

# Santiago Dawn

Bruce Cockburn

Something moves in the still dark hours  
Sunday in a shanty town  
Wyeleids 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 of the night  
Creatures of the dark in disarray  
Fall before the morning light

Bells of rage -- bells of hope  
As the ten-year night wears down  
Sisters and brothers are coming home  
To see the Santiago dawn

Santiago sunrise  
See them marching home  
See them rising like grass through cement  
In the 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 sunrise  
See them marching home  
See them rising like grass through cement  
In the Santiago dawn