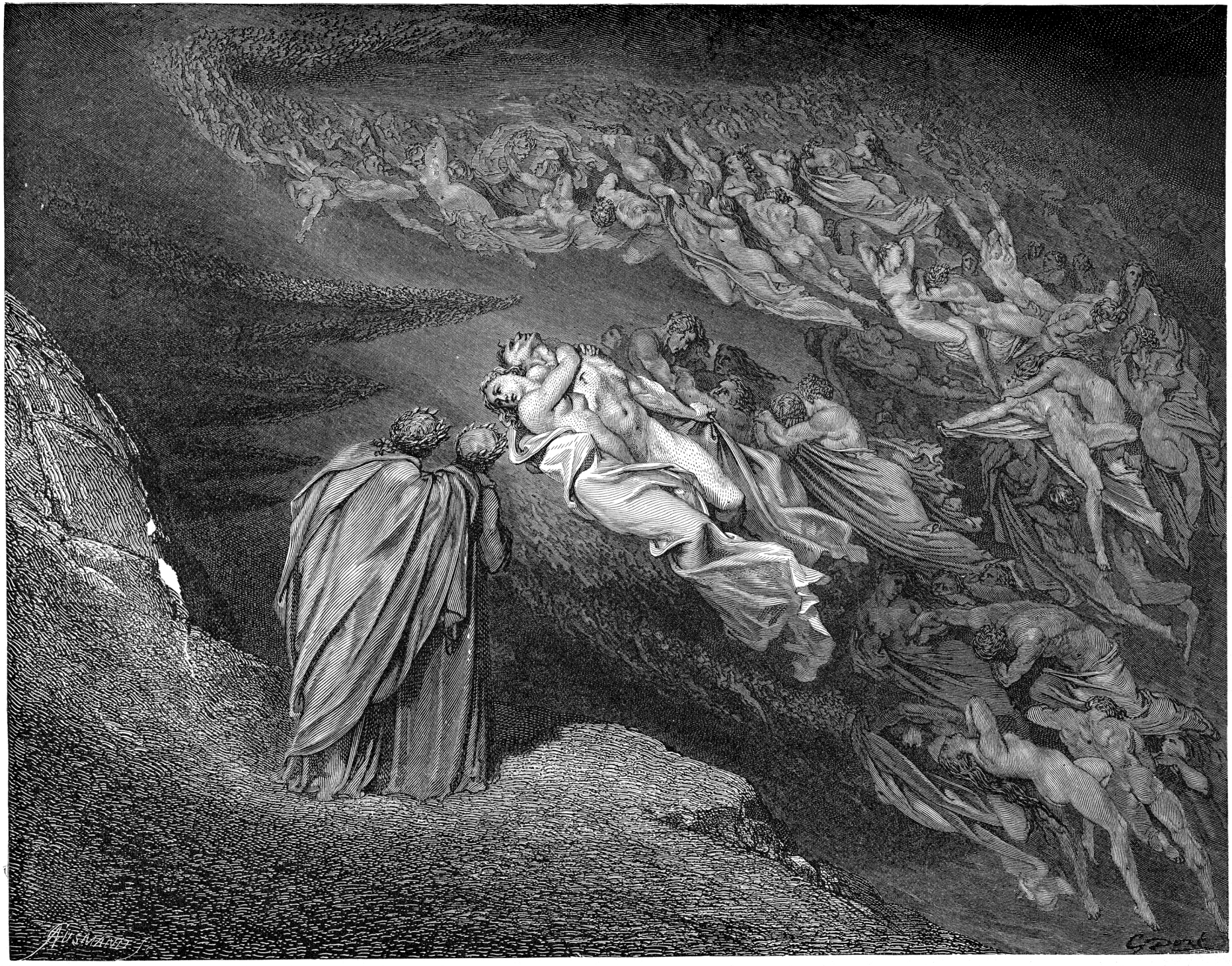

p. 26.

Love brought us to one death: Caïna waits
The soul, who spilt our life.

Canto V., lines 105, 106.