

## The Foolhardy Venturer

Glorior Belli

When Earth in its young prime languished with  
grotesqueness  
Where solely wicked chimes loudly would resonate  
A challenging seraph whose chants force hearts to break  
Had divine glory found in sordid depths unknown

He reached a place so down he felt his wings perish  
Crawling through desperate lands, not knowing night  
from day  
For so long he remained dormant in such grey lairs  
But never will ignore the essence of his strife  
Painting a mournful world, by fierce natures engulfed  
And from that brave journey a very beast was born  
Sometimes he asks himself is truth still deafening  
But then he laughs in panic of delight Satanic

Howling by the moonlight:  
Father, I've raised you to renown  
And laud your thousand names to despicable crowds  
But had I wished to bring you down, revealing your  
secrets  
Your shame would surely match your questionable pride  
And without fame you'd be but a fool to deride!  
Then thought no more, for suddenly his logic failed  
Silence and utter night has become his temple

When Earth in its young prime withered with deviousness  
Where solely blatant chimes would resonate  
A confronting seraph whose chants could enlighten  
Had divine glory found in a darkness that burns