

Riverdance, Heal Their Hearts - Freedom

In the deep night
From a dark space
I hear voices calling out in heartache
They are wounded
They are broken
But their spirit rises when awoken
Yes, they may be poor in birth - but
Yes, how great each one is worth
Heal their Hearts
Feed their Souls
Their lives can be golden if your love enfolds

In their dreamtimes
In their visions
How they always hunger after freedom
Every hard load
Every dark road
Leads them on to reach a new horizon
Yes, they may be poor in birth - but
Yes, how great each one is worth

Heal their Hearts
Feed their Souls
Their lives can be golden if your love enfolds

Lord, where is our freedom?
When will our hope begin?
Lord, what of the promise you made?
When will it come?
We have waited for the time
For the truth to live, when justice will shine
Too long those hands of greed
Held on and made us bleed
When will your people breathe
Lord, will it come?

Lord, what of our children?
Will they always depend on you?
Lord, why are they scattered and torn
And their young hearts in chains
How they hunger for liberty
Feel their hatred of poverty
Let their spirit rise, soaring free
Lord let it come
Our day will come