

# Protest The Hero, Bone Marrow

Thus now he knelt before the ruins  
Cold of sweat and heat of flame  
To vow the severed heads of those who brought the village  
the village to it's shame.  
Those who plundered, pilfered, pillaged lives  
Would now accept the blame.

He would find them all with mighty vengeance paid for in their pain  
Shah-jan, the king of kings wore seven rings  
And sixty feathers plucked from sparrow's wings.

Growing fat on the throne where he sat like a stone  
As a man who has never known no hunger or shown no mercy  
In, in promises broke like a bone, bone.

And there he sat like a stone  
With promises broke like a bone.

Dispersed about his people, Rostam calls out for his equals  
In thirst to rise and curse,  
Exact the worst revenge on enemies to hang from trees.  
Exact the worst revenge on...

The royalty must die like common beggars and petty thieves.  
"Tomorrow they will find us. Oh God, oh God, oh God."

Thus now he knelt before the ruins  
Cold of sweat and heat of flame  
To vow the severed heads of those who brought the village to it's shame.

The king of kings wore seven rings  
And sixty feathers plucked from sparrow's 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 mercy.

Those who ride against us will be murdered where they stand.

Let our arrows rain from sky to drain blood into the land.  
If a mortal stands before us, strike him down with sleight of hand  
And if heaven rides against us, then god himself must be damned.