

# 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 dead I'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 truth Murder  
It's murder  
Murder  
It's murder Empty 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 horses Then use the skills of the wolf  
I don't use a bullet  
I get close enough I can use my knife  
My knife I 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 truth Let the blood out  
Let it flow  
Cut the blood out  
Let it flow  
Kill the blood out  
Let it flow  
Like a river Let it flow  
Like a river  
Let it flow  
Like a river  
Let it flow  
Like a river  
Into the sea

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