

# Mealltach

## Primordial

Drifting in dreams of memory past  
To pray to never wake  
Or return to spiritless cages  
That held me once before  
So many seasons I've seen  
A heart as winter's cold...  
To melt in a summer's passion  
To forge a new things that have grown so old  
My Gods need me now  
I've sheltered beneath their sky  
My life I would willingly give  
For their return, it is but an honour to die  
Seasons come and go  
Children grow to die  
Kings may come  
And Kings may go  
But our Gods shall rule the sky

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