

## The Heretics Age

Primordial

Soiled hands of work, to pit a Nations Fall  
Skeletal hands upon the coffers of the Old World  
Ghosts of Men, re-writing history  
Red ink, from the well of Martyrdom

Words to drip from the Traitors Tongues  
Waging a War between the Crimson lines  
The Old Heart of the Earth  
Divided, poisoned, ready for the fall

Valiant Men, made to wear the Devils Mask  
The Scapegoats for a New Age  
Such words will bear the Fruit of Flesh  
(Today's Innocence),  
Tomorrows Finger on the Trigger

So, who Heralds the Grace of Fallen Empires?  
Hymns to the Ruination of Majesty  
He who inherits the Dark Crown of ill will  
The Scorn of those deemed Righteous Men

The Gauntlet thrown, The Baton tossed  
By Statute, by Law, by Divine Decree  
Impositions as Kindling to the fire  
The Old Heart is beating, with Ancient Blood

[A history passed through generations, through the ravages of time and falsity of spirit, blood remains and the circle remains unbroken, the answer to the future lays in the not too distant and dim past, and as we lay waste to the naysayers and cut the traitors tongues from their very mouths of spectre of history shall loom from the past enriched with the Blood of our Ancestors to pass judgement...]