

# Born to Night

## Primordial

Maybe you tried to gather the world in your arms  
Pushed my words aside and sought fiery revelation  
Martyrs seem in good company, but they are alone  
As the day we made them, so hold your tongues  
And steal pride's pleasure  
My lack of faith, was not wanted here  
You want your tragedy for your own ends  
As martyrs we are born to die  
Like Agrippa we poured, over the secrets of life  
Into the long hours and buried our hearts  
And even then I knew I could not save you  
You gazed into the abyss and it gazes back at you  
And now more than half of my life is through  
I have saved the least for last and it is for you  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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