

Gallows Hymn

Primordial

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
And Sharpening our tongues for the final fight
Yet doing little but growing old

I never was 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