

It was never
The icy winds of the heights
But the coldness of the world
That hardened my foundation

Whether your approach
Is that of praise or blasphemy
The construction of my being
Will remain the same

If my soaring presence
Threatens to break your neck
Then so be it
You shall dread my name

There is a fundamental cleft
Between your world and mine
One of divine origin

Were you to witness
The nakedness of your own soul
It would still appear a tower of Babel

Is it such a crime to go apart and be alone?
Your holy simplicity turns gold into stone