

(In abstracto...  
... Echange du Vide

Ecce lignum Crucis,  
In quo salus mundi pependit)

Therefore, God honors the sword so highly  
That He calls it His own ordinance, and will not have men say  
Or imagine that they have invented it or instituted it  
For the hand that wields this sword and slays with it is then  
No more man's hand, but God's, and it is not man,  
But God, who hangs, tortures, beheads, slays and fights  
All these are His work and His judgments...  
Plerosis, answering the strident call of felony,  
Filling the void of purity gone instantly...

Instigating manifold quadrants of industrialized death,  
An avid Moloch, never satiated, an endless Feast,  
Following the principle of reversibility of merits, shattering up the Word  
As Pillars of grayish Soulfire spurt out to a bereaved firmament  
... I am the son of Man, and this in erring reason's spite, is my pride...  
War, be enthroned, a form of divine retribution!  
Execution,  
Be sacred, agent of divine Providence!

Man, lost somewhere between the restrictive force  
Of Cain and the expansive force of Abel,  
Falls from his median position between Angel and Beast  
Each time he ceases to desire a being superior to himself  
Adam's descent into materiality,  
May it be questioned...  
The separating line between the Saved and the Damned,  
May it be questioned...

If there is to be a multiplicity of forms, can one thing be worse  
Unless another is better, or one be better unless another is worse...  
Those who would eliminate the worse from the universe would eliminate  
Providence itself  
Interrogate the patterns of the prophetic mode,  
Perceive the two faces of the Divine  
And shed the just, divine retribution  
Quantified, a suppurating cross, alike in blood and scoria

(Qual und Tod bringt dieser Sang, der ihn bestürmt,  
Sein Herze zerreißt, Sinne zerstört...

"L'Esprit du Seigneur ne se promène pas seulement dans les cimetières  
Ceux qui Le connaissent peuvent Le rencontrer partout, fût-ce en enfer,  
Et Il dit Lui-même que le feu marche devant Sa Face!")

Microcosm,  
The details of a burning body, vivid and morbid,  
Flaming eyes perceived through a virtuous glance,  
A swollen tongue protruding through the nasal apertures, hanging lips bruise  
d,  
Teeth overcome with rot, long arms that hang down to the feet and odors foul  
...

Explicit is the belief that God permits his creatures to be reviled and scorned  
And that this is their only means of  
Salvation  
Means of...  
Salvation!

Thesaurus Ecclesiae  
The memory of a stagnant and somber vale  
Inhabited by ethereal purity,  
Violet and blood-red crucifixes,  
Sulfurous shrines and red-glowing demonism  
Thou shalt bringeth the chalice of divine wrath and final consummation  
To thine lips, and drink with confidence...  
Tell me, sweet child, why are tears rolling from your eyes?