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שׂט ן

The beautiful son of dawn, the powerful morning star
bringer of light and wisdom, fallen and forsaken
expelled and still he carries on, he leads on

What was once shining pride, is still scorned pride
what used to be soft now is steel
eyes that smiled in the grace of god
now burn like stars in the shadow of man
still fixed on the same spot, still resting there

What was joy now is determination
a servant now in command, now a leader

that which was grace now is hate
and the swift love is a burning desire
the accuser that became more, adversary!

There is no gray-scale, there is no middle
only one knows the sole line of the endless border
between what we want and what we cannot have
and the rich are the ones that know where to wish

The bringers of wisdom accuse in your name,
alas, even the followers never could comprehend
that you will carry the world as the adversary
accuser of men, the trial of faith, and the loneliness.

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