

Anteinferno

Thaurorod

Dante: Master, what is it that I am hearing?
And what people are these so crushed by pain?

Virgil: That is the manner of existence endured
by the sad souls of those who lived without occasion for infamy or praise.
They are mixed with that abject squadron of angels who did not think
it worth their while to rebel or to be faithful to God, but were for themsel
ves.

Dante: Master, what is it that lies so heavily upon them; that they call out
as they do?

Virgil: I will tell you very briefly.
They are without even the hope of death
their blind existence is of such abjection that they are envious of every ot
her fate
The world does not remember them at all
Mercy and justice treat them with contempt
Let us not talk about them
Look and pass on.

I had roamed into a deep dark forest
Lost the way my heart pounding on my chest
Oh that place overpowered my mind
So full of fear on that wild ruthless night

I rushed headlong down the slope I had climbed
And saw a beckoning old man by the hillside

Anteinferno - It burned in my mind
All the shrieks of the souls that will not rise
Anteinferno - Still creeps down my spine
With master Virgil I entered the dark aisle

And through the gates of hell we went
Saw ghastly things can't comprehend
Millions of souls it came to pass
Eternally damned

Deep and thorny the passage that we walked
Down and down into depths of dark fort
We had come to a place swarmed with pain
Everyone here crying out to die again

Howlings resounding here under no stars
And words so hoarse tones of anger and gall

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And once my journey was over I knew
Inferno's hallway an abyss of doom
After my journey when my time will come
I'll stand at the crossroads to choose my fate damned or saved?

'Through me you go into the city of weeping
Through me you go into eternal pain
Through me you go among the lost people
(All this pain upon me)

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