

Kinks, The

"Chosen People"

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Glory is on our way[?]
Worship the sun, great spirit.
Born of the mother earth,
Seek for the true white brother.

We are the chosen people, give back our sacred land.
We are the four grandfathers, a destiny for man.

It is written in our prophecy,
[it is written in our prophecy]
That we shall find the true white brother,
[we shall find the true white brother]
Who will help us, joined together, to build humanity.

There is a place for everyone.

We are the chosen people, give back our holy land.
We are the ever forest, we are great spirit's hand.

She will call us soon,
She will shake her body,
Bringing your land to ruin.
Why will the world not hear us?

We are most ancient teachers, we know great spirit's
plan.
We learned by nature's secrets, the inner side of man.

We are the chosen people, give back our sacred land.
We are the four grandfathers, a destiny for man.

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