

Folk Implosion

"The Purest Breed"

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Summer's breeze blowing through their mane
Wild horses of the purest breed! Ride!
Onward to battle, onwards like the wind
Cozak warriors of the purest breed! Hail!
Spurs to the side, a lash of the reins
Foam in the mouth, A' glistening the eye...

Bloodlust is nigh, for a rider and steed
Alike as they ride, pressing to the fight!
The banners are high and so's the battle cry,
The trampling of hooves of the purest breed! Ride!
Onwards to battle, onwards like the wind
Cozak warriors of the purest breed! Hail!
Spurs to the side, a lash of the reins
Foam in the mouth, A' glistening the eye...

Bloodlust is nigh, for a rider and steed
Alike as they ride, pressing to the fight!
Wild horses of the purest breed
Born to the steppes defiant to the cold
Cozak warriors of the purest breed
Loyal to the Czar, they defy death!

Summer's breeze blowing through their mane
Wild horses of the purest breed! Ride!
Onward to battle, onwards like the wind
Cozak warriors of the purest breed! Hail!

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