

## **Kane Hodder**

### **"Attack On Tir Asleen"**

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We may not have a common tongue,  
But we all hate Bavmorda.  
We've given her reason  
Given her guile.  
Given her prophecy,  
But there's one reason to put you here,  
Because we all hate Bavmorda.  
I won't be complacent when our womb spits forth  
A hopeful future.  
That baby gets so ugly along the way  
(And that hate is special in every way)  
I'll stab you in the neck and spit upon your argument  
Hand over your tongue,  
That question never should have arose.  
We should be back to back  
And if I cut your skin off, you'd look just like me  
And you'll be skewered like a boar,  
When you stare into the sunset  
(Thinking you can't trust a soul)  
Those fallacies are cherished akin to chastity,  
Though they're never given up as easy  
"You're all pigs!" they scream  
Destroy the beast and find the baby  
No wonder its been so easy  
Pigs can't stand the smell of blood  
I'll give you my head, wouldn't that be so special  
Wouldn't it be better if we were not so clever  
And maybe we'll have better luck next time  
Don't even take a chance  
Don't even dip your feet in  
You'll just break your neck  
Because there's nothing left.

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