

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