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 IWhen 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 dustThey are turned to dust

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