

Deathspell Omega "A Chore For The Lost"

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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
annihilation, the one of a harmony in ruins;
It is a 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 vÃ©ritÃ© a rÃ©pondu comme une gifle
Ã la joue tendue de la piÃ©tÃ©.

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

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