

To Dream of Ur

Nile

Desolate and Forsaken, Eerily Moaning Dark Winds
Murmur Incantations, Dusk Calls Forth Shadows
Spirits of the Glorious Dead Linging, Bound to this Place
They Whisper of Untold Sagas, of Long Dead Cities
the Seven Shining Cities Sacred to the Aphkallu
of Ages Past when the World was Young
When Babylon was Blessed of Marduk
and the Sound of her Armies was the Blare of Ominous War Horns
and the Clash of Immortal Cymbals
of Bronze Gates Arrayed in Splendour
and Magnificent Walls of Sunbaked Brick of Temples of Marble
and Bloodstained Altars, Long Before the Jeweled Throne of Ur
Fell Silent and Turned to Dust
Beneath the Endless Shifting Sands
and the Inevitable Vengeance of the Elements