

## War From A Harlots Mouth

### "Inferno III / IV"

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[III:]

Through me you pass into the city of woe  
Through me you pass into eternal pain  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here

Accents of anger, voices hoarse  
Made up a tumult that forever whirls

From his bounds heaven drove them forth  
Hell receives them

No hope may entertain  
The tribe of those I'll spirits both  
To god displeasing and to his foes

Mercy and justice scorn them both  
God and their parents they blasphemed

Drawn to the cursed strand  
That every man must pass  
Who fears not god

Charon, demoniac form  
With eyes of burning coal  
Collects them all

[IV:]

Now let us to the blind world there beneath  
And entering the first circle that surrounds the abyss  
No plaint was heard, except of sighs  
Not caused by tortures, but from grief  
For these defects and for no other evil  
We are lost, desiring without hope

And to a part I come where no light shines

