Carnal Malefactor.

Deathspell Omega

Below the lid of a vast rounded monument
Trickling of gristly vestiges and whacked hopes
Enhanced by the horrible excess of fetid exhalation
And uterine strangulation by the wreaths
Of the herds astray, arid in despair, blessed
With dilated flakes of fire, slowly wafting down...
Say, what does a maternal heart feel when merely
Vinegar stills your child's thirst?
You'd implore to harbour his torment in your chest...
To make this burden yours, but... Sacrilege!
Who are you, harlot, to interfere with His emerald will
When even your glance should never leave the soil?There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus
Angel prick and holy semen,
And a woman genuflecting an aroused beast of burden alike
Seduced by the father and seducing the son
There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus
A phallic communion that sanctifies interior wastelandsHe that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption
Carnal malefactor, rub your sterile wriggling womb
With a candle in reverential contemplation
And give voluptuous harbour to vile insects
He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption
The scorpion shall open the book of Salomon for you to see
And the snake slither out of the lips that delivered once
The redeemer of man, born out of shameful maternity...
He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption
The lactiferous beast subjugated reason to appetite
Praised be human nature, ciborium of shame and waste,
For bathing in decline a redeemer moisty of semen so contemptibleThere resides the fusion, there is the nucleus
Angel prick and holy semen
And a woman genuflecting an aroused beast of burden alike
Seduced by the father and seducing the son
There resides the fusion, there is the nucleus
A phallic communion that sanctifies interior wastelands
When a woman is knead by the claws of fowls attracted
By seminal odours no longer hidden by dignity
And purified by their beaks rummaging her swollen vagina
When laments alter into praises despite holy duty and menacing perdition
Seers can say that his birth does death subdue no more

His birth does death subdue not, for my God proceeds of failed humility...
O Master, the eastern pillar of your domination is the organic fallibility.

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