

Splinters from Your Mother's Spine

Deathspell Omega

He that loveth father or mother more than us is not worthy of us!

We will impose universal and unconditional love, so as to shatter the pillars of the past and let the very idea of family glide into oblivion. We will feed your children and turn your beds into a cold place; there shall be no retreat, no shelter from the great movement of History.

We shall uproot you and make you live in hundreds of sprawling Babylons and forget the smell of humus and the ways of yore. Your children will wear necklaces made of splinters from their mother's spines as they turn on their parents, accused of subversion and weakness.

They shall crave for rigid control and overthrow the ruler whose hits are not harsh enough, they shall worship at the altar of their bruises.

As the next step in the ladder of our evolution, they come to us unrepentantly and demand to be freed from their ineffectual selves, from the barrenness and anxieties of individual life. They shall be provided with comfort to the point that they'd rather be raked over glowing coals than to ever face their gaping inner voids again. The chief passion, the utmost demand of the frustrated is to belong and there is never too much cementing or binding to satisfy this howling passion.