

# Run to the Hills

## Hellsongs

White man came across the sea  
He brought us pain and misery  
He killed our tribes, he killed our creed  
He took our game for his own need  
We fought him hard, we fought him well  
Out on the plains, we gave him hell  
But many came, too much for Cree  
Oh, will we ever be set free? Riding through dust clouds 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 in the barren wastes  
Hunting and killing's a game  
Raping the women and wasting the men  
The only good Injuns are tame  
Selling them whiskey and taking their gold  
Enslaving the young and destroying the old Run to the hills  
Run for your lives  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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