Breaking The Silence

Shackles

A tribute to Amnesty International
I hear some distant drumbeat
A heartbeat pulsing low
Is it coming from within
A heartbeat I don't know
A troubled heart knows no peace
A dark and poisoned poolOf liberty now lost
A pawn an oppressor's tool.
Oh my heart be strong
And guide when eyes grow dim
When ears grow deaf with empty words
When I know there's life within.
A gunfire shatters silence
Where birds once sweetly sang
A mother cradles a child now dead
Now death where life began

From the troubled heart of South Africa
Nicaragua's festering sore
The turmoil on the streets of China
Death crying out for more
A change is slow in coming
My eyes can scarcely see
The rays of hope come streaming
Through the smoke of apathy
But oh my heart be strong
And guide when eyes grow dim
When ears grow deaf with empty words
When I know there's life within.
May the spirit never die
Though a troubled heart feels pain
When the long winter is over
It will blossom once again

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