

War Of Man

Ann Wilson

The little creatures
Run in from the cold
Back to the nest
Just like the days of old
There in the safety
Of a mother's arms
The warmth of ages,
Far away from harm again.

Ears ringin'
From the battle fire
The tired warrior
Aims a little higher
The black falcon
Or the little sparrow
The healing light
Or the flash of the barrel.

No one wins
It's a war of man,
No one wins
It's a war of man.

Silver mane flyin' in the wind
Down through the planets
On the run again
No one knows where
They're runnin' to
But every kind is comin'
Two by two.

Out on the delta
Where the hoofbeats pound
The daddy's runnin'
On the frozen ground
Can't smell the poison
As it follows him
Can't see the gas and machines,
It's a war of man.

No one wins
It's a war of man,
No one wins
It's a war of man.

The windows open
And the little girl dreams
The sky's her playground
As she mounts her steed
Across the heavens
To the other side
On wings of magic
Does the little girl ride.

The baby creatures
Run in from the cold
Back to the nest

Just like the days of old
There in the safety
Of a mother's arms
The warmth of ages,
Far away from harm again.

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