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The Watchers of the Water

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The Watchers of the Water

by Luke T. McCarthy

The watchers of the water
The lovers of land
The keepers of the creatures
The savers of the sky

They're here to look after
To lend a helping hand
Never once meager
They never ask why

With bones of rock, hair of grass, flesh of mud, and blood of water
They are born, of the land, from the earth, her sons and daughters

But who came first
The whites or the reds?
I guess it all depends
On the story you've been fed

Which of us thirst
The whites or the reds?
All of us do
Without water we'd be dead

The Watchers of the Water have been here since the beginning
Long before white men came with swords, blood spilling

Their land has been divided, split and claimed
Their cultures diminished, they've been through great pain

Their faith has been corrupted and their names have been changed
Despite all the hurt, their spirit still remains

Today they are strong, their presence is great
Standing together, to fight the black snake

Who came first
The whites or the reds?
Who knows the land?
The reds, the reds

Who came first
The whites or the reds?
Who fights for the land?
The reds, the reds

They fight for the Earth, not for money or for race
For they know that nature, is our only saving grace

They know the whispers of the wind, and language of the seas
They speak the tongue of the wild, know the spirits of the trees

The Watchers of the Water
The lovers of the land
The keepers of the creatures
The savers of the sky

They are born, of the land, from the Earth, her sons and daughters
They have been here, from the beginning, the Watchers of the Waters