

## Eat of the Dead

Nile

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