Rivers Of The Blood
By Phil Ochs

Have you seen the rivers of the blood?
First a trickle, then a flood --
First the ocean's pounding roar,
Then a tidal wave hits upon the shore.
Knives and arrows fell like rain,
And the powder burst aflame,
And the flames they flew so high --
Dropped their poison down from the sky.

In the shadow of the bygone days
Millions died in a million ways.
Now the whining of the missile's call:
It's time to rise or it's time to fall,
For now one million bombs are stored,
But they keep building more and more.
Can't you hear the warning sound?
Don't you know there's still time to turn around?

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