



Savages

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My brother died today at the hand of the white man.
He came to take our land,
But my brother refused to let him take it.
For us the land is life.
Buffalo are slaughtered.
Houses are built.
Mines are dug.
Promises are broken.
And yet we are the savages.
We are starving.
Our hunting grounds are destroyed.
Our women and children are killed
And scattered on the land.
Today the soldiers came
To chase us from our home.