The Fires of Frustration

Deathspell Omega

Hear our voices, all of you, Men of resentment; whose stomachs and souls are aflame with the poisonous hatred of impotence; yo u whom have been wronged again and again; wiping your face clea n, day after day, from the spit of those sitting unjustifiably above you.

We will grant you freedom from freedom.

As thou cometh unto us, we shall ease your sense of frustration and isolation: from your mouths will flow endless rivers of bl ack bile, you will regurgitate the quintessence of failure and, in the depths of the night, feel the warmth of equality recove ring your shivering body.

We will feed the illusion that, by merely mastering some of you r base impulses, you can aim for the world - that your failure with common affairs all but guarantees your success with the un attainable and the splendid. Your indisputable competency to di rect the fortunes of the many is herewith consecrated.

Your longing for flames engulfing the desirable things of yore and the drowning of the successful in crimson oceans are tainte d by the aching premonition that your marches to the cries of « all or

nothing at all » will, of course, yield the latter for you.

We shall reassure you of our warm paternal love, tell you with gentle yet virile words that a place exists that was yours of a ll eternity, that you won't have to conquer it nor to redeem yo u worth with strenuous effort. Eventually, we are to arm and turn all o f you into the expendable hounds of our Order.

We shall base our ladder of dignity on things that are innate, things that require no skill nor exceptional aptitudes, so as t o rally the masses of the inept and the interchangeables.

We will burn and not explain, and this will feel ecstatic.

We will give you just enough of a taste of paradise to feed you r insatisfaction and turn you into feral dogs. There's a grave at the other end of this metanoia, a grave large enough for you r former and future self.

We will dissolve your individuality in the multitude, you will feel free after relinquishing the burden of responsibility; you

will feel free while obeying orders and swallowing the chewed leftovers of those ranking above you.

We shall answer to your longing to be but one thread of the man y which make up a tunic, indistinguishable from the others; so as to conceal your weakness as you cannot bear another minute t he ruthless testing that comes with freedom.

O hound, feral dog, we shall grant you freedom from freedom, re lief from frustration.