

Nile, Eat Of The Dead

The highest fulfillment of man
Is to become food for the crawling things
That burrow and slither in human flesh
Unceasing in mindless hunger
Remorseless undefiled by reason
The worms of the tomb they are pure

Their purity elevates them
Above the putrefying pride of our race

The destiny of man is
Merely to be
The nourishment of the worm
Yet their excrement bestows higher wisdom

From decay arises new life
Fill myself with that which rots
And I shall be reborn

By writhing upon my belly like a mindless worm
I shall rise up in awareness of truth
I gnaw upon my own decaying flesh
And my mind is forever purged
Of the corruption of faith

Believe in nothingness
There is no purpose in birth
No blessedness after death
Only oblivion

Eat of the dead
For I am like as one who is already dead
Eat of the dead
Lest I be consumed by the emptiness

Annf feth
Tema fentu

Eat of the dead