

## **Black League "Ozymandias"**

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(M: Jarva, Poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822))

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone stand  
in the  
desert.  
Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage  
lies,  
whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet  
survive,

stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that  
mocked them  
and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my  
works, ye  
Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains.  
Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and  
bareThe  
lone and level sands stretch far away.

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