

## **Primordial "The Coffin Ships"**

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Young hearts born with grief  
Shall pay the penalty of truth  
A season of stolen youth  
Shall teach old hearts to break

It feels like I've been here before  
Here to where the animals lay down to die  
So we stood alone on a distant shore  
Our broken spirits in rags and tatters

Nerve and muscle, heart and brains  
Lost to Ireland, lost in vain  
Pause and you can almost hear  
The sounds echo down through the ages  
The creak of the burial cart  
Here in humiliation and sorrow  
Not mixed with indignation  
One is driven to exclaim  
Oh god, that bread should be so dear  
And human flesh so cheap\*

Young hearts are born with such grief  
We have paid the penalty of truth  
A season of our stolen youth  
Shall teach our hearts to break

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