

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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