

Limb From Limb

Protest the Hero

Split the sky asunder, a noble huntress of the clan
In your left hand raise a sword, in your right hand cast a spear
Summon all the thieves and bastards hiding in the woodland
Crack their skulls in the cauldron
For invading our front and shell stop the hammer fall
Just know this place could burn us all
We forge our weapons in the furnace
So our hides are like oak tree stumps
Tonight beg before me and Ill heed your appeal
With your final words be grateful you die by Irish steel
Do not crawl before us, your fate has been revealed
The heavens would not desecrate their games with your admittance
Do not beg before me, I will not heed your
appeal
With your final words be grateful you die by Irish steel
Do not beg before me, your fate has been revealed
Do not crawl before me, I will not heed your appeal
Son of flesh I cast you out
Into exile for reverence
Flidais rides again
Flidais rides again
She is the forest, she is the rain
She is the huntress, she is the
She is the dusk and she is the dawn
She is the moon and she is the sun
See her bellow out, see her, see her
Bellow out in anger
See her raise an infant fawn
She is drawn by a God of sovereignty
She is here, she is gone
She is here, she is gone
She is gone

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