

Kain's Countenance Fell

The Ruins of Beverast

None of my words is adorned with devoutness
And I do not endeavour to rule over sin
She lurks... and blemishes me with unbearable disgrace
Fearfully attempt though no debar me from rising up against the
e
For you bear a void grandeur before a void idol
Box sanguinis fratris tui clamat ad me de terra!
Abel... what is this blood on my hands?
...where have I been?
My punishment is greater than I can bear.
Box sanguinis fratris tui clamat ad me de terra!