# The Black Hundred

## Primordial

Here there is no god he is ground to dust
In the death machine of industry
The iron hearse sent on bitter tracks to the Gulag
Suffering forged between the hammer and sickle
The sorrow of men's hearts is a broken people
Nations at the gallows pray for mercy killing
Men of the cloth stand in stretch necked defiance
Famines fist sounds the death knell
The people's utopia moulds an industrial horizon
Rusted Vostok in the lap of the Gods"I want to burn, give me the funeral pyre
Long was life, but my life's waking short
The highest of my father's sacraments
To climb towards heaven on a towering flame
And scream out the injustice by which
My nation with fiery iron was beset and slaughtered"(Vizcma Belgenvica)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/