

Giza

Scorching heat of the sun
Dries me up till I'm gone
Tomorrow my body shall lie in the sand
Cursing you from the grave

Waiting for Maat
Come weigh my heart
I'm ready to die
In Giza

May your justice be done
The afterlife has begun
I've got no use for the Book of the Dead
For all my deeds have been foul as you know

Waiting for Maat
Come weigh my heart
I'm ready to die

KORSON KING