Death of the Gods

Primordial

We stood on the shoulders of giants Like atlas with the burden of faith We clasped our hands in praise Of a conqueror's right to tyranny This is a language that has not passed Our lips in one thousand years

So heretics I call to you Partisans stand as one Rebels raise your voices If not then all is lost

This is the death of the Republic and make no mistake The senate is lost and Zeus is laughing So Mars God of war can you hurl a lightning bolt To smash the temple of the blind The Tiber is over flowing with the blood of innocent men

And so we stood, among thieves, liars and murderers Whose names shall live in eternal rest and infamy Disgraced kings enshrined with their pious men Who ruled us all with the bloodied spear of destiny

You knew my name before I was born You knew my death from the moment it passed my lips

This is the death of the Republic Dead and gone with Pearse in the grave Haunted to the end by the ghosts of Connolly's army Skeletal fingers on the trigger of Collins' demise And Parnell's dreams are turned to nothing but dust

"And I say to my people's masters: beware, beware of the thing that is coming, beware of the risen people, who shall take what we would not give. Did ye think to conquer the people, or that law is stronger than life and than men's desire to be free?"