

## 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