

Primordial, End Of All Times (A Martyr's Tale)

Is this all I've been left
Broken oaths and betrayals
The empty words and dead rhetoric
Of my sold and broken culture

And I said once before
That tune heals nothing
I feel like a wounded animal
In the dying throes

I am near to death
Yet with teeth bared
Heels dug in the dirt
And the graves rabid stare

Waiting for one last struggle
If I have one (desire)
Mark my words
And gather your thoughts

Well these might be my last days
Because I am about to eclipse my sun
Collapse my star
Snuff out my flame
And reach into the void

Well these might well be my last days
But maybe, just maybe
I'll take you down with me