

First to the death are the sins of the flesh;
those who lurk shielded by the night
The leopardess shrieks thus unlocking inner lust,
desire and strife
For those who are not strong, these urges, to life they
are drawn
To commit sins of lust means to be aimlessly thrown at
the will of an almighty storm
This raging tempest does exhaust the mind as the bodies
are torn about
The screams of the unholy cannot be heard over the
thunderous shout
Eternally blown in violent winds of hail their bodies
do beg rest
The sins for which we pay, appeal to the most lustful
of men
Hunger for depraved acts of flesh entombing your soul
in sin
Your skins with boils and puss must burst the wind
beats your back
For the morals with which you stay heaven's eternity
you lack
Those who spend their mortal lives in industries
immersed in sex
Treacherously crave for flesh this penalty should not
perplex
To lose oneself in a diabolical path is to needlessly
wonder
The storm fulfilling the ultimate wish leaving souls to
forever ponder
In this realm, which you now dwell: in the second
circle pit of Hell