

## Redman

Bang

Nations died and lost their land  
Sacred ground turned to sand  
Our leaders words  
The cries of their kin  
Swirl around us adrift in the wind

A weapon of war invaded mankind  
Fatal germs killed all left behind  
Sparing those few who fled under ground  
Unlike the Redman would never be found

We all need a wishing star  
A spirit to tell us who we are  
Our future's unclear; it's baked in the clay  
Give us the chance to start a new day  
Start a new day

Why we were spared, we may never know  
We're given a choice, a gun or a bow  
Beneath our feet, the survivors have died  
Again through the calm, of nature we ride

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We have the chance to start a new day  
Start a new day