

## Battle Hill – The story of Nek't

A child was born near northern waters not among his clan  
Who legend tells would one day be the leader of his lands  
His mother was a Gitxsan Princess held against her will  
And he'd become the warrior who walks on Battle Hill

One sunny day they slipped away the mother and her child  
He grew up strong and wise though many elders thought him wild  
He was young and strong and full of pride so many he impressed  
His armour was a grizzly hide he wore upon his chest

Chorus

Deep within the mountains where the sacred rivers flow  
From high upon his fortress strong he'd watch the trails below  
And in the end they took his life they couldn't break his will  
Some say they hear him call at night from up on Battle Hill  
Some say they hear him call at night from up on Battle Hill

His name would strike the fear in many foes or so it's said  
But none so much as those from where so long ago he fled  
From Battle Hill he'd stand to look across the oil trade road  
And vow to seek amends for all the debts he saw as owed

Some say it was his reckless anger finally did him in  
Others say the first known bullet pierced his Grizzly skin  
So full of pride yet still he died his foes they took his head  
And now he walks alone on Battle Hill or so it's said

Chorus

A child was born in northern waters not among his clan  
His mother was a Gitxsan princess taken from her land  
And he became a warrior who may be fighting still  
Some say they hear him call at night from up on Battle Hill  
Some say they hear him call at night from up on Battle Hill