

The Black Angels

"Deer-Ree-Shee"

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Rain, rain look up in sky,
All you see is yourself
Black cloud painted with trouble,
hanging over our nation, and you

All dry, are the crop around
We will be forced to steal
Like Grey Hawk perched up in tree,
waiting for the right kind of thrill (kill),
from you

I didn't know this was a game to you
I should have known by the silver
look in your eye

Bang, bang your magic is here,
white men and God are one
Make us feel like foreigners,
devils under our own sun

Wait, wait a few are blind,
let's trade secrets and get along fine
Which part of ours is entitled to us
You can't cross our imaginary lines

Trail of Fear and tears to come,
not a dry eye in our tribe
All worn down by the power of New,
Let's get together and drink until noon
Let's get together and dream
Let's get together and drink until noon

How could we stop this force
that grew on us
We should have drawn our own lines

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