

Ween, Among His Tribe

He would step out of the night and light a fire among his tribe
Carving from a bear's tooth, he used the flesh to feed the youth
He'd salt it down...

Sails were made from darkened hide, fish were caught in the lowest tide
Thought of war kept him strong, he listened for the battle song
In the night...

And the old would teach the young to heed the word of the master's tongue
A chosen son would take a bride and light the fire among his tribe
And on and on...