

45 Md. "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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