

Primordial, Fallen To Ruin

Brother, what tidings doth thou bring?
Can't you hear Dread Words from Traitors Tongues
Sister, Few Honours are left standing Proud
In this world
They have made the soil ever barren
Our Legends but Shadows, Idle and Fallen to Ruin

My Heart, Knows Falsehood Prevails
In this, the Long Winter of the Spirit
We have Born Witness to False Judgement
Yet against all this
I carry the Fight, Beyond the Ages
The Wolves shall echo my rallying Cry

An Oath, Sworn of Ancient Blood
Haunting the Usurpers through plague (and Pestilence)
Through Tempest, across the Raging Seas
(my rage) as a Bolt of Lightning
Within a clenched Fist... seeking Retribution

Know
That when there is Nothing left in this world
I will come for you
No Ideal not Scarred and Worn
No hope not Shattered and Torn
I will come for you

(The old heart of the earth calls it's Children, Children of Destitution and Pain, Bloodied yet unbowed)