

Primordial, Mealltach

Drifting in dreams of memory past
To pray to never wake
Or return to spiritless cages
That held me once before
So many seasons I've seen
A heart as winter's cold...
To melt in a summer's passion
To forge a new things that have grown so old

My Gods need me now
I've sheltered beneath their sky
My life I would willingly give
For their return, it is but an honour to die

Seasons come and go
Children grow to die
Kings may come
And Kings may go

But our Gods shall rule the sky