

Reluctant Journey

Wolfstone

(Wayne Mackenzie)

"Not another protest song about our pitiful past," I hear you cry. Well hopefully, there's a different slant to this one. Anyway, you can make your own mind up on that one.

Familiar coastlines to unfriendly shores
Home was home, no not anymore
Kingdom of Summer, written in stone
Your brothers and lovers crossed the ocean alone
Clearance of land, that was their birthright
Moving through hell that and highlights
Reluctant journey out of the sun
Whatever became of your country's sons
No turning back, not one to run away
Fighting more than the elements they say
Across to the new, cast from the old
What laid before them, what they were told
A brave new world, theirs for the taking
One more clearance of the land in the making
Strike out for the West, bounty, land and liberty
To die in the new, for the old it was easy
To the native tongues, it was Indian summers
Raped on the land, covered with banners
Stars and stripes over bullets and blood
Chased from the Nations, 'cross Rio Grande mud
Two hundred years past, covered wagons gone
Taken their place in what progress has borne
Of native tongues, old worlds pushed aside
Roadside reservations, small wonder little pride

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