Protest The Hero, Bloodmeat

Enemies of Khanate strung on hooks like pigs to slaughter
Heads will roll
Heads will roll, throats will be slit
And blood will flow like springs of water
Heads will roll
To the River Red, across the ochre steppe
A thousand fathers killed
A thousand virgin daughters spread with swords still wet
With swords still wet with the blood of their dead
Nurjan is upon us, he kills in silence after prayers
Genghis Khan is upon us, he slays his betrayers
Thus still the fools of God will guard the city of our birth
Hold an ear to the ground
Hear the sound
Clamoring and horses stammer as their gallop meets the earth
Tomorrow
Tomorrow they will find us
Hide the children free of sin
We will meet their blades by morning
Protected only by your skin
Tomorrow we will find them
Seek the youngest of their kin
And we will beat them with our fury
And we will crush them all like vermin, kill
And we will crush them all like vermin