

No Family to love and care
A will that has been broken again and again
From a simple man to a priest who attended his duties well
To a madman who yelled and suffered in pure darkness.

No voice to cry or suffer no more
No allegiance to command or order
He was born as a man who ascended through pain and luck.

In some places now they speak of a man
Who is no longer a human.
Mastered some aspects of thaumatology
And the darkness that surrounded him

They speak of a man who has been praised many times but also shunned
Who can have a loving heart and the heart of a monster?
A man who has an infernal orchestra playing in his head
An orchestra that never stopped playing

The Man when he looks at himself sometimes sheds a tear
For he realizes he sold his humanity
That he shall never be human again
That he shall never be normal again

They speak of a Higher being
Who mastered the void.
Who mastered the bending of reality.
Who now looks like a beast from the depths of darkness

But for the Beast, he knows one thing
He is someone
Or was someone who had a name