

# 1492

## One Drop

A long time ago in the town of Genoa  
Came a merchant clerk and son of a weaver  
Commissioned by Spain to return with gold  
With 3 ships and 89 sailors  
The routes to the East were controlled by the Turks  
Who just conquered Constantinople  
So they sailed to the West cause the Earth was round  
To arrive in the East in a circle

October 12th land was reached  
Where they were greeted by friendly natives  
Out of ignorance they called them Indians  
Cause they thought that they'd arrived in Asia  
The natives were Arawak from the island of Haiti  
At the time called Hispaniola  
With their olive skin and decorative hides  
Around there ears hung gold ornaments

Poisoned with greed the men slaughtered the tribe  
And took what little gold they had  
The Santa Maria was wrecked  
So they took her timbers  
And supplies to build Fort Navidad  
For the next 3 years the natives would mine  
As slaves to the Europeans  
A quota of gold earned you a token to wear  
Without your token it would cost you your limbs

What are you willing to pay for progress  
Killing off another race for progress  
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Killing off another race for progress

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Lyrics submitted by Nicolas.

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