

Limb from Limb

Protest the Hero

Split the sky asunder,
Noble huntress Of the clan. In your left hand raise the sword
In your right hand cast a spear.
Summon all the thieves and bastards
Hiding in the woodland Crack their skulls into the cauldron,
For invading our frontier
The shadows fall, the hammer falls
The stone is placed above us all Forge our weapons in the furnace,
Soar to heights like oak trees tall Do not beg before me,
I will not head your appeals
With your final words be
Grateful you died by Irish steel Do not crawl before us,
For your fate has been revealed
The heavens will not,
Desecrate their gates with your admittance Do not beg before me,
I will not head your appeals
With your final words
Be gratefully you died by Irish steel
Do not beg before me,
Your fate has been revealed Do not crawl before me,
I'll not head your appeal Son of flesh I cast you out,
Into exile forever hence Flidais rides again,
Flidais rides again She is the forest and she is the rain,
She is the huntress and,
She is the prey,
She is the dusk,
She is the dawn,
She is the moon,
She is the sun (keyboard solo) See her bellow out,
See her,
See her,
Bellow out in anger,
See her raise the infant fawn
She is drawn by a cart of cervidae She is here,
She is gone,
She is here,
She is gone,
She is gone

Songwriters

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