

The Ruins Of Beverast

"The Clockhand's Groaning Circles"

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Clutching a giant lance of brass
Within a storm
That rushes silently
Through a hallway of mirrors
Drafts and visions beform me
Poisoned air burns into wounds:
The missing entrails -
Left behind
When my waste
Was creeping to life -
Hurt and bleed
Festering from wounds
That time has torn
That brass feasts upon
... in a rhythm, in a melody...
Destructive and discordant
And finally mute -
When the eyes awake
Behind the senile web...
These trembling hands
Won't save my ears
From deafness
These crippled thoughts
Won't save my soul
From death.

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