

Redman

Bang

Nations died and lost their land
Sacred ground turned to sand
Our leaders words
The cries of their kin
Swirl around us adrift in the wind

A weapon of war invaded mankind
Fatal germs killed all left behind
Sparing those few who fled under ground
Unlike the Redman would never be found

We all need a wishing star
A spirit to tell us who we are
Our future's unclear; it's baked in the clay
Give us the chance to start a new day
Start a new day

Why we were spared, we may never know
We're given a choice, a gun or a bow
Beneath our feet, the survivors have died
Again through the calm, of nature we ride

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