The Coffin Ships

Primordial

Young hearts born with grief
Shall pay the penalty of truth
A season of stolen youth
Shall teach old hearts to break

It feels like I've been here before
Here to where the animals lay down to die
So we stood alone on a distant store
Our broken spirits in rags and tatters

Nerve and muscle, heart and brains
Lost to Ireland, lost in vain
Pause and you can almost hear
The sounds echo down through the ages
The creak of the burial cart
Here in humiliation and sorrow
Not mixed with indignation
One is driven to exclaim
Oh god, that bread should be so dear
And human flesh so cheap

Young hearts are born with such grief
We have paid the penalty of truth
A season of our stolen youth
Shall teach our hearts to break

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