

The Pylons.

Hellbastard

The secret of these hills was stone

Of that stone made and crumbling roads

That turned on sudden hidden villages

Now over these small hills they have concrete

That trails black wire, pylons, those pillars

Bare like nude giant girls that have no secret

But far above and as far as sight endures

Like whips of anger with lightning danger

There runs the quick perspective of the future

This dwarfs our emerald country by it's trek

So tall with prophecy, dreaming of cities

Where often clouds shall lean their swan white necks