

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!