

Bill Miller, Ghost Dance

i wanna go where the blind can see
i wanna go where the lame will walk
i wanna see the sick ones clean
where the deaf can hear and the silent talk

where are you going, to a ghostdance in the snow?
where are all your warriors, i see they're finally
coming home

i wanna go where the dead are raised
where the mountain lion lays down with the lamb
i wanna stand where god is praised
i wanna ride across the plains
to the promised land

where i'm going don't need to raise your voice
no starvation we'll have plenty to eat
no guns no wars, no hateful noise
just a victory dance, we'll never taste defeat
where there's nothin' done or said
that can't be forgiven
where every step you take
is on sacred ground

walk away from death
into the land of the living
where all the lost tribes
are finally found