

Guerrilla Betrayed

Bruce Cockburn

Ships moving into this cave of cloud
Out of the white light up river
At a certain point you can only die

High contrast resolution
Of wet rock and new snow
These bodies remind me
Of tire marks frozen in the mud

We thought we could change something
We helped them win
We changed the slogans
We get hunted again
When you're the fighter
You're the politicians tool

When you're the fighter
You're everybody's fool

They move like bears through city streets
They've got a flag flying over every factory
I'd like to put a bullet through the world

Wagon full of logs with one flat tire
Armed men moving down through the bush
Up river at a certain point you can...
Ships... white light... only