

Artist – Phill Amaani

Album – Damaged In Transit

Track 10, Title – Thirty Thousand Tribesmen

It was on, the brightest night
Among, the tallest trees
Two wild spirits, flying free
On October pond, floating like two leaves
On October pond, floating like two leaves
Oh, wind of change
Oh, how the winds have changed

From the Chesapeake northern shores, to the Adirondack mountain falls
In the valley of the sacred pine, sit the five tribes of the Iroquois

Talking about a white gypsy race, of the black robes and the women in lace
Preaching from the good book law, cutting into the soul like an eagle's claw

Didn't take long to despise, the raping of wealth and the warlords cry's
Shook the fertile lands, like the gun from a man of war
A European man of war

Sixteen hundreds were very bad years, thirty thousand dead from pox and peers
Fighting for the sacred furs, rights of way, and snake bite cures

Stockholm, London, Paris, Amsterdam, they wore the pelts proud in hotel glam
Not knowing of the redman's scores, and the price of the white man's laws
The price of the white man's laws
The price of the white man's laws
The price of the white man's laws

Waraghiyaghey and Molly Brant, heads held high and made there stand
Sowed their seeds of a land made free, reaped the profits of a tribal harmony

From the Chesapeake northern shores, to the Adirondack mountain falls
In the valley of the sacred pine, are the spirits of the Iroquois
Spirits of the Iroquois
Spirits of the Iroquois
Spirits of the Iroquois