

The 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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