

# Bloodmeat

## Protest The Hero

Enemies of Khanate strung on hooks  
Like pigs to slaughter, heads will roll  
Heads will roll, throats will be slit  
Blood will flow like springs of water  
Heads will roll to the River 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  
Now, Jin 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 still the fools of God will guard the city of our birth  
Hold an ear to the ground, yeah, hear the sound  
Clamoring and horses stammer 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  
A thousand fathers killed  
A thousand virgin daughters spread  
With swords still wet, with swords still wet  
With the blood of their dead  
(Tomorrow they will find us)  
Hide the children free of sin  
(We will meet their blades by morning)  
Protected only by your skin  
Tomorrow we will find them  
(Seek the youngest of their kin)  
And we will meet them with our fury  
And we will crush them all like vermin  
We will crush them all like vermin

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