

# No Grave Deep Enough

Primordial

All of the God's children they all have to die  
Pauper to King sworn enemies to kin  
From men without sin to those with the beast  
within  
The grave is absolute, the grave is all

O, Death where are your teeth  
That gnaw on the bones of fabled men  
O, Death where are your claws  
That haul me from the grave

Do you have justice to trump the divine  
To steal the sanctity from their sermon  
Reduce to ash, writing of piety  
And conquer the lord's word  
I think you do

Do you bring fear to the hearts of heathens  
When your breath is upon their necks  
And the Gods will not answer  
And the sun is not in the sky

O, Death I am not ready for the grave  
So turn your steeds around and loosen your reins  
I am not one for the tomb

So rise my brothers, rise from your graves  
Throw your shackles off and stand by my side  
So rise my brothers, rise from your graves  
No grave is deep enough to keep us in chains