

# The Creatures, Simoom

Drifting in, carried on dry winds  
From across the Nile, the sirens in exile  
Driven to tell...

Floating on a cloud, your face out of the crowd  
A blinding sun, purging everyone  
Beautiful word, musical and sweet  
Now all you can do is play the punishing beat

How harsh and shrill the word has become  
Twisted and bent -- a hornet's nest stirred up by the beating stick

Simoom, simoom... increasing speed  
Sucking in dry heat  
Simoom, simoom... you breathe in suffocation  
Relentless simoom, blow and whistle this tune  
Pouring in, filling where once was space  
Where once was light  
Where once was a face  
Driven to tell.