

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