

## **Horse The Band "Murder"**

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The blood of this family it mingles  
With the clay in this stinking riverbed  
I tie the boy down and tear his mother's gown  
It's okay, she's already dead

I'll sell the boy and the horses  
To the snake you cannot see

I cut open the white man  
And take from his woman too  
If it were up to me, all the white faces would bleed  
Bleed and bleed and bleed, it's truth

Murder, it's murder  
Murder, it's murder

Empty plains echo with empty screams  
There's a wagon on the highland  
A father and his girl, both are heading south  
I tie the boy and the horses

Then you use the skills of the wolf  
I don't use a bullet  
Get close enough, I can use my knife  
My knife

I cut open the white man  
And take from his woman too  
If it were up to me, all the white faces would bleed  
Red's a better color, it's truth

Let the blood out, let it flow  
Cut the blood out, let it flow  
Kill the blood out, let it flow  
Like a river let it flow

Let it flow like a river  
Let it flow like a river  
Let it flow like a river into the sea

