

Elend, Lucifer

"Nominem tuum despiciamur, denegamus nostram originem.
Spiritus domini atque verba deceptoris preces perdiderunt."

At once, he views

The dismal scenery waste and wild,
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
Flam'd; and there the pale light
Served only to discover sights of woe.
Regions of Sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.

--"Thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessour:
One who can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven,
He whom thunder hath made greater!
I am Lucifer. "

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==English translation==

</lyrics>

We despise Your name, we deny our origin.
The spirit of the Lord and the threacherous words have lost their curse.
At once, he views
The dismal scenery waste and wild,
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
Flam'd; and there the pale light
Served only to discover sights of woe.
Regions of Sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
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