

# Blossom and Blood

Midnight Oil

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  
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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.