

Zeeza, Last Of The Mana

Spoken:

{I see your face marked with blood of the deer
You chant for the tourists with your fathers own spear
You hear thunder echo but it's not the same sky
No echo will return from your indian cry}

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The indian Mana bared on her knees
She carried all her children and lived under trees
Your mothers own gift you reject and deny
The last of the Mana's indian cry

The indian Mana carry no spear
She searched not for glory but to overcome her fears
With baby on breast and a war to be won
She cried to the spirits to spare all her sons

The cry of her spirits through thunder you'll hear
When you call for the spirits from the warrior years
You'll see her face marked with the blood of her sons
As she curses all the reasons for wars to be won

Mana will bleed from the walls of her soul
She chants for the spirits but never for gold
She hears every tree cry she lives here inside
The last of the Mana's indian pride

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