

# Tragedy's Birth

## Primordial

The crippled oracle breathes his lungs like grit  
His blackened hands, like maps of ungodly lands  
Skin as leather, burnt by the sun  
This world is not for him, this world is not for you nor I  
When the gods were young, the burden was less  
It was not grief and it was not fear  
Who cast the shadow upon our age?  
Who has crippled the young and blinded their eyes?  
He counts the hours, days and awful years  
To when the children stare into the sun  
The mountains crumble to the sea  
And our civilizations turn to dust  
They are turned to dust  
So slumber watcher, till the spheres  
Have turned ten and twenty thousand years  
The crippled oracle breathes, his lungs like grit  
This world is not for him, this world is not for you nor I

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>