

Greenwood

Don Gorda Project

I've seen a thousand people kneel in silence
I've seen them face the rifles with their songs
I always thought that we could end the killing
But now I live in fear that I was wrong
The killer and the cynic waltz together
Their eyes are turned into their skulls
They do not feel the bullets in the bodies
They do not hear the dolphin or the gull
If we do these things in the greenwood
What will happen in the dry?
If we don't stop there'll come a time when women
With barren womb will bitterly rejoice
With breasts that dry and never fill with promise
Gladly they'll not suckle one more life
Is this then the whimper and the ending?
The impotence of people raised on fear
A fear that blinds the sense of common oneness
Common love and life or death are here
If we do these things in the greenwood
What will happen in the dry?
Will no one light the candle in the darkness?
Will no one be my guide, not let me fall?
I've lost the sense that tells me where the path is
I feel the chill of winter in my soul
There's no way I can say the words more plainly
There's no one left to point at anymore
It's you and me and we must make the choice now
And not destroy the life we're living for
If we do these things in the greenwood
What will happen in the dry?
If we do these things in the greenwood
What will happen in the dry?

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