

The Last Tribe (Mother Earth)

Wuthering Heights

And no one shall mark the grave of the last man...

The chieftain stares into the fire
A shadow of a tear upon his face
He's not really wise or old, no one gets old no more
He just happens to be leading
The remnant of the race
And he knows not all will make the night
He knows this time they've lost the fight

Some still speak of the flower-tribe
Who laid their weapons down, and tried
To live in peace, but were overrun
When greed replaced need

Then fast downhill it went from there
Until all the land was bare
Now they cower in the moonless night
And pray they'll see the day

Lesser sons of greater sires
Bearing wood to their own pyres
One of them may look towards the sky
And raise his broken voice to cry...

O, Mother Earth, how could we forget
The gifts you gave, the things you let
Us do to you, to live off you
And dance beneath the stars
O, Mother Earth, how could we have known
The love you gave's not lightly thrown
Away, will you have mercy on your daughters and your
sons
Or have your peace once we are gone

The hunters tell of a place they've found
Where paper stands in leather bound
Filled with mystic signs
That none now can unwind

And one who says he's very bold
Claims he's seen a chest of gold
But the others say such things are vain
They give no shelter from the rain

The vulture riding winds up high
Espies these wicked creatures die
From time to time his blood will chill
When he hears their song from hill to hill

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When all again is wrapped in green
And the balance is restrained
None will recall the sad laments
Of dethroned kings of yore

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