

Origins of the Creed

Dan Bull

Even the softest step
Leaves footprints in the sand
Whether you hold coin
Or blade
Or bow within your hand
Even the lightest touch
Leaves traces in the dust
When coins are spent
Bows are broken
Blades decayed to rust

I write my lyrics out in lines of heiroglyphics
At about a mile a minute
Never mind the vile and wicked
Violent images, it might elicit
I defy the cynics' diatribes and missives
Swimming in the Nile and give a smiling crocodile a grimace
For those who might have missed it
My mind is mystic
Like my life is mythic
So don't you try to shift it
I'm a highly gifted kind of misfit
The sands of time slide aside the pyramids
In a manner that's quite unscientific
I take a large obelisk or the hard top of a sarcophagus
And stick it in a hippopotamus' oesophagus as if it's bottomless
I can't stop it, it's hopeless armed like an octopus
Hopping off of the top of an acropolis
Popping off above Ptolemy's populace
With a bronze khopesh and a lot of guts
Plus tell you what I'll just
Posthumously drop you off at the necropolis
Say ta for the lift
Cleopatra's a goddess, a prophetess
Don't even need to ask what the profit is
She's backed up with actual providence

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It all starts with one
A single grain of gold
Finally fed up of living every day with pain untold
'Til every woman, every child, every man
Is a grain of sand sliding through the cracks in the pharaoh's hand
Here I live amid the pyramids
Appearing in a vision, spirited
And near enough as soon as I've seen a rib
I stuck a spear in it

It is intimate
It's been a minute
Since I cut a ligament of an innocent
An uninhibited, illegitimate
Son of the rhythm and instruments
Maybe it's grandiloquent
To say I haven't equivalents
But stringing up such intricate linguistics
Is a stimulant
That'll open my iris
And I'm hoping Osiris finds us
The brotherhood is born, we leave our other form behind us
Julius Caesar truly is eager
To zoom in and be the nubian leader
Maybe he's doomed to achieve it
A new Egypt soon'll be breathing
A few more tombs to explore really deep in
Tutankhamun's seen that you're thieving
You're impeding his sleep, little heathen
So there better be a really good reason
Whereas we never need sleep
Cyrene's serene enough for us
Every leader succumbs
Even queen Nefertiti's head becomes a bust
Whereas we never need sleep
Cyrene's serene enough for us
There's a deep heat
Sending each and every piece of dust to dust

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