

# Deathspell Omega, Chaining The Katechon

Le verdict ne vient pas d'un coup, le processus lui-meme se transforme petit petit en verdict.

In a place beyond all resistance  
Devouring the roots of the bush of fire  
Forsaken even by the crows  
The dream of the abortion of Babylon shivers  
And stuttering words  
As mere echoes in the desert  
Vanish in those lower spheres  
Where shame is unknown.

It is a vain Earth.  
A vision, final, of deceit.  
There can be no refuge  
In this grotesque liquid flowing  
Where shapes melt into each other  
Where cause becomes consequence.  
To err with the insane  
In hostile immensities  
How legitimate is the faith into despair ?

A bond of hallowed essence  
between all that pulsates  
it is the primeval degradation  
the erosion, the crumbling,  
the everlasting scission.  
It is disturbance and anxiety  
As absolutes,  
for the world is becoming.  
Still, a temple stands  
And a star shines.

The slopes slaver pus  
Towards the skies and the thorn  
Courts the wound.  
The sun of dolour shines :  
They enter in its brilliance  
Those who are divided  
With their dazzled mouths,  
The eerie ray of exile  
Shall be their guide.

Scattered they walk towards  
The incestuous womb.  
The fertile womb of two  
And three and all.  
The weight of these bodies  
In the shallow waters  
Shatters the poise.

There is a tear of fire  
In the sky of the worlds.

There is a tear of fire  
And your tongue of light  
Caressed by the silent leprosy  
Of your palate  
Whispers about the gulch of lies  
The tranquil occupation of agony  
The dire liquors of a mass-grave  
And the perilous pedagogy of the abyss.

We went to the through, Lord.  
We went bend and convulsed.

We saw blood, Lord. It was glittering.  
You dispensed it and we drank it.  
We saw your image.  
The gap of our eyes and mouths is void.  
We went bent and convulsed.  
It broke us and dissolved us.

Liabile for the core of the origins  
There remains a pulsating debt  
Radiant in its multiple scissions  
It stands between the mother  
And her repudiated child  
Behind the hand that murders  
And amid attempts of reconciliation.  
The dispersion of woe on a vain Earth  
Is done with equity.

The task to be achieved, human vocation  
Is to become intensely mortal  
Not to shrink back  
Before the voices  
coming from the gallows tree  
A work making increasing sense  
By its lack of sense  
In the history of times there is  
But the truth of bones and dust.

Thinly grinded to white powder  
In the mill of fragmentation  
You give it to brothers and sisters  
The remains of the Oath  
Vague echoes of a day of midnight  
The advent of that which never was  
The coming of a man from the grave.

Still a temple stands  
And a star shines.

Unceasingly, those who can not be one  
Exchange their rings  
In an arched world  
Exhausted by the division  
The stale principle of stellar times.  
A ford alike  
Between the crimson rivers  
Carrying along their murky waters  
Countless extinct cradles.

Merely a glance ahead  
Resonates the wailing of flowers  
Under such a suffocating heat  
That men entered into gestation  
You hold a palimpsest of dolour  
Once forgotten that the fall  
Is our fall.  
That death is no channel  
Anymore to rejoin the clay  
of a fractioned God.

The act of a free man  
Connected to the balance of the world  
Projects itself into the infinite  
But the fracture  
Its ontological ballast  
The dispersion and the overcoming

Bring a harvest of increasing conflict  
A descending spiral of splinters  
Lacerating the meridians.

The temple stands  
Its walls a prison  
For the Katechon  
While the plowshare grates  
On the crystal hard and vivid tear  
And blood pours from the furrows  
While the star shines high  
No place to cover from  
Its rotten light

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