

## Hawkwind "Black Elk Speaks"

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Brock/Black Elk - )

Grandfather, Great Mysterious One, you have been  
always, and before you nothing  
has been. There is nothing to pray to but you. The star  
nations all over the  
universe are yours. And yours are the grasses of the  
earth. Day in Day out,  
you are the light of things. You are older than all  
weeds. Older than all  
things on Earth.

Grandfather, all over the world the faces of living  
things are all alike. In  
tenderness they have come above the ground. Look  
upon your children with  
children in their arms, that they may face the winds  
and walk the good road to  
the day of quiet.

Teach me to walk the soft earth, a relative to all that is!  
Sweeten my heart  
and fill me with life. Give me the strength to  
understand, and the eyes  
to see. Help me for without you I am nothing. Hetchetu  
aloh!

In your throat is a living song  
A living spirit song  
His name is long life maker  
Yes, I'm here to heal  
With the healing ways  
Of the magic of the ground  
And the magic of the earth  
So go on my friend  
And sing with the healing spirit  
With the magic of the ground  
With the magic of the earth  
And you will spring to life  
Through the power of the words  
Through the magic of the ground  
Through the magic of the earth

