

Bloodmeat

Protest the Hero

Enemies of the khanate
Strung on hooks like pigs to slaughter
Heads will roll
Heads will roll, and throats will be slit
And blood will flow like springs of water
Heads will roll

To the rivers red, across the ochre steppe

A thousand fathers killed, a thousand virgin daughters spread
With swords still wet, with swords still wet
With the blood of their dead.

Nurjan is upon us, he kills in silence after prayers
Genghis Khan is upon us, he slays his betrayers
Genghis Khan is upon us, he slays his betrayers

Thus now the fools of God will guard the city of our birth
Hold an ear to the ground to hear the sound of clamoring
And horses stammering as their gallop meets the earth

A thousand fathers killed, a thousand virgin daughters spread
With swords still wet, with swords still wet
With the blood of their dead.

Tomorrow
Tomorrow they will find us, hide the children free of sin
We will meet their blades by morning protected only by our skin
Tomorrow we will find them, seek the youngest of their kin
We will meet them with our fury,
We will crush them all like vermin
We will crush them all like vermin