

Primordial, Gallows Hymn

Sister, do not pray for me
There is no forgiveness here
Just the longest and the darkest night
And my peoples end

And brother, many a crooked day we spent
Telling tales and making myths
Sharpening our tongues
Yet doing little but growing old

I was never a religious man
So why should I put my faith in you?
You burned your bridges a long time ago
I'm a Heathen, searching for his soul