

The Herd

"National Holiday"

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[Verse 1: Ozi Batla]

Nation time, the party day
and all that come to display the colours that make them
like the others
The brothers and sisters come to wish the tyrant well
and dance around the wishing well
The well-wishers forget the cuts that were so vicious
At one day only banquets so delicious
They trade it in for the quiet of afterlife
It's their children that will feel the carver's knife
of emperor's that they revelled for
Leave it to them to settle the score, what's more human
than that?
Never look back, never look forward
Never forget the rule of law is so important
They protect us from the hordes at the gates
And they define us with their borders and states
Look through the grates down at the castle wall
and ask yourself if you're prepared to be the last to fall
In defence of the crown that you will never hold
that makes martyrs of sons who never grow old

[Chorus]

Come wave your pretty flags in the air
Come and make peace in the dragon's lair

[Verse 2: Urthboy]

Each house put up red ribbons, and then cook great
feasts all week
Children stirred, pilgrims returned
Quilts sewn all for his throne
The pallet(?) that he pockets, tax nonsense(?)
Someone is still taking kickbacks in
Where's your ribbon? Is it hidden? Get it up
How you gonna show the king you love
Look through the bloodstained glass
Commoner, you simpleton, you arse (ask???)
never asked, only bowed to the great lords
Subordinate of the great sword
While you quarrel on immoral excursions
All the kings men murder

And the Empire cries "Oh for freedom! Lead on"

[Chorus]

Come wave your pretty flags in the air
come and make peace in the dragon's lair
Come wave your pretty flags in the air
Come and make peace in the dragon's lair

[Verse 3: Bezerkatron]

Come prepare your penance and presence for his
procession
With dishes of dispossession and whispers of sedition
Each and everyone must show respect
Fail to do so on the pain of death
A stain of shame, acknowledge his reign and swallow
our pride
Another one cursing his name and a pox on his line
A watchman's sign of writer's symbols
Here's a rival, fly a ribbon red for sure
Survival swine who murdered and pillaged and burned
Ruined our village, will refuse to serve
Instead we'll choose to turn and purge this vile scourge
Notes been broken by the beast that burned
Cast the burden from the castle gates
Storm the barricades and take the tyrant from the
tower
People rise, the time is now to
claim your place in this, our nation's finest hour

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