Black Mummy

Death SS

And black dry tears rolled down from your empty orbits
while you remember with sorrow your ancient splendour
the colossal pomps of this withered remote times
and you regret impotent your depressing existence.You oh Pharaoh, you oh so great and lofty King
you without peace are now obliged to be derided
exposed into a museum for the pleasure of masses of curious
they don't understand the tragedy of your poor remains.To be a Black Mummy!And now you return to that fatal cursed day
first you had power and shortly afterwards were dead!
Bonded at those ragged bandages for an arcane doom
you hear again the strange words of the Nile's Priest.That you consecrated immortal as your ancestral will
with holy bandages, the oils and the unknown baptisms
and at last this strange state that you've never forecast
dead among the living and alive among the dead!To be a Black Mummy!

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