

Forged in Fire

Anvil

Scraping the Earth in search of the essence
Metallic rock ore where iron is present
Extraction smelters burn hot with phosphorescence

Rivulets of sweat steam hot in the mold
Splashes in magenta, yellow and gold
Glowing sparks flashing too hot to hold

Made for pounding a massive weight
Forming metal, willing fate

Power blasted streams engage the injection
The mechanism reacts with affection
Processing starts and so begins infection

Altered shape, affected matter
Giving form, an ominous factor
Never break it, it will never bend
The Anvil was Forged In Fire

Made for pounding a massive weight
Forming metal, willing fate