

War

Dougie MacLean

Our voice made silent, our hands made still
But deep and violent wait the ones who wait to kill
The desert's burning, their reasons pale
For there's no returning with some golden holy grail

CHORUS

What have they done?
What have they done?
The blood will run to everyone
Oh what have they done?

Is it for freedom? Or is it for truth
That father's fall and all the young men trade their youth?
Or are they moved by deception's hand
That rank and reckless scatters death across the sand?

CHORUS

Is it for freedom? Or is it for truth
That fathers fall and all those young men trade their youth?
And the deserts burning, their faces pale
For there's no returning with some golden holy grail

CHORUS