

# Diabolus Absconditus

## Deathspell Omega

"Death is the most terrible of all things; and to maintain its works is what requires the greatest of all strength." - Hegel

Would it all be absurd? Or might it make some kind of sense? I've mad myself sick wondering about it. I awake in the morning - just the way millions do, millions of boys, girls, infants and old men, their slumber dissipated forever... These millions, those slumbers have no meaning. A hidden meaning? Hidden, yes, "obviously"! But if nothing has any meaning, there's no point in my doing anything. I'll beg off. I'll use any deceitful means to get out of it, in the end I'll have to let go and sell myself to meaninglessness, nonsense: that is man's killer, the one who tortures and kills, not a glimmer of hope left. But if there is a meaning? Today I don't know what it is. Tomorrow? Tomorrow, who can tell me? Am I going to find out what it is? No, I can't conceive of any "meaning" other than "my" anguish, and as for that, I know all about it. And for the time being: nonsense. Monsieur Nonsense is writing and understands that he is mad. It's atrocious. But his madness, this meaninglessness - how "serious" it has become all of a sudden! - might that indeed be "meaningful"? My life has only a meaning insofar as I lack one: oh, but let me be mad! Make something of all this he who is able to, understand it he who is dying, and there the living self is, knowing not why, it's teeth chattering in the lashing wind: the immensity, the night engulfs it and, all on purpose, that living self is there just in order... "not to know". But as for GOD? GOD, if he knew, would be a swine. He would entirely grasp the idea... but what would there be of the human about him? Beyond, beyond everything... And yet farther, and even farther still... HIMSELF, in an ecstasy, above emptiness...

Cognitive activity: God comes to be known in ways that originate in God solely

God is nothing if He is not, in every sense, the surpassing of God: in the sense of common everyday being, in the sense of dread, horror and impurity, and, finally, in the sense of nothing...

He is mystery, indeed he is the absolute mystery  
Divine disclosure is in direct proportion  
To the degree of divine concealment  
Intensification of revelation equals  
To increasing of God's hiddenness  
Descent of the Deus Absconditus  
Vere tu es Deus Absconditus

The unreservedly open spirit - open to death, to torment, to joy -, the open spirit, open and dying, suffering and dying and happy, stands in a certain veiled light: that light is divine. And the cry that breaks from a twisted mouth may perhaps twist him who utters it, but what he speaks is an immense alleluia, flung into endless silence, and lost there.

Shall my only victory be available in conscience?

Why is absence the proof, when I demand palpable presence?

There is enough light to enlighten the elect and enough darkness to humble them.

There is enough darkness to blind the reprobate and enough clarity to condemn them,

And make them without excuse.

Our perception is subject to the fissure of concupiscence

Woestruck am I realising that the light cast on this

Chiaroscuro world is partial and selective  
Division, election and predestination  
Enabled by grace or left to one's own device...

Anguish is only sovereign absolute. The sovereign is a king no more: it dwells in low-biding in big cities. It knits itself up in silence, obscuring its sorrow. Crouching thick-wrapped, there it waits, lies waiting for the advent of Him who shall strike a general terror; but meanwhile and even so sorrow scornfully mocks at all that comes to pass, and all there is.

From very high above a kind of stillness swept down upon me and froze me  
It was as though I were borne aloft in a flight of headless and unbodied angels  
Shaped from the broad swooping of wings, but it was simpler than that.  
I became unhappy and felt painfully forsaken, as one is when in the presence of God.

She was seated, she held one leg stuck up in the air, to open her crack  
Yet wider she used fingers to draw the folds of skin apart.  
And so her "old rag and ruin" lolled at me, hairy and pink,  
Just as full of life as some loathsome squid.  
"Why", I stammered in a subdued tone, "Why are you doing that?"  
"You can see for yourself", she said, "I'm God".

No use laying it all up to irony when I say of her that she is GOD. But GOD figured as a public whore and gone crazy - that, viewed through the optics of "philosophy", makes no sense at all. I don't mind having sorrow derided if derided it has to be, he only will grasp me aright whose heart holds a wound that is an incurable wound, who never, for anything, in any way, would be cured of it... And what man, if so wounded, would ever be willing to "die" of any other hurt?

If there is nothing that surpasses our powers and our understanding,  
If we do not acknowledge something greater than ourselves,  
Greater than we are despite ourselves,  
Something which at all costs must not be,  
Then we do not reach the insensate moment towards we strive  
With all this is in our power and which at the same time  
We exert with all our power to stave off.

I can utter no word, O my God, unless I be permitted by Thee,  
And can move in no direction until I obtain Thy sanction.  
It is Thou, O my God, Who hast called me into being through the power  
Of Thy might, and hast endued me with Thy grace to manifest Thy cause.

The act whereby being - existence - is bestowed upon us is an unbearable surpassing of being, an act no less unbearable than that of dying. And since, in death, being is taken away from us at the same time it is given to us, we must seek for it in the feeling of dying, in those unbearable moments when it seems to us that we are dying because the existence in us, during these interludes, exists through nothing but a sustaining and ruinous excess, when the fullness of horror and that of joy coincide.

As I waited for annihilation, all that subsisted in me  
Seemed to me to be the dross over which man's life tarries...

"Diabolus Absconditus": the conjunction of intellect in psychotropic-altered senses supported by insinuated and archaic sounds.