

## Stormwitch "Cheyenne (where The Eagles Retreat)"

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The sun is awaking, the fires glow down  
The spirit has spoken, the token was found  
Dance to the rhythm, the beat of the drum  
Is shaking the mountain, the war-song is sung  
Down on the barren plain, the dust clouds rise again  
Just like the locusts they're raiding our land  
Down on the road of thieves, we watch our enemies  
Hate in our hearts and guns in our hands  
As long the winds are free, the white man shall bleed  
The Red Man's destiny is up where the eagles retreat  
They've broken the treaties, the papers were lies  
With finery and whiskey, they've stolen our pride  
Plundering our holy hills, the game was almost killed  
Buffaloes' thunder will never return  
Smoke signals rise and sail over the iron trail  
Prior to the sunset the tables will turn  
As long the winds are free . . .  
Fast as the falcon we will ride down the hills  
to the place of the holy fight, Soldier Blue in the arrows'  
hail  
Great spirit told us, we won't fail, wreaking vengeance  
On everyone who came and tried to make the Red Man  
run  
Woe betide the flood of whites that turned our days  
To deepest nights, you tremble and you cry for help  
When I draw my blade and take your scalp  
Just before the set of sun the battle's won  
The bloody work is done--Yeah  
Down on the barren plain, the killing starts again  
Many have followed, too many to stand  
Our tribes are doomed to death, just like the freedom's  
breath  
Wires and stakes in the heart of our land  
As long the winds are free . . .

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