

# 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!