

## Primitive Reason

### "Kindian"

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Some 500 years have now passed, yet in the past  
I'm still finding the keys to the questions that I ask.  
I'm only one great son, son of the great great One,  
Of the One great spirit, of the great One sum.  
I'm thinking about how I could feel it  
When I lived your slums,  
I was beaten by the seasons,  
With no material wealth  
I was a free man; All is magic.  
I could hear this; All is music.  
Such is the dream, such is the vision  
It's just like that; One day I swayed  
Along the scenes of dream daze  
And caught fast lanes in my eyes  
Along the rays of crystal glaze  
And then all became named  
I had awoken to the sky, been smoked by the sun,  
Raised by the High, smoked by the One,  
Raised on this Earth  
To provoke everyone  
In a good way.  
Channel the Ravel, unravel,  
Revel the rebel, the level

I am copper. Deep from this earth,  
And am all that surrounds me at birth,  
I become all that surrounds me in death.

I'm telling you a story of a man in space,  
With his hands on his face.  
Floating about him are the spirits of age;  
Whispering about man and his place.  
They asking him to remind this man of his place,  
And using his voice;  
And despite all the violence and the noise  
You can still hear them saying:  
Be proud Redman be proud. Be proud of your tradition,  
Be proud of your race and be proud of your vision.

The past is now passed and although I may ask  
Why the past is my mask I must know

That I am what I now choose to grab from my past;  
That I will only know what I now choose will last  
From my past. From my blood. From my race.  
From the colour in my face.  
From the nature of my place in the old ways.

In one of those days I too was borne  
To the dust in the earth and the scorn,  
Red blood under redskin; the red sin  
In the culture I am dressed in.  
Possessed in.  
Unblessed in.  
Vexed in  
And stressed in.  
Identity, enter me, let me see the enemy,  
Let me be the animal.  
Escape, from the entities, that crave my humanity,  
That feed from my fears,  
That feed from my greed and that feed from my tears.  
I will take off these clothes, stand proud,  
Take my place in the round,  
And stomp the ground in powwow.

I am copper. Deep from this earth.  
And am all that surrounds me at birth,  
I become all that surrounds me in death.

I'm telling you a story of a man in space,  
With his hands on his face.  
Floating about him are the spirits of age;  
Whispering about man and his place.  
They asking him to remind this man of his place,  
Using his voice;  
And despite all the violence and the noise  
You can still hear them saying:  
Be proud Redman be proud. Be proud of your tradition,  
Be proud of your race and be proud of your vision.  
Be proud of your place and be proud of your mission.  
The paint on your face, saying never submission,  
Remember those days and remember your religion,  
The freedom and the nature and the birth of first  
Vision.  
We are all still here;  
We are all still listening to the prayers  
In the smoke that your pipes release into the air  
With the hope that your children will grow to be aware  
And be proud of what is theirs.

To the Redman:  
I am copper. Deep from this earth.  
And I am all that surrounds me at birth,

And I am all that surrounds me in growth,  
And I become all that surrounds me in death.

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