

Ruins Of Beverast

"Kain's Countenance Fell"

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None of my words is adorned with devoutness

And I do not endeavour to rule over sin

She lurks... and blemishes me with unbearable disgrace

Fearfully attempt though no debar me from rising up against thee

For you bear a void grandeur before a void idol

Box sanguinis fratris tui clamat ad me de terra!

Abel... what is this blood on my hands?

... where have I been?

My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Box sanguinis fratris tui clamat ad me de terra!

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