

Inferno III / IV

War from a Harlots Mouth

Through me you pass into the city of woe
Through me you pass into eternal pain
All hope abandon, ye who enter here

Accents of anger, voices hoarse
Made up a tumult that forever whirls

From his bounds heaven drove them forth
Hell receives them

No hope may entertain
The tribe of those ill spirits both
To god displeasing and to his foes

Mercy and justice scorn them both
God and their parents they blasphemed

Drawn to the cursed strand
That every man must pass
Who fears not god

Charon, demoniac form
With eyes of burning coal
Collects them all

Now let us to the blind world there beneath
And entering the first circle that surrounds the abyss
No plaint was heard, except of sighs
Not caused by tortures, but from grief
For these defects and for no other evil
We are lost, desiring without hope

And to a part I come where no light shines