

Churning the Maelstrom

Nile

Am the Uncreated God
Before Me The Dwellers in Chaos are Dogs
Their Masters Merely Wolves
I Gather The Power
From Every Place
From Every Person
Faster Than Light Itself
Hail To He Who Is In The Duat
Who Is Strong
Even Before The Servants of Serpents
He Gathers The Power
From Every Pit of Torment
From They Who Hath Burnt in Flames
From Words of Power Uttered By the
Darkness Itself

Hail To He in The Pit
Who Is Strong
Even Before the Terrors of The Abyss
Who Gathers The Power
From The Wailing And Lamentations
Of The Shades Chained Therein
From He Who Createth Gods From
The Silence Alone