

## **Pura F**

### **"You Still Take"**

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You still take...

I saw them lying, stacked high on shelves  
Cardboard boxed and labeled  
A skeleton mother holds her embedded child  
Uncovered no blankets, no nothing, just how?

I was looking at myself buried alive  
Military donation, government research,  
Science, churches and museums  
I was looking at myself buried alive  
I am my ancestors, my mother's stolen grave  
Wipe my face from the right to live,  
On this land creation came.

You still take...

Sterilized women who cannon give birth  
Strip mine the womb of Mother Earth  
Remove my future leaving no trace to say  
That I'm a non-existent race, well  
I cannot claim from where I came  
You hid the truth, no guilt no shame  
Exploitation, Anthropology, Excavation  
You call it State Property,  
How can money justify the greed  
To disguise what is truly genocide

You still take...

The Indigenous World and mind  
The Indigenous Body and Soul  
Carries the cries from the corner of the Earth  
Hey if you wipe away these people  
You will wipe away protection  
That provides all people with life on earth  
She's fighting to live, dying to give, all that she is  
The Indigenous World and mind  
The Indigenous Body and Soul  
Carries the cries from the center of the Earth...  
Center of the earth...

(Tutelo/Tuscarora Pigeon Song) Ad lib

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