

A Chore for the Lost

Deathspell Omega

An exhausted fall into disgrace,
Famished for peace, for a mere moment
of respite in dying eternities,
On the verge of being deprived of all humanity
Non-sense is the outcome of every possible sense,
it is the start of transcendence,
the dissolution that spreads without limits
and the critical violation...
What pleasure of inconceivable purity there is
in being an object of abhorrence for the sole being to whom destiny links my life!
The rupture is too profound to stand up,
nothing remains but a terrified consolation in
a laughable renunciation that is not the one of a single man, thou art not dead to the devoration of sin!

Every human being not going to the extreme limit is the servant
or the enemy of man and the accomplice of a nameless obscenity
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Let us be a blight on the orchard,
on all orchards of this world,
Even the least of these words will be judged during the times of reckoning,
bearing a latent damnation a feverish seduction exasperated in death, every letter
Is a code to extreme horror,
utter contempt and divine conflict
It is lethal to speak the language of resistance,
every gasp exhales a particle of the
remission of Golgotha, as if the blazing Logos demanded the exercise of a fragile power just above annihilation, the one of a harmony in ruins;
It is a task for a man who cannot bear any longer to be, a chore for the lost in the denial of free will: Perinde Ac Cadaver!

Le vent de la vérité a répondu comme une gifle à la joue tendue de la piété.

God of terror, very low dost thou bring us,
very low hast thou brought us...