As Rome Burns

Primordial

We are falling over the ends of the earth
So gather your sons and daughters before you
And tell them that these are the final days of all
Preach to the paupers
And sing to the slavesI see you've chosen to loose your faith
To burn your bridges and lose your way
From mountain top to valley deep
From shore to cursed shore
What Nation, what State what Land is this?
The wretched Tribe of Nero...Sing Sing Sing to the Slaves
Sing to the Slaves that Rome BurnsAre our bones not dust?
Is our Blood not Poison?
On my knees in the black light
Praying for Salvation, bitter Redemption
So throw your dice and cast your shadow
You may look away
But your children will not...

Songwriters
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