

Deathspell Omega "Bread Of Bitterness"

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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
paralyse 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

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