

# Primitive Reason, Sancaró, The Death Of Guapameis

The elder sighed, pictures of home  
They crossed his mind as they had been  
He knew the times had changed and wild was civilised  
He felt his body old and worn  
He said his heart was cold and torn  
But as he spoke, I saw gold under stone  
To I his child, hiw words were sharp  
And drew the while the land  
Had seen those peaceful times  
Be changed and shove his world aside  
We left our home now old and worn  
Our dying culture cold and torn  
Back home, no more gold under stone

We must return to the oceans of dab-shi  
This is our own way to be now  
From sancaró we must leave  
This part of home in guanjama  
Now bleeds with foreign needs, money

We walked for days, we crossed  
Buantchama where we stayed  
With whom would take us in for trade  
Of food for words that counsil made  
And to our backs the guapameis  
The jungle land newcomers praised  
For riches made, they did take, they did make  
They could shape, they could tear down  
Nature's maze and make their own where  
They could say this is the home that we have made  
And now the guapameis, this is the land that riches  
Makes and we will praise, we will rape for our sake

We must return to the oceans of dab-shi  
This is our own way to be now  
From sancaró we must leave  
This part of home in guanjama  
Now bleeds with foreign needs, money

We have returned to the oceans of dab-shi  
Here is our home, the land to be true  
To the daemon that we see  
This part of home in guanjama is free  
From foreign needs, greed

The elder died but he was home  
In peace of mind, so glad to see throughout  
The times no change had come to murder wild  
Now set his body old and torn, his lifeless heart  
Set cold and worn but had he known...

We have returned to the oceans of dab-shi  
Here is our home, the land to be true  
To the daemon that we see  
This part of home in guanjama is free  
From foreign needs, greed