

Robert Plant, Another Tribe

Another tribe... another brother
Torn between his lover and the gun
Another god... another mother
Weeps to justify the damage done

I wonder through the lies and dirt
I wonder, will the meek inherit all the earth?
As truth collides with propaganda
Just another victim on the run

The world outside, all fluff and candour
Seeks to justify the damage done
No wonder, so much pain and hurt
I wonder, will the meek inherit all the earth?

I think there may be..a war in heaven
Paradise beneath the smoking gun
As every saint and small town saviour
Race to justify their chosen one

I wonder, as our world collides
I want to reach out there
Across the great divide