

Chaining the Katechon

Deathspell Omega

In a place beyond all resistance
Devouring the roots of the bush of fire
Forsaken even by the crows
The dream of the abortion of Babylon shivers
And stuttering words
As mere echoes in the desert
Vanish in those lower spheres
Where shame is unknown.

It is a vain Earth.
A vision, final, of deceit.
There can be no refuge
In this grotesque liquid flowing
Where shapes melt into each other
Where cause becomes consequence.
To err with the insane
In hostile immensities
How legitimate is the faith into despair ?

A bond of hallowed essence
between all that pulsates
it is the primeval degradation
the erosion, the crumbling,
the everlasting scission.
It is disturbance and anxiety
As absolutes,
for the world is becoming.
Still, a temple stands
And a star shines.

The slopes slaver pus
Towards the skies and the thorn
Courts the wound.
The sun of dolour shines :
They enter in its brilliance
Those who are divided
With their dazzled mouths,
The eerie ray of exile
Shall be their guide.

Scattered they walk towards
The incestuous womb.
The fertile womb of two
And three and all.
The weight of these bodies
In the shallow waters
Shatters the poise.

There is a tear of fire
In the sky of the worlds.

There is a tear of fire
And your tongue of light
Caressed by the silent leprosy
Of your palate
Whispers about the gulch of lies
The tranquil occupation of agony

The dire liquors of a mass-grave
And the perilous pedagogy of the abyss.

We went to the through, Lord.
We went bend and convulsed.
We saw blood, Lord. It was glittering.
You dispensed it and we drank it.
We saw your image.
The gap of our eyes and mouths is void.
We went bent and convulsed.
It broke us and dissolved us.

Liable for the core of the origins
There remains a pulsating debt
Radiant in its multiple scissions
It stands between the mother
And her repudiated child
Behind the hand that murders
And amid attempts of reconciliation.
The dispersion of woe on a vain Earth
Is done with equity.

Le verdict ne vient pas d'un coup, le processus lui-même se transforme au fur et à mesure en verdict.

The task to be achieved, human vocation
Is to become intensely mortal
Not to shrink back
Before the voices
coming from the gallows tree
A work making increasing sense
By its lack of sense
In the history of times there is
But the truth of bones and dust.

Thinly grinded to white powder
In the mill of fragmentation
You give it to brothers and sisters
The remains of the Oath
Vague echoes of a day of midnight
The advent of that which never was
The coming of a man from the grave.

Still a temple stands
And a star shines.

Unceasingly, those who can not be one
Exchange their rings
In an arched world
Exhausted by the division
The stale principle of stellar times.
A ford alike
Between the crimson rivers
Carrying along their murky waters
Countless extinct cradles.

Merely a glance ahead
Resonates the wailing of flowers
Under such a suffocating heat
That men entered into gestation
You hold a palimpsest of dolour
Once forgotten that the fall
Is our fall.

That death is no channel
Anymore to rejoin the clay
of a fractioned God.

The act of a free man
Connected to the balance of the world
Projects itself into the infinite
But the fracture
Its ontological ballast
The dispersion and the overcoming
Bring a harvest of increasing conflict
A descending spiral of splinters
Lacerating the meridians.

The temple stands
Its walls a prison
For the Katechon
While the plowshare grates
On the crystal hard and vivid tear
And blood pours from the furrows
While the star shines high
No place to cover from
Its rotten light