## Lila Downs, Smoke

How dark is the smoke that fall from the sky and soaked in our blood are the feathers of time More women and children were killed on that night more than they could count when they threw 'em in trucks some children were kneeling the saints were all calm machetes and gunshots reveal all the blood The papers recounted the story we know yet silence is deep as the hundreds of souls and the hundreds of hopes of our people Now every one's waiting and hoping for justice but will there be goodness where men kill their own? our wise people say that the mouth of the earth has swallowed her fruit, but the eagle and snake will stand for the truth, when the mother of corn has spoken oh axe of our fire bring justice to life for we know that power was once sacrifice and it was sacrifice and it was sacrifice of our people