

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

Songwriters

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