

Lobos, Los

"Wake Up Dolores"

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My legs are tired
My face feels hot.
Wake up Dolores,
Pease try to walk.

Oh sacred night.

Our light is dim
We have so far to go.
The stones are hard
on this endless road.

Oh sacred night.
On quetzal plumes.
Of dying suns
and purple moons.
Oh sacred night.

As an eagle soars
our spirits fly
to our gentle rest
under loving sky.

Oh sacred night

(chant)
Ocuiltin
Moyacatla
Otlica
Auh in caltech.

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