

Rafah

(for Rachel Corrie and Tom Hurndall)

There's a gap in the line of graduates
On the stage, there's an empty place
Black clad women form an honor guard
Around an aching, silent space

Rachel, you left your classroom
Half a world away, you took your stand
To learn about the price of justice
Hard lessons in a harsh land

You stood before the threatened house
Facing tanks, you held your ground
Young soldier in the 'dozer
Did he meet your eye
As he ran you down?

CHORUS: In Rafah, dusty Rafah
Where the children run in packs
Shouting "What's your name? What's your name?"
And war is the only game
On the border where the tanks attack
In the rubble and the razor wire
The sniper towers open fire
On Rafah

Tom, you came to that shattered town
To witness with your artist's eye
To find a way to show the world the truth
And change it, or at least to try

Children playing when the gunfire starts
You run to them through iron rain
What do you look like through the rifle scope
As the trigger's pulled to put
A bullet in your brain?

CHORUS: In Rafah, bleeding Rafah
Where the children run in packs
Shouting "What's your name? What's your name?"
And war is the only game
On the border where the tanks attack
In the rubble and the razor wire
The sniper towers open fire
On Rafah

(cont'd)

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Music: Mark Simos

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Rachel, your friends step to the podium
Smile and shake the chancellor's hand
While your diploma is your martyr's poster
On a pockmarked wall in a bleeding land

And the houses fall, and the death toll climbs
All in the name of security
And the tanks crush dreams and promises
Of what this aching land could be

Where all the legions of the unnamed dead
Cannot yet bring the barriers down
How many tears, how much blood shed?
What will it take
To free this bitter ground?

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Rafah, dusty Rafah
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