-Part 1-   
[Ratcliffe]   
What can you expect   
From filthy little heathens?   
Their whole disgusting race is like a curse   
Their skin's a hellish red   
They're only good when dead   
They're vermin, as I said   
And worse   
  
They're savages! Savages!   
Barely even human   
Savages! Savages!   
  
Drive them from our shore!   
They're not like you and me   
Which means they must be evil   
We must sound the drums of war!   
  
They're savages! Savages!   
Dirty redskin devils!   
Now we sound the drums of war!   
  
This is what we feared   
The paleface is a demon   
The only thing they feel at all is greed   
  
Beneath that milky hide   
There's emptiness inside

I wonder if they even bleed   
  
They're savages! Savages!   
Barely even human   
Savages! Savages!   
Killers at the core   
They're different from us   
Which means they can't be trusted   
We must sound the drums of war   
  
They're savages! Savages!   
First we deal with this one   
Then we sound the drums of war   
  
Savages! Savages!   
  
Let's go kill a few, men!   
Savages! Savages!   
  
Now it's up to you, men!   
  
Savages! Savages!   
Barely even human!   
Now we sound the drums of war!   
  
  
Is there nothing I can do?   
Will this really be the end?   
Is it only death that waits   
Just around the riverbend?   
  
This will be the day ...   
(Let's go men!)   
  
This will be the morning ...   
(Bring out the prisoner)   
  
We will see them dying in the dust   
  
I don't know what I can do   
Still, I know I've got to try   
  
Now we make 'em pay   
  
Eagle, help my feet to fly   
  
Now without a warning ...   
  
Mountain, help my heart be great   
  
Now we leave 'em blood and bone and rust   
  
Spirits of the earth and sky ...   
  
It's them or us   
  
Please don't let it be to late ...   
  
They're just a bunch of   
Filthy, stinking   
  
Savages!   
Savages!   
Demons!   
Devils!   
  
Kill them!   
  
Savages!   
Savages!   
What are we waiting for?   
  
Destroy their evil race   
Until there's not a trace left   
  
How loud are the drums of war   
  
We will sound the drums of war   
(Savages! Savages!)   
Now, we sound the drums of war   
(Savages! Savages!)   
  
Now we see what comes   
Of trying to be chums   
  
Now we sound the drums ... of ... war!   
  
Of course it means the drums ... of ... war!   
  
Is the death of all I love   
Carried in the drumming of war?