

CALL TO ARMS



Joseph Byrd*

Stop bombarding me with your guardian ideologies
This is not how it's supposed to be
You think we forgot about wounded knee
Been gimped up since the 7th cavalry decided to be heroes
And we turned them into zeroes
Gravity brings the American dream back down to reality
This is blood land
And your fracking is exposing contusions from broken treaties made
long ago
With deceit and deception
Our conception of defeat transforms into victory songs
But we play to an empty auditorium
We still retain the will of our ancestors
Clearly you do as well
Tapping more wells
What happened to my country tis of thee
That's right, you stole our land and gave us cheese
Commanding and demanding we bend the knee
What about our civil liberties
Broken treaty after
Broken treaty after
Broken treaty
I'm here to end the cycle
Maybe even start a revolution
Call me crouching tiger hidden buffalo
I'm ready for a tomahawk execution
As we bear witness to your country implode

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Am I starting to sound unpatriotic
Am I starting to make you feel uncomfortable
They say the tree of liberty must be refreshed
Time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants
What they won't tell you is that there is no tree
That's the bitter reality
George Washington cut it back when he chopped the cherry tree
Shout out to the full-bloods holding it down in Cherry Tree
White father, white father
Said you'd have our back
For as long as the green grass grows
And the blue rivers flow
Why bother, why bother
Home of the redman
Became home of the red land
Becomes home of the dead man
But dead men tell no tales
However, our story stretches a thousand millennia
And it will stretch a thousand more if I have anything to say about it
So whether you come from the water, the fire, or the stars
This is a call to my brothers and sisters in arms
Prepare yourselves because our time is now