

## Primordial "Gallows Hymn"

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Sister, do not pray for me  
There is no forgiveness here  
Just the longest, darkest night  
And my peoples end

Brother, many a crooked day we spent  
Telling tales and making myths  
Sharpening our tongues for the final fight  
Yet doing little but growing old

I 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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