

Robbie Robertson, Words Of Fire, Deeds Of Blood

perhaps you think the creator has sent you here to dispose of us
as you see fit
if i thought you were sent by the creator
i might be induced to think you had a right to dispose of me
do not misunderstand me
but understand me fully
with reverence to my affection for the land
i never said the land was mine to do with as i choose
the one who has a right to dispose of it is the one who has created it
i claim a right to live on my land and accord you the privilege to
return to yours
brother we have listened to your talk
coming from our father the great white chief at washington
and my people have called upon me to reply to you
and in the winds which pass through these aged pines
we hear the moanings of there departed ghosts
and if the voice of our people could have been heard that act
would never have been done
but alas though they stood around they could neither be seen
nor heard
their tears feel like drops of rain
i hear my voice in the depths of the forest
but no answering voice comes back to me
all is silent around me
my words therefore must be few
i can now say nomore
he is silent
for he has nothing to answer
when the sun goes down