

Crucified

"Jackal-Head"

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Shifting inside patterns
The division multiplies
Echoing the mystery
Mimicking the slide
Sound searching slowly
Below the flaming web
Moving with his eyes like fire
With his jackal-head
(with his jackal-head)

Give it all to birth
Give it all to life
Take it all for granted
Until we turn and die

She answers with her staff
Silence from her breath
Silhouettes of temples falling
Visions of certain death
Hand lift it from the pocket
The prophet falls to red
The sacrifice is offered
To his jackal-head
(to his jackal-head)

(chorus)

[transcribed]

The constellations in the sky look on us
The stars, the moon, the Nile
The Nile brings life
And life is the cycle
We shall grow and receive the Nile
Again and again
As life shall come
And be taken away.
Thus is the prophecy that is ever among us
Thus is the words of our [father?]
...and one God is this in all life.

(chorus)

He who defiles the tomb of the pharaoh
Shall surely find swift death
He who defiles the womb of the pharaoh's queen
Shall surely find swift death

For the Cycle of Life is sacred
The Cycle of Life moves through all of us
Thus says Amun the Father
Thus says Ra the Sun and the Light
Thus says Aten the One
And Osiris the Dead
Thus says Isis the Fertile
And Horus the Living
Thus says Ptah the Creator
And Anubis the Master of Souls

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