

## Imitatio Dei

### Deathspell Omega

Here is a blessing for the Children of the Light, the harbingers of the Great Cleansing:

Your ability to ask the right questions shall be unequalled under this Sun, for you are our Children. Your answers, however, shall be fraught with imperfection, infected by the purulent rot of your vanity.

Here is a curse for the Children of the Light, the harbingers of the Great Cleansing:

You shall defiantly insist on absolute infallibility. Such hubris will cause pain of a magnitude unseen before, ridiculing all barbarian conquests throughout the ages hitherto.

We shall make you so impervious to the world that should all the Angels descend upon you and prove you wrong, you would simply shut your eyes and stop your ears, for they would not deserve to be either seen or heard. Our teachings shall shield you from the world and turn you into an island in dead waters with high cliffs and no coves.

The key to our doctrine shall be given only in the heavenly futures, those that lie beyond the boiling shores of struggle. Simple words shall be uttered, then placed in the midst of a tortuous maze, and rendered full of mystery. The System is born, the System provides answers. You shall renounce to sincere understanding

so as to gain absolute certainty. You will stand unmoved by the pleas of reason, knowing that within the heart lies the conscience of the Order.

Thou shalt become a species that sooner dies than yields aught of that which it hath not yet.

We shall breed the brothers and sisters of Erysichthon, cursed with eternal hunger; the self has vanished in full and left behind nothing but a craving, jaws chewing forevermore on mangled pieces of nothing, devoid of nutrients. This breed will feel in league with eternity and its enemies will be plagued with the burden of opposing what seems to be inexorable fate.

Our world is stripped of wonder and hesitation for all things are happening according to that which is contained in our Book of Revelations. The road, while slippery with the blood of that which is Other, is straight.

We shall make you pray not only for your daily bread but also for your daily illusion, for nothing within the realms of the ordinary, that which once was, can relieve you; only a miracle would. You beg to drink the sweet milk of imposture, moaning like newborn lambs.

We will make you unstable, like a chemical radical, deprived of inner balance. Your longing for belonging will become so great as to be insufferable, ending in your total surrender. You shall henceforth fight not with the white gloves of the gentleman, but without sentimentality.