

## **Bruce Cockburn**

### **"Tropic Moon"**

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Away from the river  
Away from the smoke of the burning  
Fearful survivors  
Subject of government directives  
One sad guitar note  
Echoes of the wall of the jungle  
Seen from the air they're just targets with nowhere to  
run to  
Children of rape  
Raised on malnutrition  
Men in camouflage  
Filled with a sense of mission  
Light through the wire mesh  
Plays on the president's pistol  
Like the gleam of a bead of sweat in the flow of a  
candle  
Hear the cry in the tropic night  
Should be the cry of love but it's a cry of fright  
Some people never see the light  
Till it shines through bullet holes  
The tropic moon  
Bathing a beach fringed with palms  
Glitters on shells  
And beach tar and coke cans  
And on the night-coloured boat  
And on the barrels of guns  
In the rage in the hearts of these men is the seed of a  
wind they call  
Kingdom Come  
Hear the cry

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