

Five Iron Frenzy, Banner Year

A banner year 1864, don't
like the red man anymore,
can't have them taking up
good land. Give them a
token flag, trade pipes and
shake some hands, tell them
the white stripes stand for
peace. Say if they raise red
white and blue, bluecoats will
never shoot at you, but stripes
will lose their sheen. Black
Kettle was their chief, he only
wanted peace, under the
flag...a massacre at Sand
Creek.

Wave your flag. Salivate.
Stirring feelings of pride and
hate. A peace of cloth can't
hold your faith.

No flag flies, no banner
waves, see the empty pole
above his empty grave. No
one knows,
where he lies, and no one
knows why he had to die.

A banner year 1868, a bitter
end a twist of fate. Maps
won't hold this melanoma,
blurry part of Oklahoma,
where Custer shot and killed
Black Kettle.

A promise is a promise, a
judge of character. His
banner over me is love.