

Ad Arma! Ad Arma!

Deathspell Omega

Your revolt against meaningless suffering will not remain unanswered, we shall give you meaning and answers.

We shall inoculate you with revolutionary palingenesia, give you a taste of how today's mass grave is always sweeter than yesterday's; your eyes will shine with the ecstasy of the initiated .

We shall teach you that the bullet of the slave is not the same as the bullet of the oppressor and you shall bear that conviction high, dispensing blazing light to frail silhouettes wandering around in mazes they cannot break. The bloodshed that is to come shall happen in the name of love.

The hand dispensing salvific murder is absolved of responsibility for it is the expression of a common will, the sacrosanct will of the Just. The Just, those righteous few that rose from the catacombs, view the world in manichean terms: there is only the purity of love and the purity of hate, that which lies in between is a mud made of the ashes of yesterday's humanity and the fetid fluids of compromise.

Primum Movens:

Nothing from the world of yore deserves to be preserved, every particle is infected and corrupt. The great cleansing shall take as long as necessary, for power exclusively stems from the gun barrel: on a glorious dawn, the odour of tear gas shall replace the scent of fresh-brewed coffee, the dust of crumbling buildings shall darken the horizon and fill your lungs as the sun reaches the zenith, victorious chants will resonate at dusk to the rhythm of cracking necks and the gunfire of mass executions.

Behold the glorious beauty of unrestrained, fraternal compassion and love!

In the beginning, thou shalt segregate thyself from the impure and live in retreat in the catacombs of today, far away from temptation and deviant thought. Thou shalt nourish an ever increasing outrage, an indignation without end, a fire that feeds on fire: nothing shall be pure enough. Thou shalt relish every form of persecution; in the absence of persecution, thou shalt invent persecutions which will nourish the ever avid fires of frustration, paranoia shall be a most revered companion.

Doubt shall be met with death. Hesitation shall be met with death. Critical thought shall be met with death. The gift of mind shall be complete, failure yields annihilation. The gift of body shall be complete, failure yields annihilation. We will empty a barrel in your face so as to erase everything that you were,

if you fail.

We shall ask you not to climb the small mountain but only the highest and most unattainable peaks, those that lie well beyond the horizon, those that no eyes ever saw. As you will rise above the fractured bones of your fallen brothers and sisters, we shall fill your heart with hope: at the very least, someone will be able to stand upon your own bones.

What is the present but a bridge between a glorious past and a glorious future? Those petty things in the here and now, how do they compare to our Holy Dead and our unborn Heroes? Should it come to your death - isn't it but a token of appreciation, a mere toll on the path to Paradise?

The perfectibility of human nature is infinite: we shall therefore nurture infinite dreams with infinite amounts of blood. Failures are therefore successes and mere steps on the triumphant march towards bliss.