

The Shrine Of Mad Laughter

Deathspell Omega

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

A sensation of everlasting rot and those frantic wails,
No, it is not a fall into the abyss
The defiance of descent,
A coronation beyond liberty and slavery;
The cry of woe and deliverance exudes a flame,
Evasive as sound and ether:
An instant of collusion with death,
Without hope nor prospect, yet it is a
World below and above and in all eternity,
A gift of fever, the wind of death
That sustains the life in me, yes,
The lightness of hovering in permanent
Anguish; I dared to borrow those words,
To articulate them and to savour their turpitude,
As I beheld the shrine of mad laughter.

The limit is crossed with a weary horror:
Hope seemed a respect which fatigue grants to the necessity of
the world.

As if Death was dashed onto the death within,
A violent thrust stealing the light of the eyes,
A ray of darkness, a negation,
The bread of bitterness
that ignites neither devotion nor fervour;
Resplendent nothingness!
Make all things appear with clarity,
Ruined in the flame of repudiation,
In the flame of God!
Interwoven joy and confusion,
A stabbing confusion, asphyxiation from within,
Yet I gained this certitude:
Malediction, degradation, sown in me like seeds
Now belonged to death,
in harbouring a desire for the hideous,
I was beckoning to death.
Insatiable combustion, expand,
this body is the vessel of grace!

The idea of God is pale next to that of perdition,
but of this I could have no inkling in advance.