

Human Waste Project

"Death By Exposure"

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She lay there for weeks before they found her.
Bury her as Jane Doe; send her hands to match for
prints
And lie about the cause of death to halt investigations
You can't miss a bullet hole unless you look the other
way

She came to protest, to make her voice heard
And fight against corruption tearing up her nation
Pine Ridge cover-up. Silence those who don't agree
The Bureau's walls still shake when someone says her
name

Anna Mae. Her story lives on.
The Host World rises to take back what is theirs

Thirty years have passed and this case isn't solved
Hidden in a mass of lies, will the truth ever prevail?
Buried for the third time and they won't let her rest
She's a martyr to the white man, a symbol of resistance

Looking for a scapegoat and pointing fingers back and
forth
To divert our attention, as they've always done
In hope of once again, once again getting away
With murdering an innocent and spilling blood across
the land

Wounded Knee. Your earth is soiled
With the blood of innocents and the powder from our
guns

The sands of time are on an endless loop
The repeated lies believed as truths
Three decades passed, she's now back home
Three decades passed, her killers never found
Justice won't ever be served
They'll never get what they deserved
It's easier to get away when the ones out looking are
your friends

"March, 1976... Sioux elders say the winds always howl
When the body of a murder victim is moved.
During the traditional wake and funeral given Anna
Mae Pictou Aquash
The week-end of March 12, 1976, a storm peaked
Sending 30-mile-per-hour winds blasting across the
desolate fields
And shaking the rickety Jumping Bull Hall where the
wake was being held."

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