

## The Mine

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.

## The Ruins of Beverast