

Cosmopolis

Imperial Triumphant

Come, let us build us a tower
Whose top may reach unto the stars!
Atop of which we will write
In splendorous black words:

Great is the world and its creator!
Great is man! And his city!

My Cosmopolis: your swollen light
Eclipsing virtues, beyond
We give ourselves to the unknown

Now lubricate the gears
In our blood
And feed the machines
Our tired flesh

Great is the world and its creator!
Great is man! And his hell!

Thy Cosmopolis: her grand luster
Austere master!
Behold your servants

Who are you to be drawn out from chaos?