

Woe Of Tyrants

"In The Eyes Of The Sun"

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Out in the dunes, far and wide
Where desert wind stir up the sand
Long ago in ancient time
Ruled Pharaoh's hand
A king and a god to all mortal men
Worship and kneel before him
A son of a god and a god of the sun
Bow your heads and adore him
Stone by stone, slave by slave
The temple slowly rises
The king and the god builds his grave
To be prepared for Osiris
When he has left a new one will come
To rule in Pharaoh's name
A god of the sun and a son of a god
Forever continues to reign
As the sun rises in the east and sets in west
So must his soul journey to find eternal rest
When the day comes when he'll leave this mortal life
He will be buried at the west shore of the Nile
He must bring everything he needs into his grave
To live a rich life in the kingdom of death
Mummified his mortal body shall remain
Under two million stones it has come to it's final rest
The kingdom can not live on
Divine blood has become rotten
Cursed like the Dead Sea
Kings and Queens slowly die
As they won't share their blood with mortals
It's their destiny
Pharaoh, it's to late!
Your empire so great and mighty
Becomes history
Pharaoh, it's your fate!
You have built your grave, now enter
Pass onward into eternity

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