

# Deathspell Omega, Blessed Are The Dead Which

Stare wide-eyed at this dense pitch boiling by the art divine  
Amniotic liquid of another kind  
That flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of god  
Behold the transformation, servant  
Incise and devour your tongue for all men are liars  
Gnaw at the saintly visage of your beloved  
Receive a rapturous communion of flesh and skin  
And do not cease until you swallowed her nose host-alike  
Do not cease until the Baptist collects  
Three quintessential drops, progeny of that torment,  
And anoints you thrice... and anoints you thrice... and anoints you  
thrice...  
Like a malignant tumour and sudden growth of cancer divine  
A rebirth in putrefaction irreversible, corruption does not inherit  
uncorruption  
Say it loud the ultimate paradigm: Blessed are the dead whiche dye in the  
Lorde  
The sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law  
The law of man is His presence and dominion...  
We will submit ourselves unto Him  
And henceforth walk in His ways  
And immolate on thine altar the spirit of individuality  
As thou, Lord, desireth sacrifices and obedience  
We grant you all human love, kiss the burden that crushes our bones  
And yell ecstatically at the spectacle of your abominations  
What rewarde shall I geve unto the lorde,  
For all the benefites that he hath doen unto me?