

## The Last Tribe

## Wuthering Heights

And no one shall mark the grave of the last man...

The chieftain stares into the fire  
A shadow of a tear upon his face  
He's not really wise or old, no gets old no more  
He just happens to be leading  
The remnant of the race  
And he knows not all will make the night  
He knows this time they've lost the fight

Some still speak of the flower-tribe  
Who laid their weapons down, and tried  
To live in peace, but were overrun  
When greed replaced need

Then fast downhill it went from there  
Until all the land was bare  
Now they cower in the moonless night  
And pray they'll see the day

Lesser sons of greater sires  
Bearing wood to their own pyres  
One of them may look towards the sky  
And raise his broken voice to cry...

O, Mother Earth, how could we forget  
The gifts you gave, the things you let  
Us do to you, to live off you  
And dance beneath the stars  
O, Mother Earth, how could we have known  
The love you gave's not lightly thrown  
Away, will you have mercy on your daughters and your sons  
Or have your peace once we are gone

The hunters tell of a place they've found  
Where paper stands in leather bound  
Filled with mystic signs  
That none now can unwind

And one who says he's very bold  
Claims he's seen a chest of gold  
But the others say such things are vain  
They give no shelter from the rain

The vulture riding winds up high  
Espies these wicked creatures die  
From time to time his blood will chill  
When he hears their song from hill to hill

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When all again is wrapped in green  
And the balance is restrained  
None will recall the sad laments  
Of dethroned kings of yore

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