

Warriors Dawn

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Coming home from sacrifice to meet our long-nosed wives
Rifles in the twisted canyons summon their surprise
Waking up the silent breeze puts shivers in their
hearts
Crazed to death by casualties the calvary departs

We are the red men
Feathers-in-our-head men
Down among the deadmen
UM-POW-WOW!

In bitter stars that cast their shrine upon the
wilderness
Rabid eyes of shamen flood the moon's descending crest
Creeping in clairvoyance painted savaged are drawn
Lost in dire sacrifice to dance and die at dawn

We are the red men
Feathers-in-our-head men
Down among the deadmen
UM-POW-WOW!

I was born to walk on the plains
I was born to run in the hills
I was tough enough to spawn and die

Towards summer's end
And as you walk through the arid wilderness
You can hear my battle cry

We were torn from shackles and chains
We were born to run in the hills
We were tough enough to spawn and die

Towards summer's end
And as you walk through the arid wilderness
You can hear my battle cry