

Black Elk Speaks

Hawkwind

Grandfather, Great Mysterious One, you have been always, and before you nothing has been. There is nothing to pray to but you. The star nations all over the universe are yours. And yours are the grasses of the earth. Day in Day out, you are the light of things. You are older than all weeds. Older than all things on Earth.

Grandfather, all over the world the faces of living things are all alike. In tenderness they have come above the ground. Look upon your children with children in their arms, that they may face the winds and walk the good road to the day of quiet.

Teach me to walk the soft earth, a relative to all that is! Sweeten my heart and fill me with life. Give me the strength to understand, and the eyes to see. Help me for without you I am nothing. Hetchetu aloh!

In your throat is a living song
A living spirit song
His name is long life maker
Yes, I'm here to heal
With the healing ways
Of the magic of the ground
And the magic of the earth

So go on my friend
And sing with the healing spirit
With the magic of the ground
With the magic of the earth
And you will spring to life
Through the power of the words
Through the magic of the ground
Through the magic of the earth