

Blood Spattered Banner

Carcass

Your blood flies in the wind,
It's old and worn and has no glory
Hand on heart allegiance pledged

Patriot, hatred instilled
Ignorant, white trash stand proud
With bigotry endowed

These colours don't run
These colours well worn
These colours don't run
But put to the torch they'll sure as hell...

Burn like your passion,
The passion of the damned
Can you still hear Dixie?

Ignorance is your strength
A raped stolen land stands so proud
Can you still hear Dixie scream out loud?

These colours don't run
These colours are well worn
These colours don't run
But put to the torch they'll sure as hell...

Burn...
Burn...
Burn...
Burn...

Your blood flies in the wind
Aged, ragged it's a sorry story,
Blood-spattered banner unfurled

A nation, hatred instilled,
With slavery stained,
Your dream of shame

These colours don't run
These colours are well worn
These colours don't run
But put to the torch they'll sure as hell....

These colours don't run
These colours are well worn
Your colours don't run
But put to the torch - I'll tread on you !!!

These colours don't run
These colours are well worn
These colours don't run
But put to the torch they'll sure as hell...

Burn...
Burn...
Burn...

Burn...

Want to see your flag up in flames

Burn...

Burn...

Burn...

Burn...

I'll tread on you.