Catharsis

As Hell Retreats

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!