

Ween

"Among His Tribe"

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He would step out of the night
And light a fire among his tribe
Carving from a bear's tooth
He used the flesh to feed the youth, he'd salt it down

Sails were made from darkened hide
Fish were caught in the lowest tide
Thought of war kept him strong
He listened for the battle song, in the night

And the old would teach the young
To heed the word of the master's tongue
A chosen son would take a bride
And light the fire among his tribe, and on and on

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