The blood of the temple tells a story. Two men born of the same entrails.

NERGAL: Force and meanness.

VERGIL: Weakness and wisdom.

Crying for the wasted blood.

The weak man kills the strong one
Breaking the blood lines
Devil May Cry

NERGAL snatched VERGIL's art, Stealing from him his unique force. The jealousies that dye the soil with blood... Blocked up with anger watching his stained hands He will not palliate your weakness nevermore

Contemplating the last days of every human being... Watching a night full of stars and a dead moon... A rose without petals...

Crying for the wasted blood.

The weak man kills the strong one
Breaking the blood lines
Devil May Cry

Screaming under NERGAL's body,
He dragged an eternal ballast.
VERGIL's soul was condemned forever
After a hundred years he waits for a chance to change the past.

Crying for the wasted blood.

The weak man kills the strong one
Breaking the blood lines
Devil May Cry

One thousand years... alone... He will walk across the earth... With his painfull memories.

Trying to forgive himself... day by day