

Rankin Family, The

"Natives"

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For all our languages we can't communicate
For all of our native tongues we're all natives here
Sons of their fathers dream the same dream
The sound of forbidden words becomes a scream
Voices in anger, victims of history
Plundered and set aside, grown fat on swallowed pride

With promises of paradise and gifts of beads and
knives
Missionaries, pioneers are soldiers in disguise
Saviours and conquerors, they make us wait
The fishers of men they wave their truth like bait
With the touch of a stranger's hand
Innocence turns to shame
The spirit that dwelt within, now sleeps out in the rain

For all of our languages we can't communicate
For all our native tongues, we're all natives here
The scars of the past are slow to disappear
The cries of the dead are always in our ear
Only the very safe can talk about wrong and right
Of those who are forced to choose
Some will choose to fight

For all of our languages we can't communicate.

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