

# Genocide

## Running Wild

When they try to tell you knowledge is a dangerous thing  
(It's such a dangerous thing)  
The people that have it are the people that sin  
And the people that need it are the people that can never win  
(They can never win)  
Let me get you out of here, little broken wing  
There are people 'round here that are right  
There are people 'round here that like to sleep at night  
There are people 'round here that go slow  
There are people 'round here that don't kindly  
To the killing of the buffalo, oh, no  
When they tear up all the treaties and break up all the plans  
(Break up all the plans)  
Did you do your duty and kill on command?  
Did you know the redman used to roam this land?  
(He used to roam this land)  
Now the souls of lost warriors blow across the sands  
People 'round here they get it right  
People 'round here we like to sleep at night  
There are people 'round here that go slow  
People 'round here that don't take kindly  
To the killing of the buffalo, oh, no  
So listen to my story and listen to it well  
(You better listen well)  
Listen to the glory of the gory details of the tale I tell  
And did you know the redman very well?  
(I used to know him well)  
And did you know the hunting ground before it became a hell?  
There are people 'round here that are right  
There are people 'round here that like to sleep at night  
There are people 'round here I don't know  
There are people 'round here that don't take kindly  
To the killing of the buffalo  
The killing of the buffalo  
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The killing of the buffalo  
So listen to my story of genocide  
How they were hunted and slaughtered 'til there was no place left to hide  
And did you know the redman used to hold his head with pride  
'Til every man, woman and child were destroyed?  
There are people 'round here that get it right  
There are people 'round here that couldn't sleep at night  
There are people 'round here I don't know  
There are people 'round here that don't take kindly  
To the killing of the buffalo  
There are people 'round here that understand  
There are people 'round here that couldn't give a damn

There are people 'round here that go slow  
There are people 'round here that don't take too kindly  
To the killing of the buffalo  
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