

Anti-Life Saviour

Shade Empire

Listen to what is in some ways the first great speech of the poem.
Satan, cast down by God to Hell with the other Rebel Angels, sees close by him One next to himself in power, next in crime.
Beelzebub, Satan's lieutenant
And satan addresses him like this:

"If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
Myriads though bright: If he Whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne."

[Paradise Lost, Book 1, 84-105, read by Ian Richardson]

With every dream of dark fantasies
Blood is dripping down from the ceiling
Taking form that reminds you of all the shadows of the past
The body is dead now, you can never take it back
From the sun, from the brightest light
Reveal your heart at its purest.

Born of flames, baptized in fire
Burning chaos inside this shell of flesh.
Hold the scepter, burn the eyes of your god.
This is my wolf pack, you are my prey.

Twisted faces take form
With the way further
Of your window's glass.
Humanity now
What have you done?

As years go by, you just wipe them away
With a grin, behind your mask.

You keep on looking for answers, but don't like the ones I can give
Dig your grave deeper and deeper
Until you're at the point that you can't reach the edge
Come face the light of my guidance, you say
But blinded are those who walk towards the light
Blessed are we, who dwell in the night.

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Emyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs[...]"
[Paradise Lost, Book 1, 105-123, read by Ian Richardson]

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