

Ondine Marechal

DEVIL

Howlings of the wind in the dark streets of Yomi
Extinguishing the candles glimmering softly.
Xystos surrounded by Zaqqums, crows and impses,
A man standing behind staring at those curses.

Kingdom of agony or Kingdom of thralldom ?
One can't know before fully losing one's freedom.
Searching for answers this man sinned and landed there,
Incommensurable terror flew through his stare.

Of this gloomy nightmare he cannot now escape...
Intimidated and frightened by this hellscape
He didn't see the shadow moving forward him,
Everything that was quite united in a scream.

Xenon light suddenly crossed the intense darkness,
Ephemeral angels appeared to the helpless,
Kneeling before him they sheltered his heart and soul,
Obscurity gained ground, hope slowly died to all.

Not a single angel gave up the lonely man,
They fought together but couldn't beat the Sheitan.
All the angels and their shimmering lights faded,
Horror and pain overcome him, help was needed.

Escaping was hopeless, fighting was meaningless,
Xanthous king and the devil made him feel worthless.
A thrill run down his spine, he knew it was his turn,
Praying for the last time, death appeared as a burn.

Howlings of the wind in the dark streets of Yomi,
One can't fully live, death comes like a tsunami.
Beyond the bounds of Hell you'll find broken angels,
In their mournful sorrow, they remember marvels.

Angels of the light you fell.