Indians

Song by Anthrax

We all see in black and white

When it comes to someone else’s fight

No one ever gets involved

Apathy can never solve

Forced out, brave and mighty

Stolen land, they can’t fight it

Hold on to pride and tradition

Even though they know

How much their lives are really missing

We’re dissing them

On reservations

A hopeless situation

Respect is something that you earn

Our Indian brothers’ getting burned

Original American

Turned into a second class citizen

Forced out, brave and mighty

Stolen land, they can’t fight it

Hold on to pride and tradition

Even though they know

How much their lives are really missing

We’re dissing them

On reservations

A hopeless situation

Cry for the Indians, oh

Die for the Indians

Cry for the Indians

Oh cry, cry, cry for the Indians

Love the land and fellow man

Peace is what we strive to have

Some folks have none of this

Hatred and prejudice

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Hold on to pride and tradition

Even though they know

How much their lives are really missing

We’re dissing them

On reservations

A hopeless situation

Cry for the Indians

Die for the Indians

Cry for the Indians

Cry, cry, cry for the Indians

War dance

Territory, it’s just the body of the nation

The people that inhabit it make its configuration

Prejudice, something we all can do without

The flag of many colors is what this land’s all about

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No one ever gets involved, no one

Apathy can never solve

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