

The Coffin Ships

Primordial

Our young hearts are born with grief
And we have paid the penalty of truth
A season, of our stolen youth
Shall teach old hearts to break

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

Our broken spirits and rags in tatters

With knot and muscle and heart and brain
They are lost to Ireland, they are lost in vain
So you pause, and you can, almost hear
The sounds, they echo down through the ages

The creak, of the burial cart
Hear the humiliation and sorrow
Mouth fixed with indignation
So one is driven to enslave?

Oh god that friends should be so dear
And human flesh so cheap

Our young hearts are born with such grief
And we have paid the penalty of truth
The season, of our stolen youth
Shall teach old hearts to break

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

Our broken spirits and rags in tatters