

Primordial "Empire Falls"

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A cold wind is blowing
Through the graves it is blowing
And it bares a poisoned tongue
And the foul breath of deceit

I am my fathers son
And his deeds
Cannot be undone... be undone

You trade in his blood
Writing your history
In the sacrifices of the dead

Where is the fighting man?
Am I he?
You would trade every truth
For hollow victories

Every empire will fall
Every monument crumble
Forgotten men who watch the centuries

Whose silent words
Rise up in betrayal
We will rise up in betrayal

Where is the fighting man?
Am I he?
You would trade every truth
For hollow victories

Every empire falls
And the earth to ashes turn
The lands of my birth
Shall be my tomb

The are the lands, the lands of my birth
Soon to be ruins, the ruins of my past
And when the sky should fall
The earth to ashes turn
Then you know they shall be my tomb

Where is the fighting man?
I am he
You would trade every truth
For hollow victories

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