

## End of All Times (Martyrs Fire)

Primordial

Is this all I've been left  
Broken oaths and betrayals  
The empty words and dead rhetoric  
Of my sold and broken culture

And I said once before  
That time heals nothing  
I feel like a wounded animal  
In the dying throes

I am near to death  
Yet with teeth bared  
Heels dug in the dirt  
And the graves rabid stare

Waiting for one last struggle  
If I have one (desire)  
Mark my words  
And gather your thoughts

Well these might be my last days  
Because I am about to eclipse my sun  
Collapse my star  
Snuff out my flame  
And reach into the void

Well these might well be my last days  
But maybe, just maybe  
I'll take you down with me