

# The Song of the Tomb

Primordial

From the north to the south  
From the east to the west  
All that waits for me is the grave  
I have been where my brothers lay fallen  
And my kind are as slaves

Bloodied yet unbowed  
I sing a song of the tomb  
Of the cold and heathen earth  
Of the god's that await me  
I raise a glass in your name

For when the sun rise again  
To our deaths like condemned men

This is the twilight of the ages  
And no man shall stand

I sing a song of the tomb  
Of the cold and heathen earth  
With virgin voice to poisoned womb  
I call to the shadowed kind  
To men of myth, etched in stone  
Whose songs are heard no more  
The women of the barren lands  
This is your time