

# Midnight Oil, Written In The Heart

The God forsaken rifleman stands rigid at the bar  
The kids discover victims in the rubble and the tar  
They're married to ambition to the slogans of the war  
Slogans that used to be scrawled on the wall  
Are written in the heart

A woman bows to Mecca and she struggles to her feet  
It's better since the president took shooting off the street  
She pictures all the poverty the cursed Holy War  
The pictures that used to be scrawled on the wall  
Are written in the heart

The elders make a promise and they forge it in the fire  
The general's car is sabotaged, four bullets in the tire  
With the burning of the words there goes the scorching of the earth  
The words that used to be scrawled on the wall  
Are written in the heart

(Hirst/Moginie/Rotsey)