

I've seen a thousand people kneel in silence  
And I've seen them face the rifles with their songs  
I always thought that we could end the killing  
But now I live in fear that I was wrong

The killer and the cynic waltz together  
Their eyes are turned into their skulls  
They do not feel the bullets in the bodies  
They do not hear the dolphins or the gulls

If we do these things in the greenwood,  
What will happen in the dry?

If we don't stop there'll come a time when women  
With barren wombs will bitterly rejoice  
With breasts that dry and never fill with promise  
Gladly they'll not suckle one more life

Is this then the whimper and the ending?  
The impotence of people raised on fear,  
A fear that blinds the sense of common oneness  
Common love and life or death are here

If we do these things in the greenwood,  
What will happen in the dry?

Will no one light the candle in the darkness  
Will no one be my guide, not let me fall  
I've lost the sense that tells me where the path is  
I feel the chill of winter in my soul

There's no way I can say the words more plainly  
There's no one left to point at anymore  
It's you and me and we must make the choice now  
And not destroy the life we're living for

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