

Primordial

"The Burning Season"

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Bring the women
and children before me
Let us make rivers of their blood
Bleed for me...I wish it so
and streams shall meet such rivers
and seaward they shall flow

See the shoreline scattered
with their precious skulls
See the tide come in
as blood to meet their bone
A grotesque promise
Beneath a crimson sky...a seasons birth

We'll drown the newborn like unwanted dogs
and condemn them to their desperate gods
We'll take a needle, to the arm of the world
For it is our season

We'll burn the temples, of the righteous
Rend them as ashes, to the four winds
As ashes... to the four winds
The winds of a new season

"All is all for the taking, to Rise Phoenix like from the
Ashes...
A twisted and revelatory dream of the new Aeon..."

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