

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.