Egyptica

Nocturnal Rites

How many miles of endless sand
Must we drag your stones into this wasteland?
How many years in endless pain
Must we toil under your reign?Just like in Babylon, no glory lasts forever
The icon is not, what it seems to be
No more slavery, no you're not heaven sent
Nothing stands alone, feel the endless pain
In Egyptica
Here we raise your tower high
Still an infant, but divine in our eyes
After years still flesh and blood
They said he would become a god
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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