

# The Shadow of the Nile

Dark Moor

Legends always say  
The dark one makes his play  
With uncautious men

Lie in his name  
From inner Egypt came  
Don't fear his word  
Don't go to his den

The strange dark one to whom the fellas bowed  
Silent and lean cryptically proud  
Worming into your mind  
Driver you mad  
Like the snake which can find  
What is bad  
Biting with sharp teeth  
Your frail reason  
Scratching in your mind beneath

Frantic crowds are under his commands  
Wild beasts follow him and lick his hands

The shadow of the Nile  
Who gnaws your soul  
The bright of black smile  
That your mind stole  
The shadow of the Nile  
In desert storms  
The old one who beguiles  
Takes diverse forms

Through the mindless void  
He leads you  
Claws he had deployed  
He bleeds you  
"The messenger I am  
Know the fate:  
There is not peace in the gate"