

# Dawning of a Sombre Age

## Falconer

From the open range they hailed,  
living free as the wind,  
children of the vast plains.  
The hunter became the prey  
as their land slipped away  
into the bleeding horizon. Empty promises of snake tongues.  
Poisonous, venomous lies! Dawning of a sombre age. In black the days were hung  
when ancient ways denied  
struggling in chain and in shackles.  
Refused the native tongue  
losing identity  
once of pride and power.

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