

## Egyptica

## Nocturnal Rites

How many miles of endless sand  
Must we drag your stones into this wasteland?  
How many years in endless pain  
Must we toil under your reign?

Just like in Babylon, no glory lasts forever  
The icon is not, what it seems to be  
No more slavery, no you're not heaven sent  
Nothing stands alone, feel the endless pain  
In Egyptica

Here we raise your tower high  
Still an infant, but divine in our eyes  
After years still flesh and blood  
They said he would become a god

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