

Famished for Breath

Deathspell Omega

Thou shalt precipitate History,
those days of yonder,
and the solemn roots of the human race
into the furnace fraught with fire unquenchable.
The names of all things thou shalt feed
to the undying worm
and rejoice at the mumblings of a once potent tongue.

The haughty strides of Time thou shalt put to halt
and mangle Past and Future with ghastly wounds.
While for these deeds thou hast
borne universal reproach,
laugh at their vain designs, for scarce the sun hath
finished his journey, nothing remains but
the dread tribunal of an everlasting Present.

Forge a bond in glowing iron the manacle
Faith with raging Madness, another
reeking of nitre, to chain Truth with Fear.
Lo and behold, the first of many harvests
of corpses is thine!
Famished for breath,
an angular neck and eyes aghast,
the effulgence of Horror in this New World
is without peers.
Thou shalt celebrate the conception and rise
of the New Man, to whom all he eats or drinks
is propagated malediction,
a Man pregnant with infernal flame,
standing on the devastation
of all things past.