The End of Silence

Melody: [The Sound of Silence](https://youtu.be/4zLfCnGVeL4)

Lyrics by Sheila Plotkin for the Raging Grannies of Madison

Hello darkness, it’s Code Red

Another lesson in sheer dread

Because a shooter might be creeping

We’ll pretend we’re dead or sleeping

There’s a vision that keeps twisting in my brain

Mark of Cain

It haunts the sound of silence

We huddle close and listen hard

Was that a shot out in the yard?

Is it echoing off gym walls?

No, it’s coming from the upstairs halls.

Then our eyes are stabbed by the flash of the shooter’s light

Diamond bright

Piercing the sound of silence

And in my terror dream I saw

Five hundred students maybe more

Students running, stumbling, screaming

From their wide eyes tears are streaming

Children hearing shots and watching classmates drop

Time has stopped

There’s just the sound of silence

How much longer will you grieve

Children falling like dead leaves?

Hear their words that they might teach you

Take their hands that they might reach you

We’re required to keep them safe and well

What the hell?

They’re dying in the wake of silence

But our leaders know the score

The NRA will give no more

The volume of that donor warning

Overwhelms the sound of mourning

Hear our kids cry, “The blood of your children is flowing in the schoolhouse halls.

It stains the walls.”

When will we end the silence?

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