

Run to the Hills

Hellsongs

white man came across the sea
he brought us pain and misery
they killed our tribes they killed our creeds
he took our game for his own need
we fought him hard and we fought him well
out on the plains we gave him hell
but many came to much for cree
will we ever be set free?

riding through dustclouds and barren wastes
galloping hard on the plains
chasing the redskins back to their holes
fighting them at their own game
murder for freedom a stab in the back
women and children and cowards attack

run to the hills
run for your lives
run to the hills
run for your lives

soldier blue on the barren wastes
hunting and killing their game
raping the women and wasting the men
the only good indians are the tame
selling them whiskey and taking their gold
enslaving the young and destroying the old
but many came to much for cree
will we ever be set free?

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x2

Lyrics submitted by joanna.

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