

Death of the Gods

Primordial

We stood on the shoulders of giants
Like atlas with the burden of faith
We clasped our hands in praise
of a conqueror's right to tyranny
This is a language that has not passed
Our lips in one thousand years So heretics I call to you
Partisans stand as one
Rebels raise your voices
If not then all is lost This is the death of the Republic and make no
mistake
The senate is lost and Zeus is laughing
So Mars God of war can you send a lightning bolt
To smash the temple of the blind
The Tiber is over flowing with the blood of
innocent men And so we stood, among thieves, liars and
murderers
Whose names shall live in eternal rest and infamy
Disgraced kings enshrined with their pious men
Who ruled us all with the bloodied spear of destiny You knew my name before I was born
You knew my death from the moment it passed my
lips This is the death of the Republic
Dead and gone with Pearse in the grave
Haunted to the end by the ghosts of Connolly's army
Skeletal fingers on the trigger of Collins' demise
And Parnell's dreams are turned to nothing but dust And I say to my people's masters: beware, beware of the
thing that is coming, beware of the risen people, who shall
take what we would not give.
Did ye think to conquer the people, or that law is stronger
than life and than men's desire to be free?" (Padraig Pearse, "The Rebell")

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>