Navajo

Ponderosa

Torn seams, young pride
Raised on horse hide
Wolves' teeth, hawk eye
Eight feet ten high

In the meadow in the dark
We drink the blood from their hearts
We drink the blood from their hearts

Hard feet, cold knives
Led by moonlight
Four sons, four wives

In the meadow in the dark
We drink the blood from their hearts
We drink the blood from their hearts

Everything's better in the dark
We drain the sun from the stars
We drain the sun from the stars

Lyrics submitted by Hunter Stephens.

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