

Dawning of a Sombre Age

Falconer

From the open range they hailed
living free as the wind.
Children of the vast plains.
The hunter became the prey
as their land slipped away
into the bleeding horizon.

Empty promises of snake tongues.
Poisonous, venomous lies!

Dawning of a sombre age
of the sombre age
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In black the days were hung
when ancient ways denied
struggling in chain and in shackles.
Refused the native tongue
losing identity
once of pride and of power.

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Poisonous, venomous lies!

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