

The Weapon They Fear

Heaven Shall Burn

Words - these words of freedom
A bequest - never to be 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
Threw back the baseness - back from where it came
Nobody is chosen to suffer
Nobody is destined to rule
Gagged his mouth but not his songs, the songs we sing
Fettered his hands but not the words he wrote
These songs we'll sing!
"Silence and screams are the end of my song." - Victor Jara