

Deathspell Omega

"The Repellent Scars Of Abandon And Election"

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The feeling of destroying the capacity for inward
peace, an insane dance
With the angels of innocence amidst thorns and in
frenzy, the warmth of
A divine blessing, a daringness which prevailed over
any imaginable fear
Hovering on the brink of a voluntary act of contrition,
but soon all pales
Besides the cry this shattering truth wrests from all
fellow men, there is
More to it than suffering and sounds of suffering, it is a
process that only
The extinction of a divine soul could terminate. The eye
can outstare neither
The sun, nor death... if I sought God it was in delirium
and in the delight of
Temptation.

The idea of Salvation comes, I believe, from one whom
suffering breaks
Apart. He who masters it, on the contrary, needs to be
broken, to proceed
On the path towards the rupture.

Nothing of what man can know, to this end, could be
evaded without
Degradation, without sin, - is it no burden to bear the
repellent scars of
Abandon, of election?- it leaves but a state of
supplication and deserted
Expanses, an absorption into despair. The existence of
things cannot enclose
The death which it brings to me; the existence is itself
projected into my
Death, and it is my death which encloses it. Am I
deranged? Over and above
Quietism! Nurtured by the multitude of man's
misfortune, a thousand halos
Like torches in the night of the spirit, a thousand traps,
pitfalls of brimstone
And the empty sky, prostrated face against the earth in
frantic laughter...

I was beyond withstanding my own ignominy. I invoked
it and blessed it.
I progressed ever further into vileness and
degradation. Am I resurging,
Intact, out of infamy?

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