

The Crüxshadows

"Telemetry 3: Jackal-head"

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Shifting inside patterns
The division multiples
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)
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

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