

# Primordial "Traitors Gate"

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Borders swell like the oceans  
Nations swept away  
In the steel rain  
Wounds carved in the earth  
The silent hands of genocide  
Map the years  
Forgotten legacies of dust  
People remembered in nothing  
But fragments of language  
Verses of song  
And shards of military rust

The gallows cold hands  
Tighten old rope  
Young men hang in the fetid breeze  
Like rotten fruit  
Too ripe for harvest  
They have marched us  
Through the streets  
Heralded our death  
Proclaimed our end  
And brought us to our knees

A host of the willing few  
Is gathered at the Traitors Gates  
Demanding their pound of flesh  
And their weight in gold

The tyrant  
Resurrected as King  
Who's Midas touch an Iron Fist  
All the world proclaiming  
Yesterday's man as Traitor  
Yet welcome with open arms  
His brother as tomorrows Dictator

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