

# blood from the tree

## Brown Bird

I had the look of a lonely stranger  
Licking the wounds of a foreign land  
Was I the cause that brought this danger  
Or just a shadow of the fallen man  
Then the crowd swept me away  
Through the sirens and the guns I staggered on through the rocks and rubble  
Right in the middle of the fallen ones  
And I could not but stare  
At the evil we had done  
Hallowed be thy hellish nature  
Life won't be if death won't take her  
Hallowed be thy hellish nature  
Life won't be if death won't take her So many lives to the blades of battle  
So many battles since our days begun  
So we refresh the tree of freedom  
Manure the flesh and the rain our blood  
Is there an end to all this death  
Of the kind we can avoid? So we refresh the tree of freedom  
Manure the flesh and the rain our blood  
Is there an end to all this death  
Of the kind we can avoid?  
Hallowed be thy hellish nature  
Life won't be if death won't take her  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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