

Bruce Cockburn

"Santiago Dawn"

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something moves in the still dark hours
sunday in a shanty town
eyelids open two by two
but not a single light goes on
tension builds as the only sound
is the quiet clash of metal and boots
and now and then an order barked
at the bullies in the drab green suits
military thugs with their dogs and clubs
spreading through the poblacion
hunting whoever still has a voice
sure that everyone will run
they come in strong but it's not that long
before they know it's not so easy to leave
to keep a million homeless down takes more
than a strong arm up your sleeve
at the crack of dawn the first door goes down
snapped off a makeshift frame
in a matter of minutes the first rock flies
barricades burst into flame
first mass rings through smoke and gas
day flowers out the night
creatures of the dark in disarray
fall before the morning light
bells of rage--bells of hope
as the 10 year night wears down
sisters and brothers are coming home
to see Santiago dawn
i got a dream and i'm not alone
darkness dead and gone
all the people marching home
kissing the rush of dawn
Santiago dawn
see them marching home
see them rising like grass through cement
in the Santiago dawn
-- Santiago 12/1983

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