

# Absolutist Regeneration

## Deathspell Omega

The only truly malignant evil is hope, we shall therefore fill the hearts of the masses with hope and ever more hope. The unspeakable shall then become a certainty.

As a whole, we shall prefer to take a shape that possesses neither depth nor demonic dimension. It can henceforth lay waste the whole world precisely because it spreads on the surface, barely noticed, like a fungus. The smaller and trivial the causes, the greater the magnitude of the consequences. Banality makes for a vague target whereas defiant greatness galvanizes opponents.

Our actions shall reveal their rotten cores only after meticulous peeling of layers and layers of benevolence.

The mere existence of conflicting opinions means that the Truth has yet to triumph. Diversity is an outrage, freedom of thought will be terminated. Everything is a lie but that which we feed you, believe me. If your thoughts collide with what we say, these thoughts can not be yours. We will rip your mouth open and stuff you with Truth, like a goose. The Truth will blossom in the end, be it over your swollen corpse.

The leader, the man whose feet you crave to lick, trembling in awe, shall be the personification of the certitude of the creed and the defiance and grandeur of a power that will purify the world, born to last a thousand years, and whose beloved infant, the new Man, shall be the end of all.

While we will pretend that there is but one leader, we will prepare a host of leaders, for every one of them is but one accident in a series. While the road is indeed straight, there is a multiplicity of them.

The roar of our flaming masses sounds like the voice of a God unleashed in fury. The face of the mass is as the face of the deep out of which, like God in times you are henceforth forbidden to speak about, we will bring forth a new world.

We shall conquer the World at first by mastering and spreading the Word; we shall discredit the powers that are and instill doubt everywhere with flamboyant derision.

We shall then fill our ranks with the fanatics, without whom there can be no new dawn, for they are masters of chaos and revel more in rubble than in blooming orchards.

Finally, we shall make room for men of action, the dams of entropy, the bearers of the Law; they shall provide infinite supply of opiates to the souls of the restless masses and a sweet lullaby.

We will demand you to speak and within yourself shall blossom the potential for demagogy; your mouth shall utter words that flatter the ego.

o, words that will bring your audience into motion by befuddling their minds. The seed to deception is within all of you, waiting for a fertile moment. We shall frame the world so as to make it a giant stage; the feverish gaze of thy contemporaries shall fill your mouth with ardour as you spit out the poison of the Atrax.

We will turn this world into a cemetery rather than not regenerate it our own way. We will clean out the marsh at all costs, make a clean slate from the old spectral world. We will cause a collective trauma that will vomit out a magma upon which we could reach for the stars.

From the legion of those adrift to the legion of One, from lively chaos to sterile order, from life to death: what a triumph!

Year  $\infty$  Our order shall be one banning self-sufficiency, installing an all encompassing dependence sanctioned by constant betrayal; you shall not even be entitled to your own thoughts, submission and misery are internally related. Our natural order is now equal with the highest possible Justice.

The naysayers will call the crowning achievement of our system omnipotence gone mad. The System does what it wants, break all the laws including those of reason. It is the beginning and the end, it is the unrestrained exercise of power. Sheer randomness, even for a mere minute, would be a respite.

Both knowledge and penance shall be banned, the Liquid of Life flows from only one Source exclusively. The iron bones and diamant-made spines of our world grow from one nutrient exclusively. This intricate maze shall look like bars and cages on the horizon and give you comfort and warmth of heart. The manifold and the unexpected rest in graves made sterile by acrid tears.

Good behavior and rewards shall be luminously connected, so that every one of you become masters at instrumentalizing charity within the System. Nothing ought to be disinterested, everything ought to happen according to grades decided by those sitting in the chairs of the floor that scrapes the clouds. We shall preclude the possibility of morality and bury decency to the sound of bawdy songs.

Those who nourish the famished shall be left to starve. Those who heal the wounded shall be maimed. Those who console the lamenting souls shall be buried alive, their stomachs filled with ignominious larvae. Rats shall feed on the eyes of those guilty of empathy towards their fellow men. That which is not our credo is not to be.

The standpoint of the Order is not the standpoint of men; its wisdom is incomparable; what may seem to be against your interests may be in fact the best means of realizing them; unlike the Order, we cannot judge what is best for the whole.

We shall leave sufficient doubt about the Laws - or change them on a whim - so as to breed superstition, therefore turning adults into insecure, foolish children, stuttering panicked words of flattery and idolatry in a vain bid to tip the scales. We shall make sure that the smallest of your dreams is guaranteed to turn into a nightmare so that your thoughts never wander from the here and now. Today we protect,

tomorrow we abandon you.

Behold the fatal process of human civilization, and let's raise a glass as the hour of redemption has come.