Bone Marrow (Digital Version)

Protest the Hero

Thus now he knelt before the ruins,
Cold of sweat, heat of flame
To vow the severed heads
Of those who brought the village, the village to its shame.
Those who plundered,pilfered, pillaged lives
Would now accept the blame.He would find them all
With a mighty vengeance paid for in their painShah-jan, the king of kings
Wore seven rings and 60 feathers
Plucked from sparrow's wingsGrowing fat on the throne,
He sat like a stone.
A man who had never known
No hunger, shown no mercy with
In promises broke like a bone.And there he sat like a stone,
With promises broke like a bone
Dispersed about the people
Rostam calls out for his equalsIn third to rise and cast curse
Is that the worst of vengeance
Enemies they roam the tree's
Is that the worst of vengeanceThe royalty must die x3
The royalty must die like common beggars and petty thieves x2Tomorrow they will find us
Oh God x3
Heads of children will rollThus know he knelt before the ruins
Cold of sweat, heat of flame
He found the severed heads x2
Of those who brought the village, the village to its shame.3:16
The king of kings wore
Seven rings and 60 feathers
Plucked from sparrows' wings.He's growing fat, growing fat on the throne
Where he sat like a stone
A man who has never known no hunger
Shown no mercyThose who ride against us
Will be murdered where they stand
Let our arrows rain from sky
To drain the blood into the landIf a mortal stands before us
Strike him down with sleight of hand
And if heaven rides against us the
God himself then must be damned.

Songwriters

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