Murder

HORSE the band

The blood of this family mingles
With the clay in this stinking riverbed
I tie the boy down and tear his mother's gown
It's okay, she's already deadI'll sell the boy and the horses
To the snake you cannot see
I cut open the white man
And take from his woman too
If it were up to me
All the white faces would bleed
And bleed, and bleed, and bleed
It's truthMurder
It's murder
Murder
It's murderEmpty plains echo with empty screams
There's a wagon on the highland
A father and his girl- both are heading south
I tie the boy and the horsesThen use the skills of the wolf
I don't use a bullet
I get close enough I can use my knife
My knifeI cut open the white man
And take from his woman too
If it were up to me
All the white faces would bleed
Red's a better color
It's truthLet the blood out
Let it flow
Cut the blood out
Let it flow
Kill the blood out
Let if flow
Like a riverLet it flow
Like a river
Let it flow
Like a river
Let if flow
Like a river
Into the sea

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