

## **Deathspell Omega**

# **"Drink The Devil's Blood"**

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Below the lid of a vast rounded monument  
Trickling of gristly vestiges and whacked hopes  
Enhanced by the horrible excess of fetid exhalation  
And uterine strangulation by the wreaths  
Of the herds astray, arid in despair, blessed  
With dilated flakes of fire, slowly wafting down...  
Say, what does a maternal heart feel when merely  
Vinegar stills your child's thirst?  
You'd implore to harbour his torment in your chest...  
To make this burden yours, but... Sacrilege!  
Who are you, harlot, to interfere with His emerald will  
When even your glance should never leave the soil?

There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus  
Angel prick and holy semen,  
And a woman genuflecting an aroused beast of burden  
alike  
Seduced by the father and seducing the son  
There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus  
A phallic communion that sanctifies interior wastelands

He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap  
corruption  
Carnal malefactor, rub your sterile wriggling womb  
With a candle in reverential contemplation  
And give voluptuous harbour to vile insects  
He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap  
corruption  
The scorpion shall open the book of Salomon for you to  
see  
And the snake slither out of the lips that delivered once  
The redeemer of man, born out of shameful  
maternity...  
He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap  
corruption  
The lactiferous beast subjugated reason to appetite  
Praised be human nature, ciborium of shame and  
waste,  
For bathing in decline a redeemer moisty of semen so  
contemptible

There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus

Angel prick and holy semen  
And a woman genuflecting an aroused beast of burden  
alike  
Seduced by the father and seducing the son  
There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus  
A phallic communion that sanctifies interior wastelands  
When a woman is knead by the claws of fowls attracted  
By seminal odours no longer hidden by dignity  
And purified by their beaks rummaging her swollen  
vagina  
When laments alter into praises despite holy duty and  
menacing perdition  
Seers can say that his birth does death subdue no  
more  
His birth does death subdue not, for my God proceeds  
of failed humility...  
O Master, the eastern pillar of your domination is the  
organic fallibility.

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