

Cry of a Nation

Great White

A child is born, on sacred land
A mother weeps, can't understand
Oh holy man, what have they done
This trail of tears, just can't go on

I hear the cry, cry of a nation
I see your tears, I see your skin

Your promise land, is all but gone
Taken away, the deed has done
Forgotten heroes, were buried alive
The painted warriors, still hope
To survive

I hear the cry, cry of a nation
I see your tears, I see your skin
I hear the cry, cry of a nation
A changing tide is rolling in

You were born to be free
Of the land you could thrive
Like a river that flows to the sea
Your spirit will never die
It will never die

I can feel your pain
Yes, I can feel your pain

I feel your pain
I can feel your pain
Yes, I do

I hear the cry, cry of a nation
I see your tears, I see your skin
I hear the cry, cry of a nation
A changing tide is roiling in

Cry of a nation
Cry of a nation
Cry of a nation
A changing tide is rolling
Is rolling in