

# Hope 2005

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Youth runs away in the mirror,  
and the dreams of a just world  
that would manifest like magic  
ends up at the bottom of a bottle.  
Dreamers are fools now,  
and thieves are heroes.  
Yet I hear there are still Lakota  
who ride to remember Wounded Knee.

The struggle they knew worth fighting for  
went on too long,  
and all the warriors were slowly lost.  
But the resolve those left  
grew even stronger.  
Their spirits knew to honor sacrifice,  
so they starved and froze.  
The few children that were left  
were thrown into the wind like ashes.  
Yet I hear there are still Lakota  
who ride to remember Wounded Knee.

