
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