

## Magog (in Bromine Chambers)

Peter Hammill

In Bromine Chambers there can be no mercy, no bitter flagellati  
on for your sins; no forgiveness and no sackcloth can cease the  
dance of ashes on the wind. Too late now for a wish to change  
all wishing; too late to change, to breathe, to grow. Too late  
to smother out the tell-tale footprints which mark your passage  
through the greying snow.