

## Onward Where Most With Ravin I May Meet

Deathspell Omega

In secretest conveyance, I say  
forfeit all tongues to Death as hitherto  
they maintained the memory of the prime Architect  
and welcome instead, with yells and hysteria,  
the language, mockery of the Logos,  
that tastes bitter ashes alike  
and mimics exploding hiss.  
By repetition, incantation and privation of the psyche  
thou shalt summon words that to the mind are bane  
and forevermore close your soul to the heavenly stars.  
You may lament aloud:  
dawn shall henceforth rise within a suffocating tomb.

Among all carnage present and past  
only one grave matters,  
hollow and hopelessly out of reach,  
the Grave of Singularity,  
over which weeps the Mother of All,  
saddened unto Death.

The further the abasement of Man, the more  
he thinks of himself as angelic throng,  
just and saintly!  
Thou shalt celebrate the unquestionable perfection  
of this world without end,  
in which Life faces dissolution,  
with ceaseless Prayers, degenerate Song  
and obsequious discipline,  
for thy flesh is nothing  
but a receptacle for Law ironclad,  
ever since thy volition sunk  
into the deepest of Abysses!

Thou shalt accept thy Revelation  
as your beginning and your end,  
all other things you are to abjure with spite!  
What thy Lord commands with repulsive voice  
tolerates neither addition nor love, nor faith.  
Only prevenient submission and servitude  
to the utmost limits of the fearful self!  
Thou shalt reap lush reward  
for taking that solemn oath...  
thy heart shall breed the larvae of plagues  
and depletion will complement dearth  
in thy hapless pursuit of a merciful void.  
See? Thy faith is not void of wonders!

O Father! Intros! Witness thou anon!  
The rotten splendor of what once was thy realm,  
now shivering at the black threshold of the grave,  
deprived of the compass of duality,  
hence wretched and drowning in tenfold confusion.  
Death, adorned with refined rags,  
parades endlessly in a mimicry of Life,  
as innumerable crowds flagellate themselves  
in delirious adoration.  
The malformed progeny of Sin and Virtue

reeks of such outrage to the Universe  
that even Titans flee submerged with nausea,  
lacking the strength to face this crime,  
which contains all crimes as one!