

Nil Lara

"The Black Hand Of Set"

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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

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