

Phantasmagoria

Torture Garden

In motionless nightWhere Diana scans
The lay of the land
From her splendid height
A spectre stalks
The corridors
Of noble maws

And patriot hawks
Stirring slumber
The martyr leaps
As the unctuous sleeps
Through pounding thunder
His body stiffens
And as he shrieks
His bloodied cheeks
Become so ashen