



the hell role,

The mother of the Jutes, she's named - Tread night ebersiter  
the earth.

Dressed in a robe of virgin white, ribbons in my hair  
About my waist a belt of hide, a bronze sword tucked,  
A woman clad in scarlet robes, talks me on a trail,  
A rattlebox I carry, too, to rare perepleves veel.

The tunnel's long, and ~~how~~ <sup>scarily</sup> hives, full as I ~~walk~~ <sup>crawl</sup>  
Screams + bleats follow me, the ~~sacred~~ <sup>my</sup> hue unto the dead.  
The ~~suddenly~~ <sup>suddenly</sup> healer slows, how did the lands come ~~to~~ <sup>just?</sup>

It's throat is slit, and by force flows, I feel my spirit uned.

The sylph stands in ~~crimson~~ <sup>scarlet</sup> robes, and offers a decree.  
- The left ~~part~~ <sup>part</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> Tortorus, if ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> right ~~leads~~ <sup>leads</sup> to the hewed perephone, Elysium our good,  
Tally your choice, says she, as she fulfills her role.

I follow the woman, we ~~seem~~ <sup>seem</sup> the slyx eancant Cheron  
wants.

Ferried across the river a Cerebus guards the gates,  
Three heads, all borb, echo round my mind.  
But sylph calms the demon, to her he seems sold.

I lead my sacred rattlebox, and step into the room  
Its dark e evil broods in hear and the snoll egle  
He say my sword will word of spurs, that try to call  
emph on me ~~here~~

But a form appears be-ignee, 'father!' help me in my  
Sin.