

Dark Moor

"The Shadow Of The Nile"

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Legends always say
The dark one makes his play
With uncautious men

Lie in his name
From inner egypt came
Don't fear his word
Don't go to his den

The strange dark one to whom the fellahs bowed
Silent and lean cryptically proud
Worming into your mind
Driver you mad
Like the snake which can find
What is bad
Biting with sharp teeth
Your frail reason
Scratching in your mind beneath

Frantic crowds are under his commands

Wild beasts follow him and lick his hands

The shadow of the Nile
Who gnaws your soul
The bright of black smile
That your mind stole
The shadow of the Nile
In desert storms
The old one who beguiles
Takes diverse forms

Through the mindless void
He leads you
Claws he had deployed
He bleeds you
"The messenger I am
Know the fate:
There is not peace in the gate"

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