

## Death Ss "Black Mummy"

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And black dry tears rolled down from your empty orbits  
while you remember with sorrow your ancient  
splendour  
the colossal pomps of this withered remote times  
and you regret impotent your depressing existence.

You oh Pharaoh, you oh so great and lofty King  
you without peace are now obliged to be derided  
exposed into a museum for the pleasure of masses of  
curious  
they don't understand the tragedy of your poor  
remains.

To be a Black Mummy!

And now you return to that fatal cursed day  
first you had power and shortly afterwards were dead!  
Bonded at those ragged bandages for an arcane  
doom  
you hear again the strange words of the Nile's Priest.

That you consecrated immortal as your ancestral will  
with holy bandages, the oils and the unknown baptisms  
and at last this strange state that you've never forecast  
dead among the living and alive among the dead!

To be a Black Mummy!

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