

## Ancient

# "The Cainian Chronicle Part III & IV: Disciplines o"

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My wrathful cries of anguish  
Filled that dismal night  
I tore at my flesh and drank my crimson tears

When I glanced up  
Appearing in a myriad of stars  
The illustrious archangel Gabriel shimmered  
Like the moon in my eyes  
Bringing mercy even to the damned

But why? Why?

He spoke of a path  
The path of Golconda  
From which my children could once again  
Inhabit the light

Without another word, he disappeared  
And I conceived  
I had awakened at last

Then the bright-eyed demoness  
Taught me how to hide from the eyes  
Of those who dare to hunt us  
How to command obedience  
And demand respect

Soon I found myself attaining (yet) greater powers  
I could alter forms, control all beasts and perceive  
Beyond sight

Eventually I had to abandon Lilith  
And flee from the barren lands of Nod  
Set out to procreate my progeny  
Caine's children shall inherit the night

[Part IV: zillah and the crone]

Of all my children, none so beloved  
My sweet Zillah, none so desired  
Her tender skin, her blood so saccharine

I was mesmerized by her enchanting eyes

But she would turn from me, she had no love to me  
Nothing I'd provide could keep her satisfied  
So I took to roam the wilderness alone  
Amid the whispering trees, a wrinkled crone I did see

Crone: 'My spell can make thee win her heart  
Drink of my blood then we'll start'

Caine: 'Her (foul) blood I drank for many nights  
And Zillah indeed became my wife'

Crone: 'The elixir hast bound thee  
My serving thrall thou always be'

Caine: 'But after a year (and a day) her grasp (on me)  
had gone  
With a stake through the heart, I left her to the dawn

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