

## Prayers For The Truth

Bill Miller

Of all the roads I've travelled one true path remains  
I could see it through the drifting snow; I could find it in the  
rain.

I can hear my people calling like a wind across the sand  
When I walk this Reservation Road I am back on sacred land

The sound of the drum, an eagle's wing  
To my people these are sacred things  
Visions of old, hope for the new  
All that we ask for is a prayer for the truth  
All we need is the truth

When I walk down by the river and I hear my Father's call  
As brothers we must live together, there is one sky above us all

If we forgive our betrayers, then the healing can begin  
And the scars from our nation's past can finally start to mend.

The sound of the drum, an eagle's wing..