

# Wolfstone, Reluctant Journey

(Wayne Mackenzie)

"Not another protest song about our pitiful past," I hear you cry. Well hopefully, there's a different slant to this one. Anyway, you can make your own mind up on that one.

Familiar coastlines to unfriendly shores  
Home was home, no not anymore  
Kingdom of Summer, written in stone  
Your brothers and lovers crossed the ocean alone  
Clearance of land, that was their birthright  
Moving through hell that and highrights  
Reluctant journey out of the sun  
Whatever became of your country's sons  
No turning back, not one to run away  
Fighting more than the elements they say  
Across to the new, cast from the old  
What laid before them, what they were told  
A brave new world, theirs for the taking  
One more clearance of the land in the making  
Strike out for the West, bounty, land and liberty  
To die in the new, for the old it was easy  
To the native tongues, it was Indian summers  
Raped on the land, covered with banners  
Stars and stripes over bullets and blood  
Chased from the Nations, 'cross Rio Grande mud  
Two hundred years past, covered wagons gone  
Taken their place in what progress has borne  
Of native tongues, old worlds pushed aside  
Roadside reservations, small wonder little pride