

Primordial, The Song Of The Tomb

From the north to the south
From the east to the west
All that waits for me is the grave
I have been where my brothers lay fallen
And my kind are as slaves

Bloodied yet unbowed
I sing a song of the tomb
Of the cold and heathen earth
Of the Gods that await me
I raise a glass in your name

For when the sun rise again
To our deaths like condemned men

This is the twilight of the ages
And no man shall stand

I sing a song of the tomb
Of the cold and heathen earth
With virgin voice to poisoned womb
I call to the shadowed kind
To men of myth, etched in stone
Whose songs are heard no more
The women of the barren lands
This is your time