Peace Belongs With Us

A silent pond
A ripple shudders through

Who says there should be peace not war
Almost all do

War
Battle
Bloodshed and tears
Many deaths

For many years
And when the cross is finally made
You'll see some things begin to fade
Like who is right
And who is wrong
A tiny ripple
A giant pond

For those who seak
And those who don't
Something is lost when we provoke
Like a ripple in a silent pond
The things we thought we knew are
Gone