

## **Md. 45**

# **"The Creed"**

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From the dust of which I came  
To dust I return again  
From my mother I am torn  
With my brothers off the war

We escape before the dawn  
Trying to outrun the sun  
Take my own life in my hands  
Fearing God but never man

Take my ancient hand  
Look me in the eye  
Looking past the lines  
Soon you'll see as I

You are young if you want  
You could be old if you try  
I can show you how to live  
But you can't show me how to

As the sun stalks the sky  
I am not afraid to die  
My ear upon the ground  
For the iron horse's sound

Encircle glowing rocks  
One by one each chieftain talks  
Tales of yore and bravest deeds  
Coveting their warrior creed

Take my ancient hand  
Look me in the eye  
Looking past the lines  
Soon you'll see as I

You are young if you want  
You could be old if you try  
I can show you how to live  
But you can't show me how to

Show me how to die, yeah

Take my ancient hand  
Look me in the eye  
Looking past the lines  
Soon you'll see as I

You are young if you want  
You could be old if you try  
I can show you how to live  
But you can't show me how to

My hands will bridge the distance  
Of beginning to the end  
The time for learning ceases  
It was all wasted and spent

From witch doctor to shaman  
Kachina doll to chief  
The spirit knows what ails you  
You beg for its relief

All that I know, all that I say  
My heart beats and my pulse drums  
Out tribal rhythms  
Pounding through the sky

Pounding through the sky  
Pounding through the sky  
Pounding through the sky, hey

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