

CATHARSIS!

Against our seven gates

In a yawning ring

The famish years are coming onward in the night

But before his jaws were sated with our blood and fire tint the  
garland of our towers

He was thrown back

And as he turned.

No tender victim for his noisy power.

Rose like a dragon behind him shouting war.

SHOUTING WAR!

CATHARSIS!