

Mount Sinai Moloch

The Ruins of Beverast

If thou... still creeping
Beheld us... still dreading
Thy sinister heights
Thou'd stand as a mere rock for us indeed,
A moloch for worms
A colossal artefact
Guardian and denouncer of the weak
Yet... In pristine and eerie beauty thoud dwell
Trumpets... resounding with cacophony
And smoke... effusing venom
Now ascending Mount Sinai
Whose bounds are trampled down
Since heaped up with the sands of time
Outlived as a moloch for worms
Outlived as a colossal artefact
Monument and monolith of oblivion
Here... In profane and moribund solitude thou shall vegetate
Imperishably.