Primordial, Gods To The Godless

I have one Desire let it be a Pestilence upon your lands a Plague upon all your houses it is my wish to Enslave all your people The soil enriched with their Blood To Burn your places of Worship Our Gods shall become your Gods

All that lives on the vine is rotten may your wines be foul and your bread as the flesh of the dead an ill wind to bring nought but decay and the stench of your Slaughtered kin

The newborn, borne with fear in their eyes and slavery in their limbs as tools to build a new Empire We are your cross to bear Perhaps you shall be a martyred people But as sure as the Night follows the Day ...a Dead People

" The desire to sweep away what is sacred and profane. To enforce and embrace Tragedy...to imbed it deep within the subconscious of generations... & quot;