

500 Years

Trial

I refuse to swallow the lie passed down for five hundred years
Of the brutal savage who must be contained, abused and always feared
While history would have us think that the conflict has been resolved
What I've seen with my own eyes tells me there's more involved than we hear
And all across the nation, we would just assume turn the other way
Than face the crimes we commit and the people we've betrayed
While history would have us think that the conflict has been resolved
What I've seen with my own eyes tells me there's more involved
And I fear that a people who have struggled just to survive
Will lose a war supposedly over which has continued through 1995
For five hundred years Native Americans have endured a hand of oppression
Which has squeezed away their culture both brutally and systematically
These proud and noble nations now struggle to maintain their dignity while
Living under the auspices of the owner of that hand: a society which
Represents them
As cigar holding statues in front of midwestern drug stores, and as the
Colorful
Mascots of athletic teams.
America, it's been five hundred years
America, it's been five hundred years
America, it's been five hundred years
America, you've got blood on your hands
You're guilty
In the land of the free, home of the brave
Land of hypocrisy, home of the slave
You're guilty

The year 1492. The arrival of the European to what they deem "The New World"
Signals the beginning of the end for the native people already living here.
The
Genocide which follows begins with murder, rape, and theft... both of the
Land and of
The people. Today, five hundred years later, the crimes continu

e, only now
They are
Well hidden from the mainstream, out of sight from scrutinizing
eyes. Do
Not be fooled. The
History books lie. As you read these words, the struggle for survival
Continues.
This song is for Jesse Biakeddy, Navajo elder at Big Mountain,
AZ, who told
Me to tell his story.