

Where Greater Men Have Fallen

Primordial

For those who buried their sons
Under bone white crosses
For those who saw their daughters
Virtues were taken by invading forces

They promised the century to you
And all you did was count the dead
And pray for merciful release
In the longest and the darkest night

Where greater men have fallen
Here we stand guard
Where greater men have fallen
Until the end of time

They made you build your tomb
With your own very hands
And ground your kin to dust
In the dark satanic mills of progress

It seems the lands of the free
Are born of the cold and empty grave
And the myths of liberty
Bind our wrists like slaves

Where greater men have fallen
Here we stand guard
Where greater men have fallen
Until the end of time

Where greater men have fallen
Is where we stand guard

And you will always bury your sons
Under broken barren promises
And the heart of your motherland
Will be ripped from her chest

Where greater men have fallen
We are ready to die
Where greater men have fallen
We are ready to die