

# Mass Grave Aesthetics

## Deathspell Omega

"What matter the victims, provided the gesture is beautiful?  
What matters the death of vague human beings,  
If thereby the individual affirms himself?"  
Laurent Tailhade

The black Idol emerges as a silver lining in a dust cloud of death,  
Eerie parallel tongues and the piping of heaven  
The culture of transgression is mine and my descent  
Makes me ascend in a repugnant swirl?

Sic volo,  
Sic jubeo,  
Stat pro ratione voluntas

The black Idol fills the veil of flesh with noxious smoke,  
Depicting primal human experiences indifferently,  
Contemptuous of moral concerns, dehumanized  
The howling of wolves and the destructive sword are portions of Eternity,  
Too great for the eyes of merely a man?

Transcendence of thresholds occurs with violence  
And will for Vice is like the mind's dark radiance  
Which blinds and of which I'm dying  
Corruption is the spiritual cancer reigning in the depths of things  
And it fills until the last cell of my vivid being  
Dissolution and putrefaction, prevailing Aesthetic experience,  
The splendor of the obscene and inhuman;  
For what matters the death of a vague human beings  
If thereby the individual affirms himself?

Violence exists I the moment when the eye turns upwards into the head,  
When inversion is complete and total  
The darkness of the upturned eye is not the absence of light  
But the process of seeing being taken to its limit  
That thorough derangement of the senses,  
Way beyond the deceptive conflict between darkness and light  
Opens perceptions to the tyranny of the Chekhinah?

Si non credideritis,  
Non inteligetis

The dimension of ethereal totalitarianism discloses itself  
And takes possession of the quintessential human soul  
Like a nail hammered through most tender flesh  
Aeons separate the one whose eyes have seen through the night of the spirit  
The king, the Lord of hosts, draped in terrifying magnificence  
From the gleaming clot of trembling vermin  
If a faith and a belief aren't nurtured by the moist of blood  
They do not grow, nor do they live  
It is at the magnitude of daily murders, massacres and mass graves  
That we do measure the propagation of our faith  
Hearken and recognize, that hideous carrion  
Legs in the air, like a whore ?displayed, indifferent to the last  
A belly slick with lethal sweat and swollen with foul gas?

This is you, nourishing  
The grand Mass Grave Aesthetics!