

Another Tribe

Robert Plant

Another tribe, another brother
Torn between his lover and the gun
Another God, another mother
Weeps to justify the damage done I wonder through the lies and dirt
I wonder will the meek inherit all the earth?
As truth collides with propaganda
Just another victim on the run The world outside, all fluff and candor
Seeks to justify the damage done
No wonder, so much pain and hurt
I wonder will the meek inherit all the earth? I think there may be a war in heaven
Paradise beneath the smoking gun
As every saint and small town savior
Race to justify their chosen one

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