

Marquinhos Bissoli - A Missão

tom: G

Índios, primavera, paraíso
 Brancos do inverno, genocídio
 Matas, cachoeiras, belos lírios
 Fome, ameaça, toca o sino
 Que salva, abençoa, civiliza

História desmascara, ironiza
 Quero ser tupi do rosto alvo
 Fora da mira imperialista
 Sinto nesse canto o libertar
 Quero ser escravo do amor
 Semear as consciências do esperançar
 Progredir é missão de sonhador

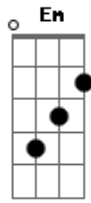
Acordes



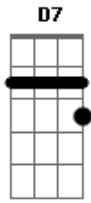
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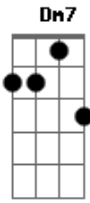
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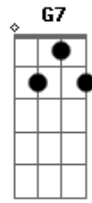
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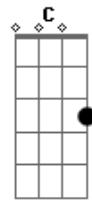
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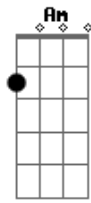
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