D.O.A.

into the badlands, the whiteman came. killing from fear, what he couldn't explain. disease unknown to this virgin land. laid to waste, with the gun in command. from the steel rails, the bul lets did fly shooting buffalo, with a gleam in their eyes. the sheer sport and the blood of the kill burning carcass's til the y had their fill. [Chorus:] but the warrior lives again and the nightmare's got to end. the whiteman came and let his pain but the warrior lives again. the pain and the sorrow, rose with the sun. ending their dreams with a whip and a gun. stripped of their rights and their dignity too bound to be slaves, ready for abuse. to the reservations, the government sent fill up the prisons, until they repent. now the land, that's all left will be taken back with another theft. [Chorus] they rise, they rise, they rise again. it's their time, their time, to live, live, live again.