

# 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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