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Am G Am G/B  
 Black land, red land, double crown  
 C G/B Am G Am  
 Heralds you as god on earth  
 Am G Am G/B  
 When Anubis leads you down  
 C G/B Am G Am  
 All who wake will know your worth.  
 G E D  
 Subtle as the sand, death brings  
 E D E G/B Am  
 Verdict on the lives of kings.

Rich your tomb and sweet your rest,  
 Safe your bed, but ere you pass  
 Here am I to tame and test,  
 Show your image in the glass.  
 Ask you, "Human, are you wise?"  
 Cut the Pharaoh down to size.

Centuries hence, another prince,  
 Dying, named himself to gods.  
 He has reckoned better since –  
 The gates were barred with iron rods.  
 Wiser, he was welcomed in  
 Simply called a man of sin.

*Bridge*

G E D  
 Answer, you who once demanded,  
 E D E G Am  
 Riddle by your wits and heart  
 G E D  
 No advisors here commanded  
 E D E F E  
 No brave guards to take your part  
 E D E D E  
 Jackal's-head with silent laughter  
 Am G/B C G/B Am  
 Waits to lead you 'midst the dead.  
 E D E  
 Guess, and make your own hereafter;  
 E F E D E  
 I'm to name the path you tread.

Sire, my riddle isn't hard –  
 Lose your hubris: that's the price.  
 Any prince who knows the word  
 Earns his place in paradise.  
 Kneel before me, if you can  
 And admit yourself a man.

Winner of the 2004 OVFF songwriting contest, "Riddle Me This".