

Sacrificial Theopathy

Deathspell Omega

We will give you a fierce and very tangible enemy for this shall be the root of our cohesion and strength. We shall mow the innocents like weed for if they are not among the unjust now, their fall is unavoidable. You shall make your ears deaf to their supplications. Murdering them is an act of love towards your kin.

Thine enemy shall be one: their distinctiveness thou shalt negate and with rhetoric thou shalt make them one. Simplicity is your virtue and your strength.

You will stack accusation after accusation on their shoulders and refrain from no excess: a lie repeated again and again will grow deep roots and blossom into a magnificent monstrosity surviving many a generation.

Thou shalt decree that thine enemy comes from shores unknown to the man of virtue, strange lands that breed beings devoid of any redeeming qualities.

To relieve the faint of heart of their weakness, we shall strip our adversaries of all humanity: they're either vermin, rabid dogs, or abstract symbols, a function. They are nothing like us, no bonds can exist, they are an error of History waiting to be corrected. They are dead men walking, they're already gone, a mere formality. Rejoice, we will build so much joy upon their bones!

The farther you will advance in the pool of guilt, crimson with the blood of those you wronged, the more brazen your hatred shall become in the vain hope to silence the echoes of their accusations.

Our doctrine shall be the pinnacle of all that is sublime, for by being made of extreme perfection, it will constantly remind you of your failure to be worthy and, in turn, cause deep waves of anguish that you will channel into hatred, directed against more of the innocent.

Thou shalt not feel confused when our enemies begin to resemble us, mirroring us, mimicking us, for by doing so they are marching to the beat of the Lost, toward the pits of History.

The hostility of thine enemy shall be the yardstick of the sincerity of your conviction: thine enemy can never hate you enough. Should the quintessence of their hatred fill the Mariana Trench, you would still yell for more with a defiant voice.

We shall infuse you with the fumes of spirituality so that your violence shall spring of the firm grounds of fanaticism. Eventually, when all of you have melted into One, you will be ready to run the torture chamber.

Thou shalt follow our precepts but when in doubt, thou shalt imitate the example of those that are purer than you. Do not think nor innovate but imitate that which has been consecrated.

We shall deprive you of any satisfaction being yourself so that the greatest of your desires is to become one of us. To attain this goal you will shrink from no sacrifice and smell with exhilaration the curls of smoke rising from the ashes of that which once was precious to you.