

# Primordial, What Sleeps Within

My Faith is written in my blood  
And my gods within my Image  
I stand within the Sun unblinking  
And Rise within it's Rays

It is not enough to kindle the Fire  
One must be the Fire  
It is not enough to Face Tomorrow  
When there is Time enough Today

So long this savage beast has been  
Slumbered (too long)  
Shackled and bound no longer  
For I am both Sacrifice and Solution

Has the world made you?  
Have you made the world?  
There are strange times I ask you...  
Generations of Messiahs  
As Grist to the Mill

All with the world to sell  
And a world to win  
Yet looking no further  
Then yesterday Dictator  
Or yesterdays Traitor

(Our rage insurmountable, our thirst and desire unquenchable, about seizing the day, the moment,