

Pura F

"Rise Up Tuscarora Nation"

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Many Tuscarora people
Remained in the south east
Got by the exportation, slaughter and disease
Those who escaped removal and slavery
Survived the years by sacrificing tribal identity
Pushed to the borders and counties and state lines
Back hills of swamplands and mama's tall hidden Pines
Only to exist the confined territories
Designates the census record minority
"Free people of color" or "issue free" papers
No Indian names, No Indian Land claimers

I pray stand up!
Rise up Tuscarora Nation
I pray stand up!
Rise up Tuscarora People

Authorities, Holy men, missionaries'
Tight control
Sent Christ, their only savior
To wash away the native soul
Erase their native language, birthright
And who they are
So generations later, will laugh at the truth
And don't recognize the scar
Shame, denial disbelief, lost stories,
Unknown memories
Subject of the ridicule,
Crossed up red nigger, half breed blues (mule)
Not everyone forgets, old spirits come back
Good and bad
And the war they fought then, they fight
Again and again
Trying to get back what's been lost or taken
Beckons the genocidal sleep
To rise up and awaken!
I pray stand up!
Rise up Tuscarora Nation
I pray stand up!
Rise up Tuscarora People

It's true that through the years
Run-aways could find a home
Accepting other lineage, well the race
Became quite whole
Still, they are the people Indigenous to the land
They fight for recognition,
Pray Indian Country understands
Don't need Federal designation,
No handouts from the man
He'll ray on their desperation,
Make dependants of his greedy plan
Mr. Genealogy, BIA blood quantum man
Slice and dice Govn't aid, cut half the people,
Divide the land
Don't sell out for his disease, he'll slowly kill
You once again
You survived so long trying to be free
Fight the power with Sovereignty

I pray stand up! (Chorus)

A hundred fifty years ago,
Was the last you saw the hidden escape
Indian war paths and trails,
Escorts to the north, the Underground Railroad
Over New York and Canada's border,
A few got up to their northern kin
While ten's of thousands stayed hid
And enslaved down south
While north couldn't hear us scream and shout
Over your homelands and money
Southern pines clear-cut, the North cash in
There ain't nothing you can say or do about it,
Cause history says you don't exist
50-60 thousand more silenced away
Paper genocide, recreate Tribal names
As the state digs up your ancestors,
They'll deny your tribal name
You are the ancestors, you are the land
That you save
To honor the future generations
You must honor the stolen graves!

I pray stand up! (Chorus)

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