

More *Senseless* than th' *Irrationals* you scorn!
 More *Base* than those you rule! Than those you pity,
 far more *Undone*! O ye most infamous
 of Beings, from Superior Dignity!
 Deepest in Woe from Means of boundless Bliss!
 Ye curst by Blessings infinite! Because
 most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
 Ye motly Mass of *Contradiction* strong!
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your Soule fly off
 in Exhalation soft, and die in Air,
 from the full Flood of Evidence *against* you?
 In the coarse Drudgeries, and Sinks of *Sense*,
 your Souls have quite worn out the Make of Heaven,
 by Vice new-cast, and Creatures of your own;
 But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
 to *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your Power.

LORENZO! this black Brotherhood renounce;
 Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
 Ere rapt by Miracle, by *Reason* wing'd,
 his mounting Mind made long Abode in Heaven,
 This is *Freethinking*, unconfin'd to *Parts*,
 to send the Soul, on curious Travel bent,