard

Slowly peace and love grew

They build the land back together shard by shard

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