

Holy Land

The Riot

For many years my people walked this land on which I stand
I pray no more white men come to soil this holy land
Pontiac, gather your men and meet me down below
Until they learn, they must pay with the seeds in life they sow

Holy Land
I'll fight you with this arrow in my hand
Holy Land
Running from the valley to the sand

Now get away, I'll slaughter all I find on this frontier
No more to say, no answer or excuses will I hear
I'm Ottawa, I've come to make you pay for what you've done
I will not fall, not before your brother or your son

Holy Land
I'll fight you with this arrow in my hand
Holy Land
Running from the valley to the sand

On my way, I must erase your poison from this land
I'm here to stay, eradicate your seed with my bare hands

Holy Land
I'll fight you with this arrow in my hand
Holy Land
Running from the valley to the sand