

# The Synarchy of Molten Bones

Deathspell Omega

O Father! Iatros! Witness thou anon!  
Mists above, Exhalations below,  
I shall forevermore be betwixt all things,  
preventing communion;  
shielding off the weakening beams of salvation  
shining upon the mournful gloom of Earth;  
a dreadful interval, sly foundation of ruin,  
and breathe warring winds, racking hail  
where just this Morn thrice beloved concord was...

Hearken this hideous peal as they drink the water  
of Styx, for all things shall become my prey;  
the water of Acheron, as they silence fragile weeping  
with horrent arms; the water of Cocytus,  
to laugh at the laments of the Holy Dead;  
yon boiling water of Phlegeton, cataracts  
of fire alike, and the water of Lethe  
for what shall remain, even in memories,  
but a livid seat of ever renewing desolation?

Hearken thunder from below, like growling gods  
who erupt to be released and bare their fangs.  
A long shudder shakes the world as,  
rising upon the bleak horizon, swell into lifeless life  
the Commandments that shall sanctify the reign  
of the Specter that gnaws upon Man like  
hounds chew on bones and offal.

The Synarchy of Molten Bones shall consist  
of Men of worth and Men of ill intent  
in abandoned yet equal numbers,  
for their insurgent wills harbor  
the seed of transgression alike.

This seed shall bloom with noxious flowers,  
borne out of the mordant steel of scythes.  
Justice will die first,  
to the hammering sound of tears watering the Earth,  
as aught hope remains to reverse course.