

Primitive Radio Gods

"Journey's End"

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Shafts of morning dew, fade to dusk
Fires in the distance, make shadows dance
Under this Blood Red Sky, a million martyrs died
And beneath the pale moon's face
They shall Again Arise...

Some things are best left in dreams
Reality, can be a cruel mistress
Are your lessons learnt?...
Chapters close, veins collapse
A passage ends,
A rite is earned...

Their Blood hath quenched the land
Their spirit has set the stone
And forever the Pagan lands shall cry
With a heart so heavy...
...and limbs so weary

Let no man for his sins atone our days of Glory have
gone...

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