

## „Echoes“

Out of the mist rising  
Ten thousand navajo braves  
Shining like golden eagles in flight  
Climbing high on the plains

Born of the Earth set free  
To run away with the sun  
So free to sing in tune with the world  
Gladly dance for the rain

So many moons have flown  
Now all your ghosts dance the long shadows  
War cries that died on your lips  
Echo above the plains