

Deathspell Omega, Bread Of Bitterness

From a supplication without response, the essence of man, his ground giving way, comes illumination by a sun of great evil that sets aflame the inner core and enthrones suffocation and the intolerable without respite as the joyful reward for a million aborted truths, this silence that among all man has charged with sacred horror, it becomes sovereign, in repugnant nativity, and detaches itself from the bonds which paralyze a vertiginous movement towards the void. Breathless ecstatic experience, it opens the horizon a bit more, this wound of God; it is the assassination of the abyss of possibilities, the depths of being left to holy vultures.

Such monstrous impurity, and this incessant piety, no less revolting, cried out to heaven and they bore an affinity to God, inasmuch as only utter darkness can be likened to light.