

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Hunter Stephens.

Lyrics provided by  
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