

# Empire Falls

Primordial

A cold wind is blowing  
Through the graves it is blowing  
And it bares a poisoned tongue  
And the foul breath of deceit

I am my fathers son  
And his deeds  
Cannot be undone... be undone

You trade in his blood  
Writing your history  
In the sacrifices of the dead

Where is the fighting man?  
Am I he?  
You would trade every truth  
For hollow victories

Every empire will fall  
Every monument crumble  
Forgotten men who watch the centuries

Whose silent words  
Rise up in betrayal  
We will rise up in betrayal

Where is the fighting man?  
Am I he?  
You would trade every truth  
For hollow victories

Every empire falls  
And the earth to ashes turn  
The lands of my birth  
Shall be my tomb

The are the lands, the lands of my birth  
Soon to be ruins, the ruins of my past  
And when the sky should fall  
The earth to ashes turn  
Then you know they shall be my tomb

Where is the fighting man?  
I am he  
You would trade every truth  
For hollow victories