

# ORIGINAL AMERICANS

*"Native americans"*

Thank you for blessing the land where we live now  
teaching us how to farm so we can eat now,  
Not enough to pay back what you gave us...  
But where are you now?

I miss you,  
I wish I could see the beauty of your eyes  
in the mirror of the river,  
The poetic aesthetics of your horses,  
The frenetic sound of your voices;  
Prodigies, in the art of peaceful ambition;  
From America, you never left  
Your spirits survived the inquisition.

Kids with guns, feature revolves  
in every nation conquered by blood...  
But in the meantime... SALUT!!!  
Let me show them respect for the originala.

I still remember your camp on the hills,  
in April, with cogotes and dears;  
Free! like the eagles in the sky  
in the valley your kids were chasing boonies.

End of June I saw that platoon,  
The dust on the horses painting a foam;  
no options or time for discussions...  
They came just shutting their guns!

Pulling the trigger ~~~> their hate for their moms  
Discriminated ~~~> by England disposed  
Tears of your kids ~~~> hydrating the seeds  
The seeds of another nation,  
Another nation built by them bloody bricks.