

## **Both Sides Now**

*Looking out at an achingly beautiful ocean on a late October day in 2023, thinking about all of the innocent people killed in the name of other people's beliefs.*

Deep are the stories that became us  
Steeped in the blood of those before  
Now spilled on streets of our undoing  
No one will win this war

Long are the days of twisted sunlight  
Dark is the night without a flame  
Baby born in smoke and slaughter  
Buried without a name

Another child without a father  
Another day in fear and flight  
The dread of noise, the ghost of quiet  
Portrait in black and white

Another child without a mother  
Another sister, brother ... gone  
Cityscape of busted mortar  
Story of right and wrong

A world away it's all debated  
Who's at fault and what's to blame  
No way my heart can truly open  
That I can know this pain

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This song appears on the album, *Ride in the Light*  
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