

Bread of Bitterness

Deathspell Omega

From a supplication without response,
The essence of man, his ground giving way
Comes illumination by a sun of great evil that sets Aflame the
inner core and enthrones suffocation and the Intolerable without
respice as the joyful reward for a Million aborted truths
This silence that among all man has charged with sacred horror,
it becomes sovereign, in repugnant nativity,
And detaches itself from the bonds which paralyze a Vertiginous
movement towards the void.

Breathless ecstatic experience,
It opens the horizon a bit more,
This wound of God
It is the assassination of the abyss of possibilities
The depths of being left to holy vultures.

Such monstrous impurity, and this incessant piety,
No less revolting, cried out to heaven and they bore an Affinity
to God, inasmuch as only utter
Darkness can be likened to light.