Gods To The Godless

Primordial

I have one desire let it be, a pestilence upon your lands
A plague upon all your houses, it is my wish
To enslave all your people, the soil enriched with their blood
To burn your places of worship our Gods shall become your GodsAll that lives on the vine is rotten, may your wines be foul
And your bread as the flesh of the dead
An ill wind to bring, bought but decay
And the stench of your slaughtered kinThe newborn, borne with fear in their eyes
And slavery in their limbs as tools to build a new empire
We are your cross to bear, perhaps you shall be a martyred people
But as sure as the night follows the day, a dead peopleThe desire to sweep away what is sacred and profane
To enforce and embrace tragedy, to embed it deep
Within the subconscious of generations

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