

*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.