

Cheyenne (Where the Eagles Retreat)

Stormwitch

The sun is awaking, the fires glow down
The spirit has spoken, the token was found
Dance to the rhythm, the beat of the drum
Is shaking the mountain, the war-song is sung

Down on the barren plain, the dust clouds rise again
Just like the locusts they're raiding our land
Down on the road of thieves, we watch our enemies
Hate in our hearts and guns in our hands

As long the winds are free, the white man shall bleed
The Red Man's destiny is up where the eagles retreat

They've broken the treaties, the papers were lies
With finery and whiskey, they've stolen our pride

Plundering our holy hills, the game was almost killed
Buffaloes' thunder will never return
Smoke signals rise and sail over the iron trail
Prior to the sunset the tables will turn

As long the winds are free . . .

Fast as the falcon we will ride down the hills
to the place of the holy fight, Soldier Blue in the arrows' hail
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Great spirit told us, we won't fail, wreaking vengeance
On everyone who came and tried to make the Red Man run
Woe betide the flood of whites that turned our days
To deepest nights, you tremble and you cry for help
When I draw my blade and take your scalp
Just before the set of sun the battle's won
The bloody work is done--Yeah

Down on the barren plain, the killing starts again
Many have followed, too many to stand
Our tribes are doomed to death, just like the freedom's breath
Wires and stakes in the heart of our land

As long the winds are free . . .