Aeneid 2.363-74

In sleep, in dream, Hector appeared to me, gaunt with sorrow, streaming tears, all torn—as by the violent car on his death day—and black with blood dust, his puffed-out feet cut by the rawhide thongs.

...How changed from the proud Hector who returned to Troy wearing Achilles' armor, or that one who pitched the torches on Danaan ships; his beard all filth, his hair matted with blood, showing the wounds, the many wounds, received outside his father's city walls...

Aeneid 2.421-26

To arm was my first maddened impulse—not that anyone had a fighting chance in arms; only I burned to gather up some force for combat, and to man some high redoubt. So fury drove me, and it came to me that meeting death was beautiful in arms.

Aeneid 2.460-72

"Soldiers, brave as you are to no end, if you crave to face the last fight with me, and no doubt of it, how matters stand for us each one can see. The gods by whom this kingdom stood are gone, gone from the shrines and altars. You defend a city lost in flames. Come, let us die, we'll make a rush into the thick of it. The conquered have one safety: hope for none."

Aeneid 2.659-65; 707-21

What was the fate of Priam, you may ask. Seeing his city captive, seeing his own royal portals rent apart, his enemies in the inner rooms, the old man uselessly put on his shoulders, shaking with old age, armor unused for years, belted a sword on, and made for the massed enemy to die...

... The old man threw his spear with feeble impact; blocked by the ringing bronze, it hung harmless from the jutting boss. Then Pyrrhus answered: "You'll report the news to Pelidês, my father; don't forget my sad behavior, the degeneracy
of Neoptolemus. Now die." With this, tot he altar step itself he dragged him trembling, slipping in the pooled blood of his son, and took him by the hair with his left hand. The sword flashed in his right; up to the hilt he thrust it in his body.

Aeneid 2.754-56; 765-71

Now fires blazed up in my own spirit—
a passion to avenge my fallen town
and punish Helen's whorishness.
...
"I know
no glory comes of punishing a woman,
the feat can bring no honor. Still, I'll be
approved for snuffing out a monstrous life,
for just one sentence carried out. My heart
will teem with joy in this avenging fire,
and the ashes of my kin will be appeased."
Aeneid 2.182-85

"I broke free, I confess it, broke my chains, hid myself all night in a muddy marsh, concealed by reeds, waiting for them to sail if they were going to..."

Aeneid 2.280-89

From Tenedos, on the calm sea, twin snakes—
I shiver to recall it—endlessly coiling, uncoiling, swam abreast for shore, their underbellies showing as their crests reared red as blood above the swell; behind they glided with great undulating backs. Now came the sound of thrashed seawater foaming; now they were on dry land, and we could see their burning eyes, fiery and suffused with blood, their tongues a-flicker out of hissing maws...

Aeneid 2.338-40

In their homes
the Teucrians lay silent, wearied out,
and sleep enfolded them.

Aeneid 2.499-507

His words
were barely out, and no reply forthcoming credible to him, when he knew himself fallen among enemies. Thunderstruck, he halted, foot and voice, and then recoiled like one who steps down on a lurking snake in a briar patch and jerks back, terrified, as the angry thing rears up, all puffed and blue. So backward went Androgeos in panic.

Aeneid 2.612-19

Just at the outer doors of the vestibule sprang Pyrrhus, all in bronze and glittering, as a serpent, hidden swollen underground by a cold winter, writhes into the light, on vile grass fed, his old skin cast away, renewed and glossy, rolling slippery coils, with lifted underbelly rearing sunward and triple tongue a-flicker.
But then a sudden portent came, a marvel:
amid his parents' hands and their sad faces
a point on Iulus' head seemed to cast light,
a tongue of flame that touched but did not burn him,
licking his fine hair, playing around his temples.
We, in panic, beat at the flaming hair
and put the sacred fire out with water;
father Anchises lifted his eyes to heaven
and lifted up his hands, his voice, in joy...