

Crestfallen

Elvira Madigan

Through the woods between stem and bark
Blackened by an eerie sky a moonlit night
High on her heels above the icecold snow
Thunders demons thrilled by the chase To be the one to hunt her down
To seize the price for the damage done
And bring this DemiGod to justice
Before the Grand Duke of Hell
(And of her life as well)
Little pity will be shown for her insubordination
... Be gone! Two thousand souls on killing spree
Yet the first to reach her is struck by pity
And to his Lord and Master he means no disrespect
In letting her go... There is but many who die this day
As the most crestfallen of angels are slain The wrath bestowed on them all
Is tenfold greater than Heavens Fall
When the dearest of possessions are lost
For the folly of one apprentice There is no pain severe enough
No sentence matching the crime that has been done
Here... Finally... She is free...
... To roam the earth...
... And all of the above!

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