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"How you are fallen from heaven,
O Lucifer, son of the morning!
How you are cut down to the ground,
You who weakened the nations!
For you have said in your heart: 'I will ascent into heaven,
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God;
I will also sit on the mount of the congregation
On the farthest sides of the north;
I will ascend above the heights of the clouds,
I will be like the Most High.'
Yet you shall be brought down to Sheol,
To the lowest depths of the pit.
Those who see you will gaze at you,
And consider you, saying:
'Is this the man who made the earth tremble, who shook kingdoms
Who made the world as a wilderness
And destroyed it's cities,
Who did not open the house of his prisoners?'
All the kings of the nations,
All of them, sleep in glory,
Everyone in his own house;
But you are cast out of your grave
Like an abominable branch,
Like the garment of those who are slain,
Thrust through with a sword,
Who go down to the stones of the pit,
Like a corpse trodden underfoot.
You will not be joined with them in burial,
Because of the iniquity of their fathers,
Lest they rise up and possess the land,
And fill the face of the world with cities."
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