

The Cainian Chronicle Part III & IV: Disciplines of Caine / Zillah and the Crone

Ancient

[Part III: Disciplines of Caine]

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'