

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