

● *Ashes and Smoke*

Ashes and Smoke ©2001 Linda Allen and Marie Eaton

It was a clear September morning, A phone call gave the warning
There were many people dying, Some were running, some were flying
Into the arms of mystery, A sacrifice to history
We have been burned, burned by the fire
And we are ashes, ashes and smoke
But we will rise, higher and higher
On the wings of compassion, justice and hope
It was a bright October morning, the TV gave the warning
Retribution's bombs were flying, and innocents were dying
A mistake we've made before, as we sacrifice to war
CHORUS

May these lives not be wasted, or the bitterness we've tasted
For if rage and indignation, Is the common cup of nations
Then hatred will birth violence, Until our tears transform us
CHORUS