

Written in the Heart

Midnight Oil

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