1890

Charlie Parr

I was in a burial party, way back to Wounded Knee,
Rock hammers and ice picks, to chip the dead ones free
After the massacre, the blizzard, they've been frozen to the ground
Mother, children and warriors we found them all around.They were frozen in their agony or shock and terror has they fled
The army's giant Howitzers they sang their song of death
We found chief Big Foot, his scarf around his face
The ice was frozen blood, from neck down to his waistTheir bloody footprints in the snow that the ghost danced for the dead
and I hoped that it was true, what all the legend said.
They're will be a new spring coming and our families will come home
Game will fill the prairie, crops will always grow.We wrapped the bodies in red blankets, placed them on our sled
And left there stacked up rifles and everything that they had
Crazy Horse was buried here, someone said as we were due to start
Just as hard, I told him, it's only just as hard.

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