

The Heretic's Age

Primordial

Soiled hands of work, to pit a Nations Fall
Skeletal hands upon the coffers of the Old World
Ghosts of Men, re-writing history
Red ink, from the well of Martyrdom Words to drip from the Traitors Tongues
Waging a War between the Crimson lines
The Old Heart of the Earth
Divided, poisoned, ready for the fall Valiant Men, made to wear the Devils Mask
The Scapegoats for a New Age
Such words will bear the Fruit of Flesh
(Today's Innocence),
Tomorrows Finger on the Trigger So, who Heralds the Grace of Fallen Empires?
Hymns to the Ruination of Majesty
He who inherits the Dark Crown of ill will
The Scorn of those deemed Righteous Men The Gauntlet thrown, The Baton tossed
By Statute, by Law, by Divine Decree
Impositions as Kindling to the fire
The Old Heart is beating, with Ancient Blood [A history passed through generations, through the ravages of time
and falsity of spirit, blood remains and the circle remains unbroken, the answer to the future lays in the not too
distant and dim past, and as we lay waste to the naysayers and cut the traitors tongues from their very mouths of
spectre of history shall loom from the past enriched with the Blood of our Ancestors to pass judgement...]

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