

Elend "Lucifer"

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Nominem tuum despiciamur, denegamus nostram
originem.

Spiritus domini atque verba deceptoris preces
perdiderunt.

At once, he views

The dismal scenery waste and wild,

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,

Flam'd ; and there the pale light

Served only to discover sights of woe.

Regions of Sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes,

That comes to all ; but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed

With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.

--"Thou, profoundest Hell,

Receive thy new possession ;

One who can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven,

He whom thunder hath made greater!

I am Lucifer."

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