

Pain Of Salvation, Black Hills

This was our home we had our truth
Bled for our creed why must we still bleed?
Your tailings are bound forever in this ground...

So you come for our holy ground
When your nature's gone and your house has burnt down
No!

For hundreds of years you've hurt this land
Eating what's there, leaving a wasteland
But there is no space to hold all your mistakes

Still you come for our holy ground
When your nature's gone and your houses are all burnt down