

Wings of Predation

Deathspell Omega

Two glances overwhelmed with woes
Reflecting the echoes of a fall upon a bed of rocks
Such a hideous clamour
An agony that stained the azure
The light of the world
And the wretched olive tree
Stars receded with shaking grace
Degraded holy essence, the third hypostasis
Unaltered holy essence, the third hypostasis
De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine

It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God
!
Take heed therefore unto yourselves
Wherefore hidest thou thy face
In such a vain move of treason?
Rest assured
No veil in this autumnal could conceal (neither protect)
from the shadows of the deathless Sun
The worm is spread under thee

Et tous les bêlements de l'agneau vibrent ainsi dans la fosse
épouvantable sans qu'il ne soit possible de supposer une seule
plainte exhalée par le Fils de l'Homme qui ne retentisse pas
identiquement dans les impossibles exils où s'accroupit le
Consolateur...