

Trivium, Unrepentant

A poor man with four daughters
A wife and a son.
Daughter commits adultery
Or so he was told

Bought the knife and machete, after Fridays prayers.
Feared the young would follow old, thought all must be killed.

[Chorus:]
For your honour
You will slaughter
Everyone of your daughters
For your honour
You will slaughter
It's you who should be slaughtered
Terror grips the steel with hunger
Thirsting to avenge its soiled pride
A shamed madman
You take their lives away as they sleep
The blade kisses at their throats.
Life bleeds without a chance to weep
You take, you take their lives away

Yet a man of unrepentant, don't you realise?
You murdered your own children
Call that honourable cause

[Chorus]

[Solo: Corey]

[Chorus]