

# To My Beloved

## Dead Soul Tribe

When the rains of the Earth stood still  
In the faith of the darkest will  
Sorcerers of the ageless one  
Cursed the world for the days to come  
In the gaze of the Pharaoh Through the midnight the desert wind  
Cold as serpent skin  
To the scorching Cairo days  
High noon, the Sun ablaze  
We dragged great stones through the Egypt sands  
Built the walls with shackled hands  
Lived and died by the priests demands  
Sweet Mary  
Sweet Mary My heart is broken  
Now my soul is dead  
The word is spoken  
Sweet Mary  
Sweet Mary One day I'm gonna break this cage  
Unleash this human rage  
Crush their bones underneath these stones  
Sweet Mary  
Sweet Mary More than life could give While seasons turned, I devised my plan  
The perfect way we could make our stand  
We'll mark this day with blood-red stains  
They've got whips but we've got chains  
And we've got the numbers, nearly ten-to-one  
When their eyes are blind by the setting Sun  
We'll rise up to engage them  
Sweet Mary  
Sweet Mary

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