

200 Years Later

Listen.

Silence fills the streets today.
Lightening falls no more from man-made skies.
It strikes, it strikes, it strikes again
At last to strike no more
To sever from these weary bones
These still unwearied souls.

Hush, my baby,
Let this silence wring my heart of terror
And let me hear the thunder cease its roar.

Will my breast not console your cries?
Do you long for stronger arms and hands than mine?
Do you sense a loss in gained fraternity:
Our brothers' warm embrace?
Do you weep to see this bloody womb
Receive again so many?
Do you wonder when tomorrow comes
Whether we will all walk side by side?
Tomorrow, you'll decide.

I fear the stillness of the air
Drawn in my trembling breast
Where now you rest you grief and shame
In dreams and hopes tomorrow bears
For still remains upon these hands
The stain of Robespierre.

Lament no more, dear Mother France,
Your Abel's blood cried not in vain;
Freedom's roots are in your graves;
The veil is rent, the wall is razed
And there is dancing in the streets today.