

Battle at Little Big Horn

White Lion

He was made for battle Driven by the gun
Disobeying orders his ego would be on early grave
He was known amongst them by his yellow hair
Now he'll shoot his gun for the very last time
This will be Custer's last stand

What a great day to die
And justice will be done
And the eagle will fly
When the battle has begun
And a hero will rise
He will be the one they'll all be talking about
In a thousand years or more

He was born a warrior One of a kind
He will always be that
Nothing could ever change his mind
The spirit can't be broken
The heart won't ever change
There'll be no retreat No surrender
He will not give up the land that is his

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There will be no mercy
For the wounded soldiers
There is nothing they can do
But we will remember
That their bravery
Was their very last mistake

From above the battle the sun shines on the dead
All the native women are taking scalps from the
soldiers heads
There is celebration there is victory
They will never fight this way again
They will never live this free again

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