

# Where Greater Men Have Fallen

Primordial

For those who buried their sons  
Under bone white crosses  
For those who saw their daughters  
Virtues were taken by invading forces

They promised the century to you  
And all you did was count the dead  
And pray for merciful release  
In the longest and the darkest night

Where greater men have fallen  
Here we stand guard  
Where greater men have fallen  
Until the end of time

They made you build your tomb  
With your own very hands  
And ground your kin to dust  
In the dark satanic mills of progress

It seems the lands of the free  
Are born of the cold and empty grave  
And the myths of liberty  
Bind our wrists like slaves

Where greater men have fallen  
Here we stand guard  
Where greater men have fallen  
Until the end of time

Where greater men have fallen  
Is where we stand guard

And you will always bury your sons  
Under broken barren promises  
And the heart of your motherland  
Will be ripped from her chest

Where greater men have fallen  
We are ready to die  
Where greater men have fallen  
We are ready to die