

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

They came from the sea, pale skinned and light hair
our differences soon destroy the pact we made there,

They came just a few, befriending to all
our tribes could not see that soon we would fall,

They came by the Ark-full, pushing us out of our land
our backs were then turned when stabbed by their hand,

They came by the hordes causing helter-skelter
our weapons are not strong enough, so we leave our shelter,

They want it all, all they can take
our Buffalo are killed and our lives at stake,

They overpower us, showing their might
our people have had enough, they are going to fight!

They build trains for war, and travel
our roots are now cut, turned to dust and gravel,

They think we are beaten, done all the fighting we can
our actions destroy all at Custer's Last Stand!

They out number us 100 to 1
our Great Spirit looks down, the Tribal Nation has no sun.

(An original poem composed by:
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