

# Pale Sun

## Neroche

Fifty miles from Dakota territory  
Cheyenne scalp hangs from his belt  
Found him alone washing in the Bighorn  
A steady aim and he bagged his gamePale sun falls without contest  
Here is obedient darkness  
He will not returnWhite Cadillac, white man at the wheel  
White faces on the mountain  
Wounds that will never heal"Black clouds overhead", old man says  
"Looks like rain"  
Thieves' Road winds to the Black Hills sign  
Says South Dakota, U.S.A.Grass plains stretch to the horizon  
Not a soul can be found on them  
They will not returnOld rusted pickup and a mad dog in the yard  
Purple paint peels but fails to reveal  
The bitterness that grows insideCloud of dust in the distance  
Strange knock beneath my hood  
Is it better to have words left unsaid  
Than to have words misunderstood?Pale sun falls without contest  
Here is obedient darkness  
He'll return, I know he will return  
He'll return

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