

The Restless Mills

The Ruins of Beverast

Earth's hell was a pit of fuming furnaces
Firing cauldrons of blood
Moving monstrous wheels
Where the air was stale from foul belief
In a shadow, so faint - yet salaciously desired
... to be that of god... to reach into these naked depths
And shaped in soot... a silhouette
Of outstretched arms and torso
At a giant cross...
A desperate view onto the restless mills
That grind... grind... grind...
Jahwe, you were the breeder of a pest cocoon
And whatever your gift was -
Dreadful were the mills that crushed it.