

## Our Drums Will Forever Sound

We once walked on this land,  
Living at peace with all that was around,

We were simple people,  
Trusting our mother to supply all,  
Grandfather to give our knowledge,  
Never expecting the evil of man,

They arrived quickly,  
Swarming our fields  
Wanting to own what has always been,  
Taking what has always been,

We tried be friendly,  
Respectful,  
Welcoming,

They acted interested,  
A mask drawn with care and concern,  
But always wanting to own what has always been,  
Taking what has always been,

We tried to share,  
To always be fair,  
Yet, they destroyed our great buffalo,  
Driving us from our land,

We continued to try for peace,  
But the killing never ceased,

So, we fought back,  
Ready to attack,  
Only to have setback after setback,

When they won a battle all praised the victory,  
When we won, it was just a massacre

As time marches,  
We arch up to the sky,  
Wondering, "What if we had never welcomed them?"  
What if we had not trusted them?

Our people wonder often,  
Our Great Spirit carries our losses,

We beat the drums as we sing our song of loss,  
The wind carries our song across what's left and what's not,  
Our drums will forever sound,  
On lands that we once called home,  
Our drums will forever sound,  
On lands that we once called home,

They try to forget us,  
To ignore what they did to us,  
But, our drums will forever sound,

## We Took A Chance

It's here!  
Something large and big has reached our shores,  
Just begging to be explored,

We've never seen something so grand,  
We eagerly approach,  
Filled with wonder and awe,  
For something new is here and we must know why,

People emerge,  
So different and strange,  
With coverings we don't know,  
With skin as pale as the freshly fallen snow,

They see us and point,  
Suddenly, we're nervous and scared,  
We begin to run,  
But, with one last look back,  
I take a chance,

They smile and nod,  
As I walk across the sod,

I get closer,  
My heart beating hard,  
Hoping I won't be scarred,

They speak differently,  
But, they seem so nice,  
So I take a chance,

They meet my tribe,  
But, there's something in their eye,  
No offerings can stop the destiny laid down before us now,

It starts with taking something small,  
It grows into something large,  
Years bring such great change,

Our people are told, “No, you cannot stay, we have a better way”

Many promises are made,  
So, we take chance,  
Hoping our nightmare will fade,  
Believing they're keep the promise they made,

But, promises are broken,  
They take our land,  
Leaving us with none,

We try to fight,  
But, they prove too many,  
So, we took a chance,  
Hoping for help that never came,

Bitter fighting continued,  
Forcing us to abandon our peaceful way of living,  
We don't end up ahead,  
And continue our life of dread,

When I look at the past,  
I see eyes filled with tears,  
My home, and my people seared,

But, I wonder,  
Had we not taken that chance,  
Would we not live, as we do today?

Would we be able to walk our land,  
As we did in the past,

Forever roaming our lands,  
Proud and Free?

Only the Great Spirit knows,  
But I keep hoping,  
That someday we'll return home,