

Deathspell Omega, A Chore For The Lost

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.

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 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 vrit a rpondu comme une gifle la joue tendue de la pit.

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