

Holy Hell

Robbie Robertson

No one left but survivors
We fall, we rise
But liberty is within us like the dawn is within the night

There's an undercurrent across the land
In the purple mountains, in the red desert
From the Okefenokee to the Badlands and across the Medicine Lin
e

Don't ya here the drums like thunder
Can't ya here the war chief yell
When all the skins come together they gonna raise holy hell

Going away to where I'm from
Find my way back within the circle
Listen to the learned, the tattooed and the scarred
Listen to the questions, not the answers

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And when you see the sky on fire
No one here can break the spell
When the red nation pulls together they gonna raise holy hell

Red cloud
Smohalla
Sweet medicine
Cochise
Geronimo

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When all the skins come together they gonna raise holy hell