

Deathspell Omega, The Shrine Of Mad Laughter

God of terror, very low dost thou bring us, very low hast thou brought us...

A sensation of everlasting rot and those frantic wails, no, it is not a fall into the abyss, the defiance of descent, a coronation beyond liberty and slavery; the cry of woe and deliverance exudes a flame, evasive as sound and ether: an instant of collusion with death, without hope nor prospect, yet it is a world below and above and in all eternity, a gift of fever, the wind of death that sustains the life in me, yes, the lightness of hovering in permanent anguish; I dared to borrow those words, to articulate them and to savour their turpitude, as I beheld the shrine of mad laughter.

The limit is crossed with a weary horror: hope seemed a respect which fatigue grants to the necessity

As if Death was dashed onto the death within, a violent thrust stealing the light of the eyes, a ray of

The idea of God is pale next to that of perdition, but of this I could have no inkling in advance.