

The Fires of Frustration

Deathspell Omega

Hear our voices, all of you, Men of resentment; whose stomachs and souls are aflame with the poisonous hatred of impotence; you whom have been wronged again and again; wiping your face clean, day after day, from the spit of those sitting unjustifiably above you.

We will grant you freedom from freedom.

As thou cometh unto us, we shall ease your sense of frustration and isolation: from your mouths will flow endless rivers of black bile, you will regurgitate the quintessence of failure and, in the depths of the night, feel the warmth of equality recovering your shivering body.

We will feed the illusion that, by merely mastering some of your base impulses, you can aim for the world - that your failure with common affairs all but guarantees your success with the unattainable and the splendid. Your indisputable competency to direct the fortunes of the many is herewith consecrated.

Your longing for flames engulfing the desirable things of yore and the drowning of the successful in crimson oceans are tainted by the aching premonition that your marches to the cries of « all or nothing at all » will, of course, yield the latter for you.

We shall reassure you of our warm paternal love, tell you with gentle yet virile words that a place exists that was yours of all eternity, that you won't have to conquer it nor to redeem you worth with strenuous effort. Eventually, we are to arm and turn all of you into the expendable hounds of our Order.

We shall base our ladder of dignity on things that are innate, things that require no skill nor exceptional aptitudes, so as to rally the masses of the inept and the interchangeable.

We will burn and not explain, and this will feel ecstatic.

We will give you just enough of a taste of paradise to feed your insatisfaction and turn you into feral dogs. There's a grave at the other end of this metanoia, a grave large enough for your former and future self.

We will dissolve your individuality in the multitude, you will feel free after relinquishing the burden of responsibility; you

will feel free while obeying orders and swallowing the chewed leftovers of those ranking above you.

We shall answer to your longing to be but one thread of the many which make up a tunic, indistinguishable from the others; so as to conceal your weakness as you cannot bear another minute the ruthless testing that comes with freedom.

O hound, feral dog, we shall grant you freedom from freedom, relief from frustration.