

# The Coffin Ships

Primordial

Our young hearts are born with grief  
And we have paid the penalty of truth  
A season, of our stolen youth  
Shall teach old hearts to break

It feels like I've been here before  
Here, where the animals lay down to die  
So we stand, alone on a distant shore  
Our broken spirits in rags and tatters

Our broken spirits and rags in tatters

With knot and muscle and heart and brain  
They are lost to Ireland, they are lost in vain  
So you pause, and you can, almost hear  
The sounds, they echo down through the ages

The creak, of the burial cart  
Hear the humiliation and sorrow  
Mouth fixed with indignation  
So one is driven to enslave?

Oh god that friends should be so dear  
And human flesh so cheap

Our young hearts are born with such grief  
And we have paid the penalty of truth  
The season, of our stolen youth  
Shall teach old hearts to break

It feels like I've been here before  
Here, where the animals lay down to die  
So we stood, alone on a distant shore  
Broken spirits, in rags and tatters

Our broken spirits and rags in tatters