

Primordial, Traitors Gate

Borders swell like the oceans
Nations swept away
In the steel rain
Wounds carved in the earth
The silent hands of genocide
Map the years
Forgotten legacies of dust
People remembered in nothing
But fragments of language
Verses of song
And shards of military rust

The gallows of cold hands
Tighten old rope
Young men hang in the fetid breeze
Like rotten fruit
Too ripe for harvest
They have marched us
Through the streets
Heralded our death
Proclaimed our end
And brought us to our knees

A host of the willing few
Is gathered at the Traitors Gates
Demanding their pound of flesh
And their weight in gold

The tyrant
Resurrected as King
Whos Midas touch an Iron Fist
All the world proclaiming
Yesterdays man as Traitor
Yet welcome with open arms
His brother as tomorrows Dictator