

Spirit Horse of the Cherokee

Manowar

The trail of tears began for all the Cherokee
The white men came to trade and borrow
But then they would not leave
Some of us were taken by boat, and died at sea
Those of us who lived were sold to slavery
We welcomed them as brothers, knowing nothing of their greed
Born hunters not the hunted, as the white man hunts for me
We are descendants of the animals we live among them free
Our trail of tears would end, one day at wounded knee
Great spirit, thunder birds fly
We are wild and free
To fight and die by the open sky
Spirit horse ride for me
When we do the ghost dance, the buffalo will return
Paint ourselves for war now blood and fire burn
Great spirit makes us strong, take us to the sky
The Cherokee are brave, we are not afraid to die
Great spirit, thunder birds fly
We are wild and free
To fight and die by the open sky
Spirit horse ride for me
Red cloud, black hawk, sitting bull
Crazy horse, Geronimo
Strong and brave
Warriors to the grave
There has been much killing
There will be much more
The medicine man is dancing
He's calling us to war
Hatchets sing with pride
Let the white men die
Great spirit, thunder birds fly
We are wild and free
To fight and die by the open sky
Spirit horse ride for me
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