

Fallen Timbers

Wind Rose

This is the ballad of Fallen Timbers
Where the river runs with our blood
This is the song of Little Turtle
The war-chief of men, called Michikinikwa
Into the northwest of the new world
Where their white blood still stains the sky
The native riots awakened the dawn
We fought, you've paid for each brother who has died

Fire! Fire
No retreat and hold the line
Keep the lands the spirits gave us

Impetuous, the lonely fury of the steed
In the sign of the eagle and wolf
Reveal to the world
Ride the sky with the moon, your faithful bride
Til the end of my life, there's a promise I will keep high

Kiche Manettoa
Guide my brothers to my side
On the banks of the west
In the middle of the night
Kiche Manettoa
Bless this river, and our fight where we'll die

Into the northwest of the new world
We go to risk even our lives
Axes and feathers in the dense forest
Faces of war gather all around the fire

Here in the forest of Fallen Timbers
Where freedom will claim its price
Eyes in the night waiting for their arrival
Our death will remind us of those who had to fight

Hey ana hai
Ena hey ana hai Ena
Hey ana hai ena heya ana ha

Fire, burn slow in the lap of the stones
Until the time to blaze forth
Now has come
Fear, lie quiet on the side of the moon
Until the night is faced by the sons of the war

My young brother, rest in peace
There is nothing you will need
Cause your spirit will return
To the land where we were free
Where there wasn't a place for war
For vengeance and for gold
Where the only wish of sundown
Was that you come back home