

## CATTLE

First people first voices.  
natives have always had a lot to say  
the question to ask are the Europeans  
listening!  
you've taken everything  
all we have is our name  
now you want our life.  
How can you take a life when you herded us like cows.  
Cows into your corrals, cows branded  
wards of your government  
forced to feed off one another,  
butchered in your schools.  
Bailed us your alcohol and your welfare.  
milking us to be nothing more than  
subservient labourers.  
See how we are slowly dying, see how our spirit  
dwindles on a thread.  
Thread of injustice, that's why I am here.  
I am not here to massacre the whiteman  
only his attitude and his government,  
your general fear of us as a people has led you  
genocide, with your religious saviours sent on a  
mission to redemption.  
your government policies  
treat us like helpless children.  
After you've wiped out many of the clans,  
my predecessors with your diseases  
your petty compensation was to  
expropriate our lands rich with your precious  
metal and resources.  
And throw us pennies to further our education,  
nickels to build houses  
dimes to operate the band offices,  
band offices where the rules were written by you.  
I buried him long ago  
but my own people dug him up  
my own people laid down to die.  
Your theory to turn us against one another  
has been proven so with the apple Indians  
the Indians red on the outside and white on the inside  
those having no clear concept of your intentions  
A raping of their minds  
That is why I am here, I am telling you  
NO MORE  
I am a descendant of first people first voices  
Not of your supposed primitive Kanata  
I am no longer on the soils to greet you  
I am here to carry a message that native people  
have a lot to say and I am asking are you listening this time!

percy lezard