

## Charlie Parr

### "1890"

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I was in a burial party, way back to Wounded Knee,  
Rock hammers and ice picks, to chip the dead ones  
free  
After the massacre, the blizzard, they've been frozen  
to the ground  
Mother, children and warriors we found them all  
around.

They were frozen in their agony or shock and terror has  
they fled  
The army's giant Howitzers they sang their song of  
death  
We found chief Big Foot, his scarf around his face  
The ice was frozen blood, from neck down to his waist

Their bloody footprints in the snow that the ghost  
danced for the dead  
and I hoped that it was true, what all the legend said.  
They're will be a new spring coming and our families  
will come home  
Game will fill the prairie, crops will always grow.

We wrapped the bodies in red blankets, placed them  
on our sled  
And left there stacked up rifles and everything that  
they had  
Crazy Horse was buried here, someone said as we  
were due to start  
Just as hard, I told him, it's only just as hard.

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