

Ancient, The Cainian Chronicle Part III & IV: Discipl

Ancient

Miscellaneous

The Cainian Chronicle Part III & IV: Disciplines of Caine / Zillah and the Crone

[Part III: Disciplines of Caine]

My wrathful cries of anguish

Filled that dismal night

I tore at my flesh and drank my crimson tears

When I glanced up

Appearing in a myriad of stars

The illustrious archangel Gabriel shimmered

Like the moon in my eyes

Bringing mercy even to the damned

But why? Why?

He spoke of a path

The path of Golconda

From which my children could once again

Inhabit the light

Without another word, he disappeared

And I conceived

I had awakened at last

Then the bright-eyed demoness

Taught me how to hide from the eyes

Of those who dare to hunt us

How to command obedience

And demand respect

Soon I found myself attaining (yet) greater powers

I could alter forms, control all beasts and perceive

Beyond sight

Eventually I had to abandon Lilith

And flee from the barren lands of Nod

Set out to procreate my progeny

Caine's children shall inherit the night

[Part IV: zillah and the crone]

Of all my children, none so beloved

My sweet Zillah, none so desired

Her tender skin, her blood so saccharine

I was mesmerized by her enchanting eyes

But she would turn from me, she had no love to me

Nothing I'd provide could keep her satisfied

So I took to roam the wilderness alone

Amid the whispering trees, a wrinkled crone I did see

Crone: 'My spell can make thee win her heart

Drink of my blood then we'll start'

Caine: 'Her (foul) blood I drank for many nights

And Zillah indeed became my wife'

Crone: 'The elixir hast bound thee

My serving thrall thou always be'

Caine: 'But after a year (and a day) her grasp (on me) had gone

With a stake through the heart, I left her to the dawn'