

The Supplication of Samyaza: The Father of the Nephelim

“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown . . .” Genesis 6:4 (KJV)

Scribe of the mighty and terrible Lord,
I beg, give ear and record these sayings:
In the day I stood at the throne of Him
Who perceives all and takes not action, but
Deals punishment after the transgression,
I took to arms with the holy seven
Against the lustfully impudent thanes
Of that failed, rogue usurper, Lucifer.
I, beside Michael, who now bares witness
Against my comrades and I as well as
My own family,
Bound and cast out those
Traitorous to our creator's high throne.

Remind him, oh Scribe, that I too was there
When he modeled man after his own kind.
I listen as the the first born of a new
Race named all the first born of the new world.

How often I wished the man hadn't been
Lonely and needed the aid of a mate.
How often I wished I hadn't looked at
Her, and wondered why I couldn't look away.
She was liken to no other creature
Upon the surface, below or above.

Yet, I was not the only one looking.
It was not I, but shameful Gadrel who
Went to find her in the garden and told
Her in a forked whisper, "You shall surely
Not die." What would she know of truths and lies?
It was not I, but wicked Azazyel
Who put a blunt instrument into a jealous
Brother's hand and asked "Are you your brother's
Keeper?" What would he know of pain and loss?
It was not I, but damnable Yekun
Who excited our ears with the woman's
blaz'on, and said to us, "Look how fair the
Daughters of men are. Come, let us make wives
Of them and make children such as men do."
And Kesabel who incited evil
Counsel to us to corrupt our bodies
Such that we could take on man's appearance.

Oh, had I not looked upon the beauty
Of this one creation I would remain
In the peace of silence.

But I did look.

Holy Lord, forgive me!

Ask him, oh Scribe

Please forgive me for wanting her for mine
Own. For exchanging her for my service
To him.

I could not have her, so I looked
Among her daughters for she who is like
Her mother. I became flesh for this one
And married her. I slumbered not, whilst in
His service. But in her, I did find rest.
In my sleep I uttered the secrets of

My master, and her kin heard and began
To develop these words in sorceries.
how could I have known the wickedness of
Men? How corrupt their hearts and minds can be!

Tell him, oh Scribe, that I wanted her in
Want of him. For she among no other
Can bring forth the life of his own image
Either by the dust of the earth or the
blood of the body, in them is all things.

Tell him, Scribe, though I be the head of those
200, no fallen, within Hell's keep,
This darkened place devoid of taste or smell,
This tormented valley of barren trees
Grassless dales, emptied streams, filled with only
Our endless lamentations and each other,
My petitions are not for us alone.
I beg for the souls of my little ones.
I knew not that all offspring of women
Are like her first born. Mine are innocent.
I beg, have mercy on them despite their
Delinquent human nature and sadden
Depravity.

Our kind need not drink blood.
But humans are insatiable with thirst.
Forgive them for the faults of their mother.

Scribe, if you should find audience with him,
Inform him, Sir, my sword rests on the earth
And I want to come back to His great house
To serve Him as I once did when I was
In the home of his favor, and silent.