Gallows Hymn

Primordial

And sister, do not pray for me
There is no forgiveness here
Just the longest and the darkest night
And my people's endAnd brother, many a crooked day we spent
Telling tales and making myths
And sharpening our tongues
Yet doing little but growing oldI was never a religious man
So why should I put my faith in you?
You burned your bridges a long time ago
I'm a heathen, searching for his soul"History is often dictated by faith. Putting the worlds to rights while it passes you by. Is there an honour in following your words to the bitter end despite being plagued with doubts?..."

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