

Out in the prairie the bison dared to roam
The crying of a lone shot claimed they're forever gone
High in the breezing winds an eagle dared to fly
For the white man's sake the covenant was just a lie

Out in the flowing streams the beaver dared to build
The never ending ignorance the paleface's guilt
A single tent was left lonesome in the woods
When the cannons spoke the words
Murderers took off the hoods

For all times rise
Cheyenne spirit rise
By the grace of all your wisdom
In the hunting grounds it flies
Chase the track and ride free
Eternal unity
Let the flutes play for a last time
Ban the white man's tyranny

And they came riding with their hate
And marching with their greed
External territories
Served their senseless need
But they stood tall in their own fate
They knew their bloody way
Along the line of fire
Into the grand decay

For all times rise
Cheyenne spirit rise
By the grace of all your wisdom
In the hunting grounds it flies
Chase the track and ride free
Eternal unity
Let the flutes play for a last time
Ban the white man's tyranny