

Between Bronze Walls

The Ruins of Beverast

As poisoning light
Ignores my futile desire for sleep
I find myself surrounded by mirrors
Blinding me
With this abhorrent colour
With my abhorrent flesh
With their abhorrent grin
This must be the most raging maelstrom
The deepest climax
My saviour, my mere witness indeed
I perceive your presence
Yet, you cannot approach ...
This hell is mine
I shall die between bronze walls.