

Oil Midnight

"Blossom And Blood"

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Hirst/Moginie)

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 people with dreams, all mothers with sons

All people with dreams ever 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

CHORUS

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 think you've
done, whatever you've done

There's a hope in the heart that says never again

Never again, whatever you say, whatever you say

It's the price of peace to remember that day

CHORUS

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