

# The Blessed Dead

Nile

Looked down upon with scorn  
We work the fields of the masters  
And share not the bounty of the black earth

Destitute servile cast out  
Affording no tomb  
We shall be buried  
Unprepared in the sand

We shall never be the blessed dead

Scorned by Asar  
Condemned at the weighing of the heart  
We are exiled from the Netherworld  
Serpents fall upon us dragging us away  
Ammitt who teareth the wicked to pieces

Pale shades of the unblessed dead  
None shall enter without the knowledge  
Of the magickal formulae  
Which is given few possess

Not for us the Sekbet Aaru  
Our souls will be cut to pieces with sharp knives  
Tortured devoured  
Consumed in everlasting flames

We shall never be the blessed dead