

To My Beloved...

Deadsoul 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