

The creatures

"Simoom"

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Drifting in, carried on dry winds
From across the Nile, the sirens in exile
Driven to tell...

Floating on a cloud, your face out of the crowd
A blinding sun, purging everyone
Beautiful word, musical and sweet
Now all you can do is play the punishing beat

How harsh and shrill the word has become
Twisted and bent -- a hornet's nest stirred up by the
beating stick

Simoom, simoom... increasing speed
Sucking in dry heat
Simoom, simoom... you breathe in suffocation
Relentless simoom, blow and whistle this tune
Pouring in, filling where once was space
Where once was light
Where once was a face
Driven to tell.

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