

Fear and Anguish

Voltaire

None of us will soon forget
The Day before those things arrived
In the Churchyard on the hill,
A man had just buried his bride
She returned that day, alive.
There's a silhouette on the horizon
Like an evil stain on the rising sun.
And as it approached, we saw it was her.
And her eyes were red,
She said "You're all dead!",
Then collapsed down to the ground
As if somebody cut her strings.

Fear and anguish reigns
Ever since they came.
We used to walk the streets of town
Now we know we never will again.

Suddenly over the hill
A dog lets out an anguished howl
There ain't a beast this side of Hell
That could've brought on what befell that hound.
He was torn from limb to limb.
There's an evil stench creeping on the wind.
Reeks of pestilence mixed with death and sin.
From over the range that is where we found
Scattered on the ground, fifty heads of steer.
But what's real queer;
We searched all around
No other part was found!

Fear and anguish reigned
Ever since they came.
We used to walk the streets of town
Now we know we never will again.

Some say from the skies they fell.
Others claim they came straight from hell.
Some swear they are from the dark,
Yet others they believe they came
From our angry hearts.

And tonight we ride
Out of desperation.
For the mountainside,
Towards the reservation.
See if they might know
How to stand the tide.
Yet when we arrived
They turn their heads,
And the chief said:
"Now you know how we felt
When the white man came!"

Fear and anguish reigned
Ever since they came.
We used to walk the streets of town

Now we know we never will again.