

'The white man, he comes and goes. He can go. ...But that's our
homeland for
thousands of years. That's our home, and we will never leave. No
matter how
contaminated it gets. We live there! We have always lived there
and we will
always live there.'

This is our home - our roots go deep
Where our ancestors sleep
This is the land we've nursed for countless aeons
But never ours to keep
My tribe is crying - our land is dying
But we can't leave - this is our home
We can't let our past go...

We're left with your legacy
Wide awake, deep at our roots
While you move on exploiting
We'll sing lullabies for half a million years

When my son asks why, what will I reply?
But we can't leave - this is our home
We can't let our past go...

[Hallgren]
[Hermansson]
[D. Gildenlow]

But we can't leave - this is our home!
If you like concrete alone
Then don't make your high lives depend
On that past that you let go...

[III: Karachay]