

# Breaking The Silence

[Loreena McKennitt](#)

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 pool  
Of 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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