

## Natives

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For all of our languages, we can't communicate  
For all of our native tongues, we're all natives here  
Sons of their fathers dream the same dream  
The sound of forbidden words becomes a scream  
Voices in anger, victims of history  
Plundered and set aside, grown fat on swallowed pride  
With promises of paradise and gifts of beads and knives  
Missionaries and pioneers are soldiers in disguise  
Saviours and conquerors they make us wait  
The fishers of men they wave their truth like bait  
With the touch of a stranger's hand innocence turns to shame  
The spirit that dwelt within now sleeps out in the rain  
For all of our languages, we can't communicate  
For all of our native tongues, we're all natives here  
The scars of the past are slow to disappear  
The cries of the dead are always in our ears  
Only the very safe can talk about wrong and right  
Of those who are forced to choose, some will choose to fight  
For all of our languages, we can't communicate