

## June The Fourth

In years to come, all shall recall  
How wise and learned men,  
Became the whores of a government,  
And doctors welcomed death,  
And a father turned on a son,  
While the social order was restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

It was a cry that bellowed out,  
From students, young and semi-trained,  
Who asked and begged, seven days and seven nights,  
So much new thought was issued forth  
That fears of bedlam were felt by some,  
And so the order was restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

Heavenly Square had stood one thousand years,  
And, now, resounded to unwanted clang and gong,  
Of students, thirsting after life,  
But their shouts disturbed the powers-that-be;  
Their clamour, disturbing more than some;  
And so the order was restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

At midnight, a rumbling shook the night,  
The lights went out, waking all who slept,  
The rumbling shook the Heavenly stones,  
And then, from out of darkness, came the tanks,  
On orders of the Mighty One.  
And so the order was restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

They crushed all those who watched,  
With barricades, falling in a flash,  
The call went out: '*Tan Ke-Cher, Lai Le! Tan Ke-Cher, Lai Le! Run! Run! The tanks have come!*'  
And, flee they did. But flesh is prone to die  
When 40 tonnes of steel crushes he who cannot run.  
And so the order was restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

Many a man, farmers' sons,  
Remember that fateful day in June,  
When children, parents of the world,  
Were crushed when brutish tyranny  
Determined that every mother, father, daughter, son  
Shall be subjected, forever ... to the Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

Their spirits still linger,  
So 'tis said at the midnight hour,  
For memories are deep and long  
Where families are deprived of flowers  
Before the bloom of summer's gone  
So that the order may be restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

They marched and sang the songs of old,  
They sang of hope, of freedom's son,  
They died in the darkness of the night,  
Some lost amid the grating, steel on stone.  
Their dreams, like sleep: Crushed; forgotten; gone.  
Their final deliverance had begun ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

Youth's mad thoughts still burn proud hearts,  
When recalling that Heavenly Peaceful spot,  
But the stones are, now, coloured red, dark-black red,  
Darker than the red flag that envelops every mother's son,  
Flapping over the youthful dead; those who really won,  
In spite of the order, being restored ... by Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

Heaven rained red blood, staining the once peaceful ground,  
Gone were freedom's shouts, replaced by the one word: '*Run!*'  
The students died in the darkness of the night,  
Crushed and maimed by the tracks of tanks.  
They died – and many a mother cried as one,  
All for the sake of the order ... the Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

The fire that swept the Heavenly Square  
Burned hotter than the summer's sun,

It burned so hot that the heat was felt  
From London to Washington.  
But the powers-that-be, in the world that is free,  
Did nothing about the order ... or the Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.

And in the south, great moguls cringed:  
They feared what was going on,  
For money is god, tergiversate is their favourite song.  
Their future lay, not in British law,  
But playing, loudly, the flower drum.  
And so they played the song as one: The Order of the Gun.

Thus crushed the cry for freedom,  
Of every daughter, and every son.  
Rat-a-tat-tat. Rat-a-tat-tat  
Run! Run! Run!  
Rat-a-tat-tat. Rat-a-tat-tat  
Run! Run! Run!

*RMS*

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