

Sinful Innocence

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Darkness thinks of Lily, her innocence and her sin. "White is a foolish color for a soul for it is so easy to sodden." Short one-shot. Please R&R.

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1. Sinful Innocence

Innocence.

The word is so pure, so sweet as honey, that the ages forget that it is but a word. These creatures of this world of light do not understand innocence; they do not see the folly in making a world of such purity. It is a world only too easy to influence. White is a foolish color for a soul for it is so easy to sodden. Perhaps if this world was gray, like most of its people, I would not be about to overtake it. But it is white.

Lily was made of the white light.

I see this now, as I scrape my claws along the edges of this dark void, I yearn for one thing: the girl. I, Darkness, remain in darkness, but I am not pleased to be here. I may laugh at the chaos of minds consumed in my black genius, but I will never last eternity with this gnawing desire in the pit of my decaying heart.

My father is not pleased with my feelings. He says that I was not worthy to rule a world if I could allow one girl to best me. But I say I am the most worthy of all, for I know beauty. These fools above can not see it. That is why the world should be consumed by night, so that blindness may be gone. In the dark, they would see the light of Lilly, the light which I tried so desperately to steal.

Oh, witch! Black creature! Betrayer! How I need you, Lilly!

I admit my selfishness. It was jealousy that overtook me when I tried to conquer her soul--but it was so easy a task. Even now, as she walks in her bright world by that damn boy, she knows that a piece of her will always be left with me. I told the truth when I spoke of sin's seed within her. The innocent have always been my victims, for they only recognize sin after the deed is done.

Lilly did not know it was wrong to touch the unicorn, but from that moment on she was my tool. She is only now, as she lies in the grass staring at the moon above, realizing that she committed a sin in betraying me. She lied, and now she seeks forgiveness.

And, yet another sin grows: pride. She is too proud to ask my forgiveness. She tries not to think of it, but I will not leave her mind. She will never sleep for fear that I will come in dreams and make her dance to my wicked song.

Dance again for me, bitter Lilly.

Why, why will you not let me take you? Why could you not drink my black wine and taste my black apple--you would then know riches sweeter than any from your land. If only you had committed these foul deeds, then I would not be forced to rant to these strange readers looking into my dark void through this blasted screen.

Lilly. Desire remains, though your light is now gray, safely out of my grasp.

She may never join me, and I may never have my blackness turned white. She is still too bright for me to possess.

One day perhaps, when your mortal body is wasted, you will see the darkness, my dear sinful innocence.