

## The Band

### "Words of Fire, Deeds of Blood"

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Perhaps you think the Creator sent you here to dispose  
of us as you see fit  
If I thought you were sent by the creator  
I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose  
of me  
Do not misunderstand me  
But understand me fully with reference to my affection  
for the land  
I never said the land was mine to do with as I choose  
The one who has a right to dispose of it is the one who  
has created it

I claim a right to live on my land  
And accord you the privilege to return to yours  
Brother we have listened to your talk  
Coming from our father the great White Chief at  
Washington  
And my people have called upon me to reply to you  
And in the winds which pass through these aged pines  
We hear the moanings of their departed ghosts

And if the voice of our people could have been heard  
That act would never have been done  
But alas though they stood around they could neither  
be seen or heard  
Their tears fell like drops of rain  
I hear my voice in the depths of the forest  
But no answering voice comes back to me  
All is silent around me  
My words must therefore be few  
I can now say no more

He is silent for he has nothing to answer when the sun  
goes down

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