

Caf? Tacuba

"Blood Of The Innocent"

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Lost without trace indigenous race taken by force and
displaced. Sons
Of the land true American they made their last stand
for survival. Pain
Greed and fear manifest destiny is here. Lies hate
revenge crimes of the
Past are avenged. We're spreading the blood of the
innocent. Loud were
Their cries vicious yet wise a people of peace forced to
fight fractured and
Few the invaders knew against them they would not
unite.

[Pre-chorus / chorus]

Promises that were made broken and quickly betrayed
on reservations
They're enslaved a race of resentment and rage. God
had a plan this
Once savage man has justice poetically made.
Temptations of sin that
Once did them in now has us the slaves to the Indian
[Pre-chorus / Chorus.]

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