

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 su
rvival
Continues.
This song is for Jesse Biakeddy, Navajo elder at Big Mountain,
AZ, who told
Me to tell his story.