

# Deathspell Omega, I

Everything, except GOD, has in itself some measure of privation, thus all individuals may be graded according to the degree to which they are infected with mere potentiality.

Was there not an inconceivable loss of knowledge at Bethlehem?  
Christ's abasement, His subjecting Himself to the laws of Human birth  
and growth and to the lowliness of fallen human nature...

Did the Son remain the  
transcendent Logos,  
is there not a radical and fatal discontinuity between  
the consciousness  
of the transcendent Logos and the secular Jesus?

Obedience to the point of death,  
falling down through increasing  
Pressure  
into the deathlike region  
of ooze and slime and decay.  
These are the fruits and symptoms of  
the abasement of the World,  
the assumption of humanity and the simultaneous occultation of Divinity.

And He is before all things, and in Him all things consist.  
Triune GOD,  
morphed into a Being of apparent theanthropic nature  
deprived of the Light of Splendour.  
Dost thou still stand in undiminished Majesty  
after the exinanition of divine attributes  
the face of profound fire gone astray,  
exhaling austerities in concealed, divine radiance?

Kenosis, O theory of great peril!  
Blinded, sanguineous eyes and with a trembling hand,  
a frail androgynous being holds the perilous doctrinal balance, robed in a maculated garment spattered  
carved by royal attributes, of the crimson spurts  
dripping without end,  
as was celebrated the High Mass of the Comforter.  
Kenosis, O theory of great peril!  
Rob GOD of any attribute and fill the shattering universe  
with the pestilent scent of putrefaction and the glorious cloud of death,  
for steadfast, at any cost, He must be.  
Solely the incarnate Word proclaimed by all the prophets and apostles  
would have, in dying, an infinite value,  
sufficient to atone, by His astonishing work,  
for the Sins of the world.

Res Rapta... Res Rapienda... hast thou succumbed to the original malady?  
For being empty himself, He giveth empty answers  
to empty enquirers; for whatever enquiry may be made of Him, he answered accordingly to the emptiness  
In Visceribus...  
A willing expiatory Victim, calling constant shame and ignominy upon itself;  
was thine irretrievable substance still intact in this Sinai of global Penitence,  
dost thou remember thine past Theophanies, the burning bush  
and the Angel of the LORD?

In the next place, it never approached an assembly  
of righteous men; but avoideth them,  
and cleaveth to the doubtful-minded and empty  
and prophesieth to them in corners,  
and deceiveth them, speaking all things in emptiness to gratify their desires...  
Art thou working on collective deliverance?  
Observe Merkabah, the chariot of the glory of GOD,  
adrift and exiled, the Pilgrim of Light, grandiose and weeping.  
Thine aura, compared, is but pale and frail, alike to the one of an ailing child...

Vacillating faith, thine salvific virtue shall fail to make nil a cataclysm of Judgement.  
The suffering of the Just shall be aggravated in grotesque proportions,  
pillaged, ravaged, overthrown.  
The realms of warmth and reassurance, of a maternal womb,  
shall disappear gradually under the crumbling yoke of Sin and Time...  
The Advent of Plerosis is the destiny of Man and shall shatter up to the Heavens,  
a savage aperture to the High Mass of the Comforter:

Therefore, my beloved, as you have always obeyed, not only in my presence, but so much more n