

LAKOTA STORM

By
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High upon a mountain ridge
Traces of a battle past
Forgotten footsteps of a man
who never thought he'd be the
last.

The fox in the forest
and the eagle on the wind
are all who still remember legends
of Lakota Storm.

Far down the mountainside
A wolf in winter frost
Pauses at the final spot
where the warrior was lost.

He thought his people would live on
He never was afraid to die
He fought for life and he fought for love
And he fell beneath the winter sky.

The fox in the forest
and the eagle on the wind
are all who still remember legends
of Lakota Storm.

Now the falling leaves have covered
any trace which might remain,
and the memories of the battle past
are buried with the slain.

The fox in the forest
and the eagle on the wind
are all who still remember legends
of Lakota Storm.