

## **Aztec Jade** **"Indian Summer"**

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Gaze upon the heavens  
The sky cracks wide open  
Storm clouds filled with lightning  
As thunder is rolling  
Day of judgement on us  
The white dogs come crawling  
Stricken down by lies  
Their forked tongues are talking

Fires burn the prairie  
Herds of buffalo thinning down  
Spirits carry my body across the divide  
Armies raiding the village  
Blood of warriors spilling out  
Days of Indian Summer return  
Time to die

Round us up like cattle  
And lead us to the slaughter  
Spreading your diseases  
With whiskey filled water  
Tribal customs dying  
Remind us of our shame  
Justice will be served  
When our lands are reclaimed

On and on and on and on  
We go  
To live another day  
To our gods  
We pray

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