

# Drifter, The Elder

High on the hill he was standing there,  
The guardian of his tribe  
The clans they looked up to him  
With risen hands he started to speak

All life is equal, therefore we live together  
With all living things  
But then came intruders, sick with greed  
And hungry for power

He's the Lord of his people  
He's the Lord of his tribe  
He's the Lord of this land  
He's the Lord of this paradise

He's the Lord of his people  
He's the Lord of this tribe  
Over thousands of years  
He led his clans through this paradise

This race makes laws that the rich can break  
But not the poor  
Giving to the rich and stealing from those  
Who want for more  
They rape the earth as if it was their own  
They stripped it bare right to the bone  
Let's search for a place to live  
A valley of freedom where we still can give