## 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