

Pura Fe

"The Condor Meets The Eagle"

Visit "[The Condor Meets The Eagle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Far away, on the equator, high on top of the mountains
where
Clouds wrap you like blankets and stars crown your
long black hair
The Condor watches over you, he hears all your songs
and prayers
The cries of all red people, Mama's soil is almost bare

(Chant)

We are brothers across the way
And sisters it's time to talk
That the Condor meets the Eagle
That together one shield we walk

(Chant)

You can rip out the mother's womb,
Orphanize the babies, killing man's creation pride
The cross, the cloth, the bloody prison bars
Leaving mountains of skeletons
Stacked and bottled in 5 cent jars

We are not relics, we are not souvenirs
We are not echoes of the past, we are here now
With ancestor spirits, gathering old blood the nations
last
Together the power of prayer brings the medicine back

(Chant)

*Speaking voices in Spanish and Cree

Visit [Pura Fe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.