

The Repellent Scars of Abandon and Election

Deathspell Omega

The feeling of destroying the capacity for inward peace, an insane dance
with the angels of innocence amidst thorns and in frenzy, the warmth of
a divine blessing, a daringness which prevailed over any imaginable fear
hovering on the brink of a voluntary act of contrition, but soon all pales
besides the cry this shattering truth wrests from all fellow men, there is
more to it than suffering and sounds of suffering, it is a process that only
the extinction of a divine soul could terminate. The eye cannot stare neither
the sun, nor death... if I sought God it was in delirium and in the delight of
temptation.

The idea of Salvation comes, I believe, from the one whom suffering breaks
apart. He who masters it, on the contrary, needs to be broken, to proceed
on the path towards the rupture.

Nothing of what man can know, to this end, could be evaded without
degradation, without sin, - is it no burden to bear the repellent scars of
abandon, of election? - it leaves but a state of supplication and deserted
expanses, an absorption into despair. The existence of things cannot enclose
the death which it brings to me; the existence is itself projected into my
death, and it is my death which encloses it. Am I deranged? Over and above
quietism! Nurtured by the multitude of man's misfortunes, a thousand halos
like torches in the night of the spirit, a thousand traps, pitfalls of brimstone
and the empty sky, prostrated face against the earth in frantic laughter...

I was beyond withstanding my own ignominy. I invoked it and blessed it.

I progressed even further into vileness and degradation. Am I resurging,
intact, out of infamy?