

Bill Miller**"Prayers For The Truth"**

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Of all the roads I've travelled one true path remains
I could see it through the drifting snow; I could find it in
the rain.

I can hear my people calling like a wind across the
sand

When I walk this Reservation Road I am back on sacred
land

The sound of the drum, an eagle's wing
To my people these are sacred things
Visions of old, hope for the new
All that we ask for is a prayer for the truth
All we need is the truth

When I walk down by the river and I hear my Father's
call

As brothers we must live together, there is one sky
above us all

If we forgive our betrayers, then the healing can begin
And the scars from our nation's past can finally start to
mend.

The sound of the drum, an eagle's wing

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