

# Nile, Black Hand Of Set

Eaters of Human Flesh  
Hath eaten unlawful Flesh  
Upon our Brethren  
They Have Feasted

Seed of our Father  
We must now Avenge

In secret conclave we Gather  
To rain Destruction on those Whom  
We have Cursed

With vile Black Arts  
And Tempestuous Rage  
We vent our Wrath  
Red Blood stains my Hands  
And damns my Soul

You will drink the Black Sperm  
Of my Vengeance

The Mighty Voices  
Of my Vengeance  
Smash the Stillness of the Air  
And stand as Monoliths of Wrath  
Upon a plain of writhing Serpents

I call upon the messengers of Doom  
To slash with Grim Delight  
This Victim I have Chosen  
Feed upon his Brain Pulp  
Rend his Throat  
Pierce his Lungs with the stings of Scorpions  
Oh Kali  
Oh Sekhmet  
Oh Dagon