

Midnight Oil, Blossom And Blood

You the mothers who sent your sons
Wipe away your tears
For those who fought and those who fell
Become our sons as well.

You the warriors with your words
Throw away your spears
You talk of times of peace for all
And then prepare for war.

All the people with dreams, all mothers with sons
All people with dreams never woken at night by the sound of guns.
Like a child that's born on a moonless night

Like a child that's born, we parachute down to an unknown fight.

This city of blossom and blood
This city suffered more than it should
These sidewalk silhouettes not washed away, not washed away.

Whatever you've done, whatever you've done, whatever you've done.

There's a hope in the heart says never again.
Whatever you say, whatever you say, whatever you say
It's the price of peace to remember that day.