

Md. 45, The Creed

From the dust of which I came
To dust I return again
From my mother I am torn
With my brothers off the war
We escape before the dawn
Try to outrun the sun
Take my own life in my hands
Fearing God but never man
Take my ancient hand, look me in the eye
Looking past the lines soon you'll see as I
You are young if you want you could be old if you try
I can show you how to live but you can't show me how to die
As the sun stalks the sky
I am not afraid to die
My ear upon the ground
For the ironhorse's sound
Encircle glowing rocks
One by one each chieftain talks
Tales of yore and bravest deeds
Coveting their warrior creed
My hands will bridge the distance of beginning to the end
The time for learning ceases it was all wasted and spent
From witch doctor to shaman, Kachina doll to chief
The spirit knows what ails you, you beg for its relief
All that I know, all that I say, my heart beats and my pulse drums
Out tribal rhythms pounding through the sky