

## **Prince of the Lower Grave**

(i dont religiously belive in any of this, i just wrote the poem for ammusement)

She departs her worldly being,

Bottle still in her hand.

The Beast waits,

Her soul to take,

As her lifeless body lay decaying in the gutter.

"Gabrielle!" Lucifer screams,

His voice malicious and deadly.

The Beast reaches with his tongue,

So thorny and vile,

Whispering unholy rhymes

As it coils over the ill-fated,

Feasting on her loathsome soul,

He pulls her towards The Black Place,

Where her last remain,

But a hostile shadow,

May,

Lay expiring in the Archfiend's grasp,

Forever.

The place,

Immence and foreboding.

She,

The unsanctified,  
Confused and apathetic,  
Watches.  
Searing Hellfire,  
Engulfing impoverished souls.  
The entities ruthlessly bound  
Against the rotting Palace.  
Bereaved eyes  
Peircing through the phantom  
As she enters The Black Place,  
Where her last remain,  
But a hostile shadow,  
Will,  
Lay expiring in the Archfiend's grasp,  
Forever.  
Spitting on her with venomous words  
As he relentlessly imprisons Gabrielle  
In the repulsive shackles.  
Darkness.  
No soft tick of her once wholesome heart.  
Only,  
The morbid screams of the enslaved  
Lingers here.  
This is The Black Place,  
Where her last remain,

But a hostile shadow,  
Is,  
Expiring in the Archfiend's grasp.  
A drink,  
So lowly.  
Faceless,  
Heartless,  
Condemned to The Embers,  
Eternity.  
Written by Maggie Garten ~2006~