

Primordial "Death Of The Gods"

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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")

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