

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.