

The Mine

The Ruins of Beverast

Until these tunnels
Shall become our grave
We dwell with the poets
The eerie echoes
Of shameful choirs
Howl deep within here
Sounds of harm
From where the stillborn graze
Standing armed without a strategy
In a war
That never should have been declared
Eyes adapted to perpetual dawn
The trembling march of the offensive pack
With the bark of the hounds
Our final rhyme shall be composed
We await this, our time
When the foul screams of agony
Will sound through the mine.