

Internecine Iatrogenesis

Deathspell Omega

And yet, of worse deeds,
worse suffering must ensue:
The second and final rout
culminates with a Silence
that bears the acrid burden of all things lost
since thou tamest Chaos,
and a much heavier burden still,
for all things that perished unborn,
for none of the New Souls was found worthy
to partake and witness.
Even the soil turned frigid in a world
made torrid by scorching heat.

Thou who are the End of All, behold!
To whom belong the faces,
eyes and knees of the elderly,
the women and the children,
all that walks and crawls?
All belong to you! Nothing more remains.
-But heaven! One arrow, anointed in the balm
of Internecine Iatrogenesis, shall suffice!

Towards the Dawn, towards the south,
towards the melancholy west
and towards the North I cry:
onward where most with ravin I may meet!
The firmament sheds scarlet tears,
dazzled by this horrendous pyre of a world,
A brazen Holocaust, brighter than a hundred suns
that slowly consumes God and Man,
trembling beside one another,
both bemoaning what could have been,
what should have been,
Yet their accusing voices sing the sound of discord
on which I feast with my baneful maw
in eternal hunger.