

Destiny

"No Reservation"

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No Reservation

Now take my hand and follow me back to my roots in
this mad world.

Slaughter, fighting, torture, the end of the reservation.

There out on the plains the fires are burning,
a meeting for war and destruction.
They're talking with armies, the answer is blood.
Don't think we've tried to avoid this.

Hunger, sickness, stealing, weakness keeps the
reservation.

We've lost once again because of the treachery,
the word wasn't worth any ones honor.
They talked about peace, they talked about food.
But how could we believe them when we were bleeding.

Slaughter, fighting, torture, the end of the reservation.

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