

Primordial

"No Nation On This Earth"

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The sea will be as a desert
When my bones are long to dust
Beneath shifting dunes
And the searing Unconquerable son

Pile the bodies on the pyre
Warm the old heart of the earth
This is no place for faith, nor for hope
Just a journey through the darkest of nights
To the old heart of the earth

These are wounds made by cold hands
That know the bite of steel
Hands that have rendered life extinct
And punished the weak at heart

Tell e what Nation on this Earth
Is not born of Tragedy?
That has not felt such harsh weapons
Wielded by cruelty's desire

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