

## Anteinferno

Thaurorod

Dante: Master, what is it that I am hearing?  
And what people are these so crushed by pain?

Virgil: That is the manner of existence endured  
by the sad souls of those who lived without occasion for infamy or praise.  
They are mixed with that abject squadron of angels who did not think  
it worth their while to rebel or to be faithful to God, but were for themselves.

Dante: Master, what is it that lies so heavily upon them; that they call out  
as they do?

Virgil: I will tell you very briefly.  
They are without even the hope of death  
their blind existence is of such abjection that they are envious of every other fate  
The world does not remember them at all  
Mercy and justice treat them with contempt  
Let us not talk about them  
Look and pass on.

I had roamed into a deep dark forest  
Lost the way my heart pounding on my chest  
Oh that place overpowered my mind  
So full of fear on that wild ruthless night

I rushed headlong down the slope I had climbed  
And saw a beckoning old man by the hillside

Anteinferno - It burned in my mind  
All the shrieks of the souls that will not rise  
Anteinferno - Still creeps down my spine  
With master Virgil I entered the dark aisle

And through the gates of hell we went  
Saw ghastly things can't comprehend  
Millions of souls it came to pass  
Eternally damned

Deep and thorny the passage that we walked  
Down and down into depths of dark fort  
We had come to a place swarmed with pain  
Everyone here crying out to die again

Howlings resounding here under no stats  
And words so hoarse tones of anger and gall

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And once my journey was over I knew  
Inferno's hallway an abyss of doom  
After my journey when my time will come  
I'll stand at the crossroads to choose my fate damned or saved?

'Through me you go into the city of weeping  
Through me you go into eternal pain  
Through me you go among the lost people  
(All this pain upon me)

Howlings resounding here under no stars  
And words so hoarse tones of anger and gall

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