

# Primordial, Journey's End

Shafts of morning dew, fade to dusk  
Fires in the distance, make shadows dance  
Under this Blood Red Sky, a million martyrs died  
And beneath the pale moon's face  
They shall Again Arise...

Some things are best left in dreams  
Reality, can be a cruel mistress  
Are your lessons learnt?...  
Chapters close, veins collapse  
A passage ends,  
A rite is earnt...

Their Blood hath quenched the land  
Their spirit has set the stone  
And forever the Pagan lands shall cry  
With a heart so heavy...  
...and limbs so weary

Let no man for his sins atone our days of Glory have gone...