

See those weird and ghastly forms,  
Hear the monarch of Hell's storms !

Crash, crash, crash !

Hear the thunder's bruising rattle,  
As though Hell-hounds sped to battle !

Dash, dash, dash !

Glowing eyes, with scalps asunder,  
Heated tongues, with starting blisters ;  
Shrivell'd lips—agape in wonder,

Front the stream which redly glisters.

Groans and sighs,

Wildly rise ;

Meteors flash and sprinkle stings ;

Quivering hearts feel each strong ray ;

Ha ! that vile pool hotly flings

Ever-burning Hell-born spray !

See them rush, with awe-struck mien,

From that everlasting scene !

But the race is never run ;

How it circles round their path ;

See yon hot and fiery sun,

See yon faintly beaming stars,

Peep through grated, glittering bars ;

How all run, run, run !

" Oh, I feel a sickening madness,

Such a drear and utter sadness

Thrill my brain.

Demons near me, near me, near me ;

Starting eye-balls roughly sere me ;