

## Deathspell Omega "Diabolus Absconditus"

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"Death is the most terrible of all things; and to maintain  
it's works is  
What requires the greatest of all strength." - Hegel

Would it all be absurd? Or might it make some kind of  
sense? I've mad  
Myself sick wondering about it. I awake in the morning -  
just the way  
Millions do, millions of boys, girls, infants and old men,  
their slumber  
Dissipated forever... These millions, those slumbers  
have no meaning. A  
Hidden meaning? Hidden, yes, "obviously"! But if  
nothing has any meaning,  
There's no point in my doing anything. I'll beg off. I'll  
use any deceitful  
Means to get out of it, in the end I'll have to let go and  
sell myself to  
Meaninglessness, nonsense: that is man's killer, the  
one who tortures and  
Kills, not a glimmer of hope left. But if there is a  
meaning? Today I don't  
Know what it is. Tomorrow? Tomorrow, who can tell me?  
Am I going to find  
Out what it is? No, I can't conceive of any "meaning"  
other than "my"  
Anguish, and as for that, I know all about it. And for the  
time being:  
Nonsense. Monsieur Nonsense is writing and  
understands that he is mad. It's  
Atrocious. But his madness, this meaninglessness -  
how "serious" it has  
Become all of a sudden! - might that indeed be  
"meaningful"? My life has  
Only a meaning insofar as I lack one: oh, but let me be  
mad! Make something  
Of all this he who is able to, understand it he who is  
dying, and there the  
Living self is, knowing not why, it's teeth chattering in  
the lashing wind:  
The immensity, the night engulfs it and, all on purpose,  
that living self

Is there just in order... "not to know". But as for GOD?  
GOD, if he knew,  
Would be a swine. He would entirely grasp the ideal...  
but what would there  
Be of the human about him? Beyond, beyond  
everything... And yet farther,  
And even farther still... HIMSELF, in an ecstasy, above  
emptiness...

Cognitive activity: God comes to be known in ways that  
originate in God  
Solely  
God is nothing if He is not, in every sense, the  
surpassing of God:  
In the sense of common everyday being, in the sense  
of dread,  
Horror and impurity, and, finally, in the sense of  
nothing...

He is mystery, indeed he is the absolute mystery  
Divine disclosure is in direct proportion  
To the degree of divine concealment  
Intensification of revelation equals  
To increasing of God's hiddenness  
Descent of the Deus Absconditus  
Vere tu es Deus Absconditus

The unreservedly open spirit - open to death, to  
torment, to joy -, the  
Open spirit, open and dying, suffering and dying and  
happy, stands in a  
Certain veiled light: that light is divine. And the cry that  
breaks from a  
Twisted mouth may perhaps twist him who utters it, but  
what he speaks is an  
Immense alleluia, flung into endless silence, and lost  
there.

Shall my only victory be available in conscience?  
Why is absence the proof, when I demand palpable  
presence?  
There is enough light to enlighten the elect and enough  
darkness to humble  
Them.  
There is enough darkness to blind the reprobate and  
enough clarity to  
Condemn them,  
And make them without excuse.

Our perception is subject to the fissure of  
concupiscence

Woestruck am I realising that the light cast on this

Chiaroscuro world is partial and selective  
Division, election and predestination  
Enabled by grace or left to one's own device...

Anguish is only sovereign absolute. The sovereign is a  
king no more: it  
Dwells in low-biding in big cities. It knits itself up in  
silence,  
Obscuring it's sorrow. Crouching thick-wrapped, there  
it waits, lies  
Waiting for the advent of Him who shall strike a  
general terror; but  
Meanwhile and even so sorrow scornfully mocks at all  
that comes to pass,  
And all there is.

From very high above a kind of stillness swept down  
upon me and froze me  
It was as though I were borne aloft in a flight of  
headless and unbodied  
Angels  
Shaped from the broad swooping of wings, but it was  
simpler than that.  
I became unhappy and felt painfully forsaken, as one is  
when in the  
Presence of God.

She was seated, she held one leg stuck up in the air, to  
open her crack  
Yet wider she used fingers to draw the folds of skin  
apart.  
And so her "old rag and ruin" loomed at me, hairy and  
pink,  
Just as full of life as some loathsome squid.  
"Why", I stammered in a subdued tone, "Why are you  
doing that?"  
"You can see for yourself", she said, "I'm God".

No use laying it all up to irony when I say of here that  
she is GOD. But  
GOD figured as a public whore and gone crazy - that,  
viewed through the  
Optic of "philosophy", makes no sense at all. I don't  
mind having sorrow  
Derided if derided it has to be, he only will grasp me  
aright whose heart  
Holds a wound that is an incurable wound, who never,  
for anything, in any  
Way, would be cured of it... And what man, if so

wounded, would ever be  
Willing to "die" of any other hurt?

If there is nothing that surpasses our powers and our  
understanding,  
If we do not acknowledge something greater than  
ourselves,  
Greater than we are despite ourselves,  
Something which at all costs must not be,  
Then we do not reach the insensate moment towards  
we strive  
With all this is in our power and which at the same time  
We exert with all our power to stave off.

I can utter no word, O my God, unless I be permitted by  
Thee,  
And can move in no direction until I obtain Thy  
sanction.  
It is Thou, O my God, Who hast called me into being  
through the power  
Of Thy might, and hast endued me with Thy grace to  
manifest Thy cause.

The act whereby being - existence - is bestowed upon  
us is an unbearable  
Surpassing of being, an act no less unbearable than  
that of dying. And  
Since, in death, being is take away from us at the same  
time it is given to  
Us, we must seek for it in the feeling of dying, in those  
unbearable  
Moments when it seems to us that we are dying  
because the existence in us,  
During these interludes, exists through nothing but a  
sustaining and  
Ruinous excess, when the fullness of horror and that of  
joy coincide.

As I waited for annihilation, all that subsisted in me  
Seemed to me to be the dross over which man's life  
tarries...

"Diabolus Absconditus": the conjunction of intellect in  
Psychotropic-altered  
Senses supported by insinuated and archaic sounds.

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