

KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

Words & Music by Allen Power

He's burning the tar up Route 81, out of the darkness, into the sun
Of a summer day, far from the mines and the mills.
He's high on coffee, and low on gas, pulling out of the current, and into the past;
Looking for his people - the People of the Hills.
Their songs are reaching out to him - the grasses wave with the sound,
And their faces watch beneath the sacred ground.

*He's riding the wind of another time where he's known by a different name,
Going home to the Keepers of the Flame.*

It's sixteen years since he left this town, chasing a dream that wouldn't slow down,
And leaving behind the ancient ways of his brothers.
But the White Man's world is drivin' him mad;
The work is unhealthy, the medicine bad,
And the only true love he ever had found another.
Now he feels the beat of the water drum pulsing through his veins,
And he longs to sit by the longhouse fire and close the circle again.

Chorus

Where the otter swims and the river bends, there's a spirit journey - a life on the mend
Down in the heart of the Onondaga Nation.
The elders sit by the council fire; tobacco smoke billowing high
With a prayer for the seventh generation.
And Time may take him far away, but no matter where it flows,
His heart's ablaze and his eyes, they shine like coals.

Chorus

©1998 Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved