

"I gave you life eternal," Caine
cried,

"And you have defiled it!

I gave you dominion over mortal
men, and you have abused it!

"What shall I give you now?

What justice suits you, my errant
children,

That you would destroy the ones
who gave you life?

"For what you have done I will
curse you all

Not merely with a handful of
words,

But each according to his nature,

Each one according to his crime.

Let my curse reign in his blood
forever.

Let it be passed down through
his embrace,

To each of childer, and to their
children in turn.

"And if the night comes when
you forget my words,

And tempt my wrath anew,

Then will I awaken the curse
within you

And it shall lay you low,

Low as the worms that crawl in
the dust."



Behold, she who thought of
Nothing but her own fleeting
Pleasure,
Shall by her own pleasure be
Enslaved.

He who took no action, but
Abandoned others to their fate,
Shall be himself outcast, and
Trusted by no one.

She who claimed innocence
Because The Beast ruled
her shall be slave
to the Beast forever.

She who used the wild beasts for
allies in her killing
Shall become a beast herself, so
that all men revile her.



He, who sought to hide his
monstrous deeds
Shall become monstrous
in visage,
and doomed to dwell
in offal and darkness

He who reveled
in the darkness of
his own foul hunger
Shall be bound to that darkness
forever, kin to the most vile,
accursed by God.

He who loved death for death's
own sake
Shall wear death's countenance
for all to see and fear.

Behold my darkest childe, who
killed with shadows.
Let the shadows veil his soul, so
that all may now his crime.

Behold my proudest childe,
whose own pride
betrayed him.

Let the blood of the humble
sicken him, and give him no
sustenance.

Behold my most loveless childe,
who fed upon his brother's pain.
Let him know equal torment in
any domain but his own.

Behold my most deadly childe,
who loved murder
for its own sake.
Let him be addicted
to the taste of killing,
so that all may fear
and loathe him.

Behold my most foolish childe,
who claimed madness for his
pleasure.
Let him become mad
in truth, so
That all may fear his company.

When he had spoken thus, the
night was still and hushed

And not one dared to speak.

Yet there was one to whom he
had not spoken

And all eyes turned to him.

Gentle Saulot, whose ways were
of healing,

And who had sought to staunch
the flow of blood

In sire and in childe alike.

“You I shall not curse,” Caine
said, “for you alone were
steadfast.