

Straighten Things Out "Paleface"

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Paleface came on his high horses.
Blood and tears were shed,
slaughtered our wives and children were.
Our villages burnt down 'till the last ones.
He jeered our "savage" culture and beliefs.
Of the place with arrogance he took possession.

Our lands were soiled, our woods decimated,
our shores disfigured and then he chased us away
Playing novice sorcerer he poisoned our creeks,
the nauseating smokes swept the sweet perfume
of the grassland he wasted away...

Concrete forests grew up,
and in their brambles
our prisoner souls scrape everyday.
What nature creates he enjoys destroying.

His heart is black like the gold
he kills fellow men for,
and he spreads all along the shore...

Our lands were soiled, our woods decimated,
our shores disfigured and then he chased us away
Playing novice sorcerer he poisoned our creeks,
the nauseating smokes swept the sweet perfume
of the grassland he wasted away..

Greedy for existential riches,
he always dig the depths of the absurd.
His obscene cupidity obscured his eyes.
Yet he would only have to hold up his head to realize
the only essential rich is the world that surrounds
him.

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