

The Weapon They Fear

Heaven Shall Burn

Words, these words of freedom;

A bequest, never to be silenced.

A bequest, never to be silenced... silenced...In this world of lies, the truth - it means resistance;

To make the masses see and sense their needs.He healed so many aching hearts, and wounds.

And threw back the baseness - back to where it came from.Aspired from the middle, of his brothers;

Charged this suffering and oppression.

One single voice became a storm.

His words and melodies - the weapon they fear, the weapon they fear...Threw back the baseness - back from
where it came.

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came... from where it came.

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came.

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came.

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came.

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came.A bequest, never to be silenced...Nobody's chosen to suffer.

Nobody's destined to rule.

Gagged his mouth but not his songs, the songs we sing.

Fettered his hands,

But not, not these words he wrote:

These songs we'll sing!

These songs we'll sing!

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came.

Threw back the baseness - back from where it came...["Silence and screams are the end of my song." - Victor
Jara.]

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