

Unrepentant

Trivium

A poor man
With four daughters
A wife and a son

Daughter commits adultery
Or so he was told
Bought a knife and machette
After friday's prayers
Fear the young would follow old
Daughter must be killed

For your honour
You will slaughter
Every one of your daughters

For your honour
You will slaughter
It's you who should be slaughtered

Terror grips the steel with hunger
Thirsting to avenge it's soiled pride
Ashamed mad man

You take their lives away as they sleep
The blade kisses at their throats
Love bleeds without a chance to weep
You take, you take their lives away

You're the man unrepentant
Don't you realise
You murdered your own children
Call that honourable cause?

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