

Amaseffer, Land Of The Dead

The Eye of Ra will see no more
The sun that lights his kingdom's shores
The kingdom that became a grave
Is now the liberty of every hebrew slave

When neither side will dawn a smile
None of the fallen souls rejoin the Nile

And all shall perish
Across this land
Forsaken and condemned

As destiny of Man rises like a morning star
Nightfall will embrace Goshen from a far
And in the hour of bereavement
Every mourning witness can gasp;
"It's not the end";

In our hour of darkness
Our prayers are all ignored
The winds that blow inside our temples
Whisper of our coming fall
In our time of need
Before we turn to animals
The home that Ra's forsaken
His absence scarred our souls within

As destiny of Man rises like a morning star
Nightfall will embrace Goshen from a far
And in the hour of bereavement
Every mourning witness can gasp;
"It's not the end";

After we have been diminished for more than we could bear
After both of our children were murdered in sickening affairs
We're eager to leave this cursed place of death and mourning
Sent and cast away with haste, pain within our souls
Our triumph if their lost, replacing hoes with knives
There is no single soul left in Egypt that can be called
"Alive";

[Hebrew Text]

"And it shall be when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, what is this?
That thou shalt say unto him...";