Preludium

Sthire

...of the primeval priest's assum'd power
when eternals spurn'd back his religion
and gave him a place in the north obscure
shadowly, void, solitaryEternals, I hear your call gladly
dictate swift winged words, and fear
not to unfold your dark vision of torment"Impia Tortorum longos his turba
furores sanguinis innocui
non satiata, aluit
Sospite nuin patria, fracto nuin funeris antro,
mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque tenent"

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