

Breaking the Silence

Loreena Mckennitt

I hear some distant drumbeat
A heartbeat pulsing low
It is 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 must 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

Oh my heart must 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 this long winter is over
It will blossom once again.