

Older Than the Ancients

Alchemist

Here I'll carve the tale of the land we explored.
Stranded in a place I thought was fertile and calm.
I didn't know what hostile world laid ahead.
We were protected, Anubis judge of the dead.
Cursing the insects search for water in a sunburnt land.
We will go forward, I will persevere and never look back.
So they called me a son of a god, ironically as they laid me to rest.
Twice bitten, twice struck.
Lost motherland has swallowed us up.
I didn't know what hostile world laid ahead.
We were protected.
Anubis judge of the dead.
Read the glyphs they tell my story.
I'm the lost Pharaoh's son.
Seeking out the ancient myth of the great southern land.
Never again to see the waters of Mer.
Stuck within this southern land.
We can only defer.

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