The Seven Deadly Sins

A Descent Into the Sacred Darkness

Poems and Prayers of Deliverance
by Ronald Coone

These are not lessons.
They are awakenings.
Each sin a shadow
cast by the soul
longing to be seen.

Introduction

The Shadow in the Soul

This book is not a moral instruction manual. It is not a religious tract, nor a list of dos and don'ts carved in stone by self-righteous hands. It is a confrontation—a mirror turned toward the darkest corners of the human soul. This is a descent into the heart of the Seven Deadly Sins, not to condemn, but to expose. Not to lecture, but to reveal.

The concept of the Seven Deadly Sins has long been diluted by time and doctrine. Once feared as the spiritual diseases of mankind, they have been reduced to cartoon devils and shallow metaphors. But beneath the distortion, the truth remains. The sins are real—not merely as theological abstractions, but as spiritual forces, psychological patterns, and cultural rot. They are the timeless diseases of the inner world, wearing modern masks, moving freely through sanctuaries, governments, screens, and prayers.

Each sin—Lust, Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Wrath, Envy, and Pride—represents more than immoral behavior. They are manifestations of inner imbalance. They are betrayals of sacred purpose. And they are alive. Not as mythic monsters, but as inherited shadows passed down through generations. Each one is capable of dressing itself in virtue, calling itself freedom, ambition, love, rest. They are spiritual paradoxes—perversions of divine instinct.

This work is both poetic and philosophical. Each sin is explored through the lens of free verse—a raw, powerful unraveling of symbolism, spirituality, madness, and revelation. These poems are not sanitized; they are meant to stir the spirit, to provoke discomfort, and to challenge the modern mind that has grown too numb, too proud, or too distracted to examine itself honestly.

The voice of this book is one of sacred rebellion—one that speaks from the margins, where prophets are cast out and mystics burn with unspoken truths. These pages cry out against the hypocrisy of hollow religion, the corruption of institutions, and the slow spiritual death of a world addicted to its own illusions. It is a warning and a wake-up call. It is scripture written in ash and mirror.

This is a book for those unafraid of darkness. For those who understand that true transformation does not come through denial, but through descent. To understand a sin is to take away its power. To name it, to see it clearly, to hold its image in the firelight and decide whether it owns you—or whether you are ready to rise.

There is no salvation without awareness.
There is no light without knowing the shape of the dark.

So we begin.
One sin at a time.
One descent at a time.
Not into hell—but into truth.

The Echoes Beneath Heaven

They were not born in Hell.
The Seven rose first among angels—
haloed thoughts, divine potentials,
pure in origin, like all things touched by fire.
But fire is hungry.
And the soul forgets.

They are not sins because they are loud—
but because they whisper.
Because they clothe themselves in light
and walk into the temple wearing God's name.
They smile in the mirror,
hide in daily rituals,
and wait beneath the heartbeat,
patient as vultures in velvet.

This is not a sermon.
This is not salvation.
This is the anatomy of falling.

Each sin has a face—
not a beast, but a mirror.
And when you stare long enough,
it becomes your own.

Lust, the fevered kiss that burns through covenant.
Gluttony, the hunger that devours the sacred.
Greed, the endless want that trades divinity for dust.
Sloth, the silence that lets demons speak unopposed.
Wrath, the fire that forgets its purpose and consumes.
Envy, the rot of unloved reflection.
Pride, the first rebellion—still dressed in light.

You have seen them.
In pulpits and prisons,
in war songs and wedding vows,
in cathedrals of gold and in quiet, rotting hearts.

They are not stories. They are not metaphors.
They are *real*.
Not in flesh—but in spirit,
and the spirit moves behind every headline,
beneath every crown,
between every breath.

This book is a descent.
A journey through the ruined chapel of the soul,
each stained glass shattered,
each echo louder than the last.

Do not look for demons.
They wear your hands.
They speak in your voice.
They know your name
because they grew inside you.

These pages not written to moralize
but to *reveal*.
This is the smoke behind the sermon,
the shadow behind the doctrine.
This is the truth most preachers fear to preach:
That the war is not outside.

It is within.

And the seven gates stand open.

Welcome.

Epigraph

Et Lux in Tenebris Lucet
(And the light shines in the darkness)

Before the fall was a question.
Before the crown was the mirror.
And before sin—was the hunger to be more than we were made to be.

They warned of demons in deserts and fire in the afterlife,
but never told us that the true inferno
burns quietly beneath the skin.

There is no virtue without the choice to sin.
No holiness that has not faced hell.

The sins are not chains, but doors.
You walk through them in secret,
and they never shut behind you.

Every sin is a sacred truth,
twisted just far enough to forget the light.

Beware the men who scream of righteousness—
they have learned to sin without trembling.

The devil does not tempt with horns,
but with a kiss,
a crown,

a soft bed,
a hunger with no name.

Chapter One: Lust

The First Descent – Hunger Without a Name

Symbol: The Flame Behind the Eyes

Not the candle of love, nor the hearth of union—
but the wildfire that devours the house.
Lust is not about the flesh—

it is about forgetting that the flesh was ever sacred.

It wears the skin of desire, but it is deeper than desire.
It is possession without permission.
It is the mirror with no reflection, the appetite with no face,
the touch that does not reach the soul.

Lust is a ghost in the blood—
an ache that calls itself pleasure,
a scream that enters softly and exits hollow.

Where love binds, lust dissolves.
Where union uplifts, lust consumes.
It is not a sin of passion.
It is the absence of presence.



Beneath silk and skin lies something older than desire—a hunger that speaks in moans and mirrors, a holy ache distorted by touch without soul. Lust is not the act, but the abandonment; the sacred made spectacle, the altar turned into stage. It doesn't ask for love, only surrender. You don’t fall into Lust—you are devoured by it, eyes open, lips parted, drowning in a fire that leaves no ashes behind.

The Hunger Named Lust

Lust is not love—
it is the body without covenant,
a mouth without memory,
a kiss made of knives.

It is the serpent slithering through your spine,
hissing the gospel of heat,
curling in the dark like a lit fuse
waiting to ignite your temples,
your thighs,
your prayer.

It speaks in the rhythm of hips,
in the sweat between vows,
in the broken hallelujahs gasped under strangers.
It preaches pleasure
but never satisfaction,
a high without holiness,
a scream without meaning.

Lust is the altar built on flesh,
where desire kneels
but never repents.

It paints the saints with bare skin,
replaces rosaries with ropes,
tears scripture into satin moans.

It is the eye that feeds the fire,
the hand that hunts in darkness,
the soul that forgets itself
for ten minutes of glory.

It drinks your hunger
and offers only hunger back—
a promise that deepens,
but never delivers.

It is not the flame—
it is the burning without light,
a fever without healing.

Lust dresses in crimson psalms
and whispers divine blasphemies,
a false Pentecost of pulse and pulse and pulse,
until your spirit collapses
in the arms of smoke.

Commentary: The Sacred War of Flesh

Lust is rarely recognized in a world that worships it.
We call it liberation, expression, freedom—
but it is often escape.
It is the refusal to face the void within,
so we fill it with bodies, illusions, friction.

True lust is not about beauty or connection.
It is about hunger. Endless, bottomless hunger.
And like all great lies, it masquerades as truth.

Lust doesn't always look like pornography.
Sometimes it walks in as romance,
sometimes as power,
sometimes as a desperate need to be seen.

But no matter how it dresses, it leaves the same ruin:
Emptiness in the aftermath.
Desire that devours the one who carries it.
A soul that grows numb from having never truly touched another.

This is not a condemnation of love or sex or longing.
This is a confrontation with distortion—
with the hollow echo of sacred passion,
twisted by self-obsession, by spiritual disconnection.

Lust is the fire that teaches us:
to touch someone is to touch God—
and to forget that
is the true fall.

Deliverance from Lust

A Prayer for the Burning Flesh

O you flame that wears perfume,
you serpent beneath silk sheets,
you smile carved in temptation—
I name you,
and I banish you.

I will not be undone
by the ghost of a touch,
by the godless chorus of mouths
that promise pleasure
but bring only absence.

I am not skin alone.
I am not the hunger in your eyes
or the drip of need in my own.
I am the one who walks through fire
and remembers the soul.

You cannot have me.
Not tonight.
Not in the mirror,
not in the sweat-drenched dream,
not in the prayer turned moan.

I unweave the spell of wanting.
I break the altar of the body
where nothing sacred was ever kept.
I burn the idol made of hips and lips
and rise from its ash without guilt.

Let no false ecstasy bind me.
Let no empty climax bury my truth.
Let the flesh learn reverence
and the heart recall its fire.

Lust, I see you—
and I am not yours.

Chapter Two: Gluttony

The Second Descent – The Hunger That Consumes the Hungry

Symbol: The Mouth That Devours the World

Gluttony is not just excess—

it is desperation disguised as appetite.
It is the lie that more will fill the hole.
It is the spiritual black hole behind every addiction,
the silent scream for enough
that never arrives.

It does not only feast on food—
but on attention, noise, novelty, validation,
on anything that delays the moment we must sit
in silence with ourselves.

The sin of Gluttony is not the indulgence—
it is the absence of reverence.
To consume without gratitude is to desecrate the sacred.
To gorge while the soul starves is to forget we are made of breath,
not just flesh.



If Lust is hunger for flesh, Gluttony is hunger for *everything else*. Not just food—but excess, the refusal of limits, the endless taking in. It is the sin of too much, of the bottomless belly, the soul stretched wide to bursting.

There is a silence inside Gluttony that no amount of feasting can fill. It is not hunger for food—it is hunger for *absence*, for noise to drown out the void. Every bite is an exorcism, every indulgence a prayer whispered to a god of excess. The body becomes the altar, the appetite the priest. You don’t eat to live anymore—you consume to forget, to numb, to vanish beneath the weight of your own wanting.

The God of Fullness

Gluttony is the swollen altar,
built on bones and grease and the breath of beasts.
It is the mouth that never closes,
the hands that never stop reaching,
the eyes that gorge on more
even as the belly bursts.

It is not hunger—
hunger is holy.
Gluttony is the perversion of hunger,
the lie that more will make you whole.
It is the gospel of excess
written in blood,
salt,
sugar,
flesh,
fat,
noise,
clicks,
feeds,
scrolls,
moremoremore—
a choir of consumption that never prays,
only chews.

It is the sacred desecrated into buffet lines,
truth buried beneath wrappers,
wisdom drowned in drink,
compassion bloated and heavy
on couches of denial.

Gluttony sings in supermarkets
and screams in golden arches.
It howls through highways of plastic wrappers
and glows in vending machine halos.
It worships the false god of *Enough*,
but prays only to *Too Much*.

It is the beast beneath banquet tables,
its belly dragging through oil and ash,
devouring not just food
but silence, space, restraint—
devouring the very emptiness
where spirit might have grown.

It is the child who cries with a full mouth,
the saint who preaches while feasting on gold,
the addict praying at the altar of one more hit,
one more bite,
one more swallow of the void.

Gluttony does not feed the body—
it feeds the absence.
And in the end,
it devours you too.

Commentary: The Weight of Emptiness

Gluttony is the modern religion.
It preaches from screens,
serves communion in drive-thru lines,
chants the liturgy of *more, now, again*.
And its altar is everywhere.

This sin is more subtle than it appears.
It hides beneath celebration.
It smiles through advertisements.
It tells us to indulge because we've earned it,
because the world is hard, because we deserve something sweet—
but what we truly crave cannot be swallowed.

Gluttony is the rebellion against stillness.
The fear that if we stop consuming,
we might feel the aching void beneath our skin.

In truth, it is a sacred hunger turned inward.
A soul crying to be fed,
nourished, held, remembered.

But the mouth opens,
and opens,
and opens again—
until we become the feast,
until we forget
we were made to taste heaven.

Deliverance from Gluttony

A Prayer for the Hollow Feast

You who feed the wound with sugar,
you who silence the ache with salt and fat and more
—
I see you.
I name you.
I spit your excess from my tongue.

You came to me as comfort,
but you wore the face of a lie.
You whispered: *"Fill the void."*
But the void only grew,
and I only forgot myself
one bite at a time.

You turned hunger into worship,
the table into a grave.
You buried my stillness in indulgence,
buried my breath beneath the weight
of what I could not stop swallowing.

But I rise now,
not starved, but sovereign.
I will not numb.
I will not gorge on forgetting.

I will sit with the pain—
not feed it.

Let the plate be bare,
let the hunger speak.
Let me crave only what is holy,
only what makes me whole.

No more will I eat the silence.
No more will I devour the dark.

I bless the hunger that remains—
the hunger that leads me home.

Chapter Three: Greed

The Third Descent – The Clenched Fist of the Spirit

Symbol: The Closed Hand



Greed is not the love of gold—
it is the fear of loss.
It is the illusion that what we hold can shield us from death,
from emptiness,
from becoming nothing.

Greed builds walls and calls them kingdoms.
It counts blessings like coins, hoards them like secrets,
locks them in vaults made of skin and bone.

It is the refusal to trust abundance.
It is the orphaned child in the rich man's heart,
still terrified that love must be earned
and beauty must be owned.

It is the lie of permanence.
The ache to capture the river in your hands
while it bleeds between your fingers.

If Gluttony is the hunger of the body and Lust the hunger of the flesh, **Greed is the hunger of possession**—the desire to **own**, to **hoard**, to **control** the world through accumulation. It does not want *enough*—it wants *everything*. Greed is sterile, sharp, calculating. It smiles with gold teeth and chokes with invisible hands.

Greed is the slow tightening of the soul around possession. It begins not with a scream but with a whisper: *More.* The sacred becomes currency, people become tools, and the heart beats only for what it does not have. It is the golden noose disguised as ambition, the hunger that grows even as the mouth is full. Greed does not crave wealth—it devours worth. And it leaves you surrounded by everything… except meaning.

The Kingdom of Mine

Greed wears silk stitched with suffering,
a crown of foreclosure and sweatshop lace.
It moves through boardrooms
with the grace of a serpent,
whispers in ledgers,
builds temples of credit
and names them salvation.

It is the fist that cannot unclench—
the vault sealed even from sunlight.
It is not the need for survival,
but the lust for dominion,
the disease that calls itself ambition.

Greed sees beauty and buys it,
sees land and fences it,
sees people and prices them.
It drinks the ocean
and demands more salt.
It carves its name into mountain and man
until everything echoes *mine mine mine*.

It is the god of ownership,
the prophet of scarcity,
turning abundance into battlefield—
turning community into competition.
It raises cities with no soul,
sells futures it does not own,
and grinds the bones of dreamers
to dust for dividends.

Greed feeds on fear—
the fear of losing,
the fear of lack,
the fear that someone, somewhere,
might have enough.

It smiles in silence
while children starve beneath skyscrapers,
while elders rot beside oil wells,
while the Earth itself gasps
beneath plastic tombstones.

It is not wealth.
It is not desire.
It is the rot beneath both—
a hunger for control disguised as success,
a soul sold
for zeros that multiply like mold.

Greed does not take—
it conquers.
And in the end,
it stands alone
on a mountain of ashes
and calls it heaven.

Commentary: The Starvation of Ownership

Greed does not ask, *"What do I need?"*
It asks, *"What can I take?"*
It whispers in a thousand languages: **Mine. More. Now.**

This sin wears many masks—
ambition, security, legacy, vision.
But beneath them all is fear.
Fear that the world is not enough. Fear that we are not enough.

Greed is the worship of accumulation.
Not because we love things—
but because we hate the idea of being vulnerable without them.

It is the collector of souls, the empire of the self, the tomb built while still alive.

And yet, all that is held
will eventually be pried loose by time,
by rot,
by death.

Greed is not defeated by charity.
It is not solved by giving things away.
It is only destroyed when the soul remembers:
we were never made to own anything.
Only to receive,
to share,
to return.

Deliverance from Greed

A Prayer for the Hollow Hands

O devourer of gold and breath,
you architect of empty empires,
I see the hunger in your eyes—
and I close the vault of my soul.

You taught me to grasp,
to clutch beauty in clenched fists,
to count love in coins
and measure power in ownership.

You made the world into a ledger
and called it success.
You made my heart a market
and sold off my silence.

But I am not yours.
I will not gather
what I must guard with fear.
I will not hoard joy
until it rots in my keeping.

I open my hands.
Let it go—
the weight,
the want,
the lie.

I will walk empty
if emptiness means peace.
I will give
until I am no longer haunted
by what I do not have.

Greed, you are a cage
disguised as a crown.
I choose the wilderness
over your golden chains.

What is mine will come.
What is not will pass.
And I will remain—
unclaimed.

Chapter Four: Sloth

The Fourth Descent – The Silence That Refuses to Sing

Symbol: The Withered Flame

Sloth is not sleep.
It is the refusal to awaken.

It is not idleness.
It is the deep betrayal of the soul's calling—
the sacred echo ignored,
the song unsung.

Sloth does not move slowly.
It does not move at all.
It waits, and waits, and waits—
until purpose decays.

It is the slow death of meaning,
a suffocation masked as comfort.
It is the dimming of the inner light
until the whole temple is dark.



Sloth, the slowest, coldest of sins. Not laziness, not mere fatigue, but **spiritual apathy**, the willful refusal to rise. Sloth is the great silence, the sacred undone through indifference. It is **the decay of purpose**, the shrug in the face of suffering, the yawn while the world burns.

There is a kind of death that moves without sound—Sloth is its breath. Not laziness, but the soul's withdrawal from itself, a spiritual apathy so deep it drowns revelation in sleep. It is surrender in slow motion, holy purpose unraveling in silence. The world moves, but you do not. The stars call, but you turn your face. And somewhere, deep in the marrow, the divine weeps for the fire that never chose to burn.

The Hollowing

Sloth is not sleep—
it is the refusal to wake.
It is the sacred spark snuffed
not by violence,
but by forgetting it was ever lit.

It wears a thousand masks:
couch cushions,
scroll holes,
soft nihilism in pastel tones.
It whispers in the soul,
Why bother?,
What's the point?,
Let it rot.

Sloth is the slow suicide,
the holy turned idle,
the prophet who stopped speaking
because the words felt like work.

It is not rest—
rest is holy.
Sloth is the rot in the root,
the mold in the mind,
the decay of dream beneath blankets of distraction.

It is the dust on the altar,
the unopened letter from God,
the silence after the scream
when no one came running
and you decided you never would again.

Sloth is the hourglass left unturned.
It sees pain and scrolls past,
sees injustice and says,
"Someone else will."
It is the erosion of passion
in a world that keeps screaming
Wake up
and hearing only snooze buttons.

Sloth does not kill—
it lets die.
It lets rot.
It lets fade.
And that is murder just the same.

It is the death of fire
before the wood even caught.
It is Eden ignored,
the gate left open,
the serpent slithering by
as you look the other way.

It is the sin of *nothing.*
Of what you did not say,
did not build,
did not become.

Sloth does not destroy—
it erases,
until there is
nothing left to destroy.

Commentary: The Quiet Suicide

Sloth is the sin of those who feel too much.
It is not born from emptiness,
but from an overwhelming flood
of meaning, pain, pressure, and expectation.

And so, the soul shuts down. Turns away. Stops moving.

Sloth is a hidden despair.
A sacred rebellion turned inward, a scream that says,
“I can’t. I won’t. Let the world pass me by.”

But this sin is not gentle.
It eats like rust. It dulls the blade of the spirit,
erases the voice of the self, turns the fire of divine purpose
into ashes too tired to stir.

Sloth is not rest. It is decay disguised as peace.

It is not stillness. It is surrender to meaninglessness.

The cure is not motion.
The cure is remembrance—
that the soul was made to burn,
to create, to rise, even if trembling.

Deliverance from Sloth

A Prayer for the Sleeping Flame

O velvet shadow,
you whisperer of stillness without peace,
you thief who wraps my bones in apathy—
I name you.
I rise.

You came not to rest me
but to erase me.
Not to soothe,
but to smother.
Not to offer stillness,
but to bury me alive
in the quiet ache of nothing.

You dressed yourself in silence,
but you silenced the sacred.
You told me not to move,
and I believed you.
You said the world could wait—
but it did not.

And now I remember:
there is work to be done,
a fire to be tended,
a life to be lived
in motion.

I will not sleep
while the stars are screaming.
I will not fold my hands
while the divine still breathes in me.

Sloth, I unshackle my will.
I break your lullaby with my cry.
Let the sacred unrest stir me.
Let my limbs obey the soul again.

Let me rise
not in haste,
but in holy purpose.

For I was not made
to fade.

Chapter Five: Wrath

The Fifth Descent – The Fire That Burns Its Own Altar

Symbol: The Broken Sword

Wrath is not power.
It is pain, untransformed.

It is the sword meant to protect,
turned inward, outward, every direction—
until nothing is left but smoke and teeth.

It wears the armor of righteousness,
but it has no heart beneath.

Wrath is the holy fire untethered.
It is thunder without rain,
a fist thrown at the sky
because the earth wouldn't listen.

It is not anger—anger is sacred.
Wrath is anger without a soul.



Wrath; It's the soul waking up *wrong*, howling instead of healing. Wrath is the first response of the spirit recognizing its cage, but choosing to burn rather than escape. In the structure of our journey, it's the violent breaking point—*the storm before the mirror of Envy* and the cold crown of Pride.

Wrath is a sacred fire untamed—a broken holiness that seeks not justice, but obliteration. It is born in betrayal and raised in silence, a heat so pure it blinds the soul that carries it. Do not mistake it for strength. It

is a wound dressed in armor, a sword forged from old pain. Wrath speaks not in words, but in destruction, in the shattering of what cannot be forgiven. And it leaves behind a temple burned… and no god inside.

The Fire in My Throat Is Not a Sin

Wrath is not rage—
rage is honest.
Wrath is sacred fury twisted,
a volcano crowned in prophecy
and drowning in blood.

It begins in the gut,
where injustice coils like smoke—
silent,
until the body becomes a furnace
and the soul spits flame.

It is the sermon turned scream,
the prayer turned war cry,
the lamb turned lion,
teeth red from the breaking.

Wrath remembers every slight,
every bruise named silence,
every noose called justice.
It counts them like beads,
a rosary of retaliation,
each Hail Mary sharpened to a blade.

It is fire denied God,
light without direction—
and so it burns the wrong things:
homes,
hearts,
whole histories.

It's a love so angry
it forgets itself,
a cry for truth
that becomes execution.

Wrath doesn't whisper.
It floods the streets,
it tears through bloodlines,
it flips tables in temples
and forgets why it was angry
long after the world is ash.

It is the ghost of justice
screaming through broken teeth,
the scream that says,
"If no one will listen,
then let them burn."

And yet—
beneath every inferno,
a wounded child
still waits to be held.

Commentary: Divine Fire Without Light

We often mistake wrath for strength—
but true strength knows how to *choose*.

Wrath chooses nothing. It reacts. It explodes. It devours.

This sin is rooted in wound.
It is the voice that was silenced too long,
the justice denied, the child struck and never held.

But wrath cannot heal. It only repeats the wound—louder, sharper,
more sacred than it knows.

It tells itself,
“This is what God feels when He sees sin.”
But this is not divine rage.
This is human fire, corrupted by ego,
inflamed by hurt,
and sanctified by self-delusion.

Wrath turns warriors into tyrants. Prophets into executioners.
It drinks from the holy cup and spits poison.

The cure for wrath is not silence—
but compassion.
To see our enemies as wounds.
To see ourselves as wounded.

To wield the fire again—
but this time,
with light.

Deliverance from Wrath

A Prayer for the Broken Fire

O holy flame turned savage,
you who were born from betrayal,
shaped by wounds,
raised in silence—
I see you.
And I will not bow.

You promised justice
but delivered ruin.
You wrapped yourself in righteousness
and struck down everything
that dared to breathe near me.

You grew in my chest
like a second heart,
beating blood into my hands,
blinding my eyes with vengeance
disguised as strength.

But I am not your weapon.
I am not your wound.
I carry the pain,
but I do not need to bleed the world for it.

Wrath, you will not wear my face.
You will not speak through my mouth.
You will not poison my peace
to feed your flame.

I burn you now—
not with hatred,
but with light.
The fire is mine again,
tempered,
truthful,
still wild,
but no longer lost.

I forgive the wound.
I bury the blade.
And I walk away
unburned.

Chapter Six: Envy

The Sixth Descent – The Eye That Cannot Bless

Symbol: The Cracked Mirror

Envy is not admiration twisted—
it is reverence defiled.

It is the eye turned predator,
the soul looking outward
and wishing to unmake what it sees.

Envy does not want what you have—
it wants you *not* to have it.

It is the shadow that clings
to another's light,
the cracked mirror
that blames the world
for its own broken reflection.



Envy; The sin that watches through the cracks, gnaws in silence, and *smiles with clenched teeth*. This isn't just wanting—it's **resentment weaponized**, a corrosion of joy at the sight of another's light. Where Wrath explodes, Envy erodes. Quiet. Toxic. Green-glinting and soul-thinning.

Envy is the gaze that corrupts beauty. It is a slow acid, eroding joy into resentment, twisting wonder into spite. The envious do not covet—they *loathe*. Not because they are empty, but because they are overflowing with the ache of not being seen. It is a shadow that clings to every light, a thirst that no mirror can quench. You do not want what they have—you want them punished for having it.

Green is the Color of My Hunger

I watched them rise—
not with awe,
but with acid.
Their light burned holes in my chest
and I called it unfair,
called it God's mistake,
called it mine
for not being them.

Envy does not scream—
it *simmers*.
It's the cold side-eye in the pew,
the silent subtraction of another's joy
from the ledger of your worth.

It is comparison as religion,
a prayer muttered through clenched teeth,
"Why them, not me?"
"What do they have I don't?"
"What do they see that I can't?"

Envy walks in your skin,
whispers behind your mirror,
turns your reflection
into someone else's face.

It grows teeth in the soul
and chews through blessings
until even your gifts
taste like ash.

It is the sin that smiles.
Claps for others
with hands hidden behind its back,
palms bleeding
from fingernails digging in.

Envy never dances—
it watches others do so
and judges their rhythm,
hating their freedom
because your feet are nailed to the floor.

It does not want *things*—
it wants *thrones*,
wants faces,
wants the laughter of those
whose laughter you've mistaken
for your failure.

It is rot disguised as longing,
a hunger with no mouth
and too many eyes.

And in the end,
it devours you,
not them.

Commentary: The Soul That Starves on Others' Bread

Envy is the thief of presence. It kills joy not just in the envied, but in the self.

To envy is to confess we have forgotten the soul's uniqueness.
It is to scream into the heavens,
"I am not enough. Why are they?"

This sin grows silently, like mold behind a smiling face.
It infects art, love, prayer, peace— until all we see is what we lack,
and all we feel is what others are.

Envy does not create.
It dismantles.
It critiques beauty into dust.
It builds nothing, loves nothing, heals nothing—
but it destroys with elegance.

And still, it is deeply human.
To feel envy is to ache for affirmation.
To ache for proof that we are seen, and worthy.

But the cure is not to deny the ache—
it is to awaken from the illusion
that another's light dims our own.

Envy vanishes
when the soul remembers
its own fire.

Deliverance from Envy

A Prayer for the Ungrasped Star

O silent thief of joy,
you whisperer of not-enough,
you who curve the heart into craving
what was never mine to carry—
I call you out.
And I cast you off.

You dressed yourself in admiration
but spoke in curses.
You taught me to count
what others had,
to measure my light
against their blaze.

You made beauty a contest,
blessings a wound.
You turned my eyes outward
until I forgot
the fire beneath my own skin.

But I remember now.
I remember my name.

I remember my path—
twisted and trembling,
but mine.
And no other soul can walk it.

I release the poison glance.
I silence the whisper
that says I am less.
I gather the shattered mirrors
and bury them deep.

Let others rise—
I will not shrink.
Let others shine—
I will not fade.

I will plant my own light
and let it grow wild.
Envy, your hunger
has no more home here.

I am enough.
And I am free.

Chapter Seven: Pride

This is the end and the beginning.

The Seventh Descent – The Throne That Consumes Its King

Symbol: The Crown of Thorns

Pride does not shout.
It proclaims in silence: *"I am above."*

It is the altar built not for worship—
but for self.
The sacred name spoken
with the voice of a tyrant.

Pride is not confidence.
It is divinity rewritten
in the image of ego.

It wears robes of wisdom,
recites sacred texts,
and bows to no one.

Pride is the serpent in the sanctuary,
the golden idol made in our own image,
the fire that refuses to kneel.



Pride is the architect of the fall, the oldest whisper in the Garden, the shining crown that turns to thorns the moment you believe it's yours by right.
It is the **father of all sin**, not loud or violent—*divine in disguise*, seductive in silence.
Let's ascend—and descend—together.

Pride is the architect of the fall. It builds kingdoms of self, shrines to illusion, and crowns made of its own name. It fears submission more than death and bends the truth until it worships the mirror. Pride does not shout—it radiates. It walks with the stride of gods and forgets the dust beneath its feet. The higher it rises, the further it forgets the divine it claims to mirror. And when it falls, the silence is holy.

The Throne Was Built on Mirrors

Pride never knocks—
it carves its name on the doorframe
and waits for you to welcome yourself home.

It is the voice that says *I deserve*,
before you've bled,
before you've bowed.
It is the halo you forge
from your own reflection—
perfect, untouchable,
hollow as a drum.

Pride is not confidence—
confidence is earned.
Pride is stolen divinity,
a God-shaped hunger
in a man-made mouth.

It wears robes woven from applause,
crowns of unearned gold,
sits on a throne built on mirrors
so it can stare at itself
from every angle
and call the image holy.

It is the refusal to kneel
even when the soul is crumbling,
the lie that says,
"I am the beginning of truth."

It is the mask worn so long
you forget the face beneath—
and worse,
you think the mask was born with you.

Pride turns mercy into weakness,
turns questions into threats,
turns love into leverage.

It worships itself in cathedrals
built on bones,
names its shadow "righteous,"
names its hunger "destiny."

It rewrites your fall as flight,
your wound as weapon,
your solitude as sainthood.

But every throne tilts eventually—
every mirror cracks.
And when it does,
Pride does not scream.
It shatters
silently,
in the shape of your name.

Commentary: The Self as God

Pride is the mother of all sin.
It does not begin in blood or flesh or hunger, but in the refusal to bend.

Pride tells the soul, *"You need nothing. You owe nothing. You are enough—without them, without Him."*

It cloaks itself in independence, maturity, sovereignty—
but beneath the velvet is isolation, and the terror of ever being seen as small.

Pride cannot receive.
It cannot surrender.
It cannot forgive.

It keeps score in stone and calls it truth.
It mistakes resistance for strength, dominance for mastery, and worship for weakness.

But Pride dies alone.
Always.

It builds towers that touch the clouds but never the stars.

And the cure is the most terrifying act of all:
kneeling.

Not in shame, but in sacred remembrance
that we are dust, and breath, and flame.

And nothing belongs to us
but love.

Deliverance from Pride

A Prayer for the Fallen Throne

O sovereign of shadows,
you who sat in my chest
and called yourself god,
you builder of thrones from bones—
I cast you down.
I unmake your crown.

You crept in as confidence
but bloomed into delusion.
You whispered: *"You are above them,"*
and I believed you.
I forgot the dust
from which I rose.
I forgot the fire
was never mine to command.

You made me blind
to the trembling hands of others,
deaf to the weeping
just outside my temple door.
You taught me to climb
and to never look down.

But now I fall—
and in the falling
I am freed.

Let me shatter.
Let me kneel
without shame.
Let me remember
the holy art of humility.

Pride, your silence is broken.
Your throne is ashes.
I walk now
not as king,
but as servant of truth.

Let my greatness
be in my grace.
Let my name be nothing
but a breath among many.

And let the divine
rise in all,
not just in me.

Final Invocation

For the One Who Has Faced the Seven

You who have walked through fire,
who have named the darkness by its sacred names—
Lust, Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Wrath, Envy, Pride—
and found not damnation,
but mirrors…

You who did not turn away
when the sins spoke in your voice,
wore your face,
sank their claws into your want and your wound—
You are not fallen.
You are forged.

This book was not written
to bury you in shame.
It is not a sermon.
It is a spell.
A reckoning.
A map made in blood and ash
and holy refusal.

You were not made flawless.
You were made aware.

And awareness is the first altar.
The first blade.
The first freedom.

Let the sins return to the shadows
from which they came—
not banished,
but named.
Not feared,
but faced.
Not loved,
but understood.

Let this not be the end
but the opening of the eye
behind the eye.

Step forward.
Unbound.
Unmasked.
Unclaimed.

And carry no gospel
but the one written in your scars.

Appendix: The Sins Unveiled

Each of the Seven Deadly Sins is more than mere moral failing.
They are archetypes—ancient, persistent, born from fear, from hunger, from divine estrangement.
They are doors. This appendix is the key.

1. Lust – The Fire Without Rest

Symbol: Burning Heart, Serpent Tongue
Color: Crimson
Element: Fire
Spiritual Core: The yearning to dissolve into another, the hunger for ecstasy without intimacy.
Shadow Teaching: Lust devours love and replaces it with illusion. But when faced, it reveals the sacred longing to merge with the Divine.
Visual Representation: Coiled serpents, torn veils, open mouths, candle wax on skin.

2. Gluttony – The Feast That Consumes

Symbol: Hollow Chalice, Swollen Fruit
Color: Rot-Gold
Element: Earth
Spiritual Core: An endless consumption to silence the ache of emptiness.
Shadow Teaching: What we feed becomes us. Gluttony teaches that fullness cannot be swallowed, only remembered.
Visual Representation: Overturned goblets, banquet tables of decay, mouths without eyes.

3. Greed – The Grasping Fist

Symbol: Golden Chains, Black Coin
Color: Obsidian-Gold
Element: Metal
Spiritual Core: The belief that possession brings power.
Shadow Teaching: Greed binds the soul to things that cannot love back. But it shows us the sacred poverty of release.
Visual Representation: Vaults overflowing, skeletal hands grasping jewels, a heart locked in a chest.

4. Sloth – The Sleep of the Spirit

Symbol: Wilted Clock, Withered Tree
Color: Gray-Blue
Element: Air
Spiritual Core: A numbness born from too much pain, the slow death that pretends to be rest.
Shadow Teaching: Sloth wears the face of peace but rots the roots. It teaches that awakening is a choice.
Visual Representation: Sleeping eyes sewn shut, abandoned altars, dripping wax clocks.

5. Wrath – The Blade of the Heart

Symbol: Bloodied Sword, Flaming Skull
Color: Black-Red
Element: Fire
Spiritual Core: Rage as the voice of the wounded. The scream that becomes a storm.
Shadow Teaching: Wrath burns justice to ash. But within it lies the fire to defend the sacred when tempered by truth.
Visual Representation: Broken weapons, burning wings, clenched fists in prayer.

6. Envy – The Mirror of Rot

Symbol: Cracked Mirror, Green Flame
Color: Poison Green
Element: Water
Spiritual Core: The sorrow of not being seen, twisted into a craving to steal another's light.
Shadow Teaching: Envy is the longing to become anything but oneself. But within it lies the path to true sight.
Visual Representation: Shattered faces, serpent eyes, a crown floating in a pool of ink.

7. Pride – The Throne of Smoke

Symbol: Crown of Thorns, Winged Mask
Color: Violet-Black
Element: Ether
Spiritual Core: The elevation of self to godhood.
Shadow Teaching: Pride isolates, demands worship, and fears truth. But in its collapse, we find humility's liberation.
Visual Representation: Empty thrones, masks crumbling, angels falling upward.

Glossary of Symbols and Motifs

For the Dark Reader, the Silent Watcher, the One Who Sees

Ash

The remains of the self once burned.
Symbolizes destruction, purification, and rebirth.
Ash appears where transformation has occurred, often without mercy.

The Mirror

Reflection twisted or true.
Used often in relation to **Envy** and **Pride**—it questions whether we ever truly see ourselves.
A broken mirror symbolizes fractured identity or the dangerous illusion of perfection.

Fire

Desire, rage, divine power.
Appears in **Lust**, **Wrath**, and even **Pride**.
It consumes, but it also reveals—the light behind the smoke.

The Throne

Symbol of control, dominance, and delusion.
Often appears in discussions of **Pride** and **Greed**.
An empty throne can represent lost purpose or false divinity.

Chains

Bondage to desire or power.
Associated with **Greed**, **Lust**, and spiritual captivity.
Chains made of gold are the most dangerous—beautiful, but binding.

The Serpent

Temptation, wisdom, and danger.
Winds its way through **Lust**, **Envy**, and **Deception**.
Its bite may be fatal—or liberating.

Masks

False identity, ego, denial.
Frequently invoked in **Pride** and **Sloth**.
When the mask cracks, the truth is revealed—raw, unfiltered, divine.

The Feast

Excess, celebration turned sour.
Central to **Gluttony**, but also whispers through **Greed**.
An eternal banquet with no taste—emptiness in disguise.

The Heart

Desire, vulnerability, divine core.
Burning, bleeding, or broken, the heart appears in almost every sin as the battleground of the soul.
When caged, it speaks to **Fear**; when exposed, to **Revelation**.

The Crown

Authority assumed, often falsely.
Linked with **Pride**, **Greed**, and inner delusion.
A shattered crown signifies humility or the fall of ego.

Decay

Rot, erosion, entropy.
Symbolizes the inevitable collapse of all that is false.
Associated with **Gluttony**, **Sloth**, and the quiet rot of the soul left unattended.

The Eye

Awareness, spiritual sight, perception beyond illusion.
The eye behind the eye sees what the sins try to hide.
A closed eye marks denial. An open eye? Awakening.

Blood

Covenant, sacrifice, life-force.
Pours through **Wrath**, **Lust**, and **Pride**.
When spilled, it marks the cost of truth. When hidden, the weight of suppression.

This is not a definitive list. The reader is encouraged to trace their own symbols, discover their own patterns in the chaos. Each motif is a guide, not a gatekeeper.

Final Note:

The sins are not chains.
They are mirrors.
They do not demand obedience.
They demand recognition.

To name them is to reclaim power.
To walk through them is to awaken.
This book is your blade.
Now cut the lie and live.

Dedication

To the silent warriors—
the broken, the brave, the haunted.

To those who have walked through fire,
drunk from poisoned chalices,
k0nelt before empty thrones,
and crawled back from the edge,
not unscarred,
but unhidden.

To every soul who has ever
battled Lust in the dark,
fed Gluttony to quiet the ache,
clutched Greed in a world of scarcity,
slept beside Sloth when waking was too much,
howled with Wrath in sacred fury,
breathed Envy in others' light,
or built temples to Pride
only to watch them fall—

This book is yours.
This descent was always divine.

Closing Words

If you have made it this far,
you have already walked through fire.

You have seen the faces behind the masks,
heard the whispers that curl beneath polite prayers,
felt the hunger that gnaws at the edges of virtue.

This book was never a sermon.
It was never a ladder to ascend.
It was a descent—
a hand pulling you deeper into the trembling marrow of your own soul,
where the ancient sins still breathe, still hunger,
still offer their hollow promises like poisoned wine.

But know this:
seeing is the beginning of overcoming.
Naming is the first blade against the dark.

You are not alone in your battle.
The scars you carry are holy.
The struggle is sacred.
And the fire you have walked through has not destroyed you—
it has made you real.

Go now with eyes unclouded,
feet unbound,
and a heart sharpened by shadow.

Carry the light you have kindled here
into a world that has long forgotten the cost of it.

"Witness and wanderer of the sacred abyss. — Ronald Coone"

NOTES;