

Protest The Hero, Limb From Limb

Split the sky asunder
Noble huntress of the clan
In your left hand raise the sword
In your right hand cast the spear.
Summon all the thieves and bastards hiding in the woodland

Crack their skulls into cauldron for invading our frontier.
The shadows fall, the hammer falls, the stone is placed above us all.

We forge our weapons in the furnace, soar to heights like oak trees tall.

Do not beg before me, I'll not heed your appeals
With your final words be grateful you died by Irish steel
Do not crawl before us, your fate has been revealed.
The heavens will not desecrate their gates with your admittance

Do not beg before me, I will not heed your appeals
With your final words be grateful you died by Irish steel
Do not beg before me, your fate has been revealed.
Do not crawl before me, I'll not heed your appeals

Son of flesh, I cast you out into exile forever hence.
Flidais rides again
Flidais rides again

She is the forest, she is the rain
She is the huntress, she is the... {prey}
She is the dusk and
She is the dawn
She is the moon and
She is the sun

See her bellow out
See her, see her
See her bellow out in anger,
See her raise the infant fawn
She is drawn by a cart of cervidae,
She is here, she is gone
She is here, she is gone
She is gone.