

## Style Council

### "Bloodsports"

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Who takes the heart from a stag  
Who gets a hard-on with blood on their hands  
Who strips the wonder of life  
When they don't have the right  
But they say it's fair game  
And they won't feel no pain  
As we feel no shame

So let the sun come down  
Let our eyes close the blind  
Let the rivers run dry  
Let the forest life die  
But who they're to decide  
As if their right is divine  
As if their right is sublime

Who wins the hooves loses respect  
Who kills the Grace treads with intent  
Into Heaven's domain, playing little Christians  
Hear their voice soar in church  
Giving thanks for this earth  
Then destroying its birth

So let the sun come down  
Let our eyes close the blind  
Let the rivers run dry  
Let the forest life die  
But who they're to decide  
As if their right is divine  
As if their right is sublime

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