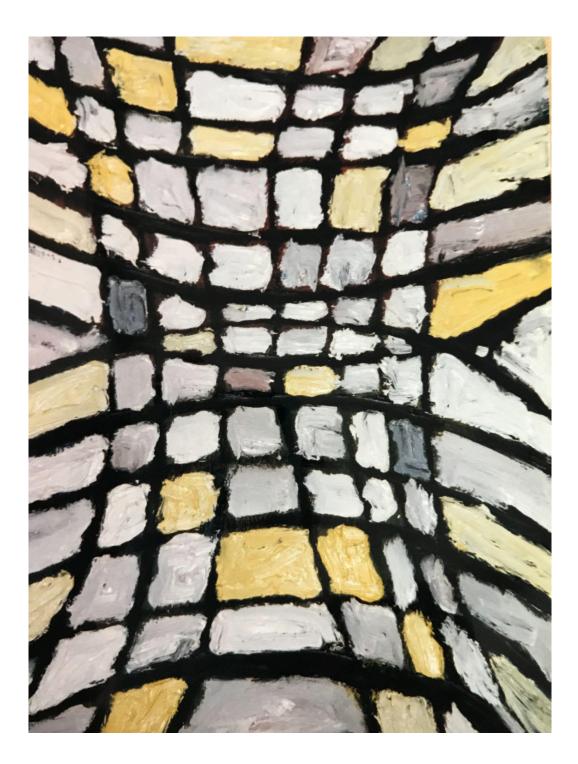
## Songlines



Our ancestors drew lines in the Sand Drew lines with their magic Hands Once wisdom eons deep Now brutally put to sleep

Songs giving meaning to life Giving meaning to any place and time Words falling from the sky Giving direction between the lines

Songs stored in the air The landscape devastated and broken Leaving us in despair Cutting us off from our tokens

Ships of fools and criminals immigrated Our culture and community shattered Taking away our children To be well educated

Totally cut of from our roots Turning to drugs and booze Now densely populating the prisons After failed Christian missions Finally we get a little chance to be fair To be recognised in our original rights But the children of the fools who came ashore Still reject our plea to share

A new song can be written Written in the sand They rather torture this Sacred Land Then listen to their ancient friends

Their and our voices are not to be heard Pushed under the Sand again and again How many eons it will take For the fools to become a friend

Some last words falling from the sky Before going back to sleep There is only One Magic Hand Writing songs for this Sacred Land