

Chanting

Elend

"We, the host of Seraphim, the armies of bright,
We do not rue the dire event
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat, hath lost us Heaven.
Ever to do ill will be our sole delight,
Reassembling our afflicted powers
On the burning Lake of liquid fire.
Hail horrors! Hail infernal World!
Here at last we shall be free!
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!"