

# Nemesis

Morgoth

Through the ghoulish-guarded gateways of slumber,  
Past the wan-mooned abysses of night,  
I have lived o'er my lives without number,  
I have sounded all things with my sight;  
And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak, being driven to madness with fright.

I have whirled with the earth at the dawning,  
When the sky was a vaporous flame;  
I have seen the dark universe yawning  
Where the black planets roll without aim,  
Where they roll in their horror unheeded, without knowledge or lustre or name.

I had drifted o'er seas without ending,  
Under sinister grey-clouded skies,  
That the many-forked lightning is rending,  
That resound with hysterical cries;  
With the moans of invisible daemons, that out of the green waters rise.

I have plunged like a deer through the arches  
Of the hoary primordial grove,  
Where the oaks feel the presence that marches,  
And stalks on where no spirit dares rove,  
And I flee from a thing that surrounds me, and leers through dead branches above.

I have stumbled by cave-ridden mountains  
That rise barren and bleak from the plain,  
I have drunk of the fog-foetid fountains  
That ooze down to the marsh and the main;  
And in hot cursed tarns I have seen things, I care not to gaze on again.

I have scanned the vast ivy-clad palace,  
I have trod its untenanted hall,  
Where the moon rising up from the valleys  
Shows the tapestried things on the wall;  
Strange figures discordantly woven, that I cannot endure to recall.

I have peered from the casements in wonder  
At the mouldering meadows around,  
At the many-roofed village laid under  
The curse of a grave-girdled ground;  
And from rows of white urn-carven marble, I listen intently for sound.

I have haunted the tombs of the ages,  
I have flown on the pinions of fear,  
Where the smoke-belching Erebus rages;  
Where the jokulls loom snow-clad and drear:  
And in realms where the sun of the desert consumes what it never can cheer.

I was old when the pharaohs first mounted  
The jewel-decked throne by the Nile;  
I was old in those epochs uncounted  
When I, and I only, was vile;  
And Man, yet untainted and happy, dwelt in bliss on the far Arctic isle.

Oh, great was the sin of my spirit,  
And great is the reach of its doom;  
Not the pity of Heaven can cheer it,  
Nor can respite be found in the tomb:  
Down the infinite aeons come beating the wings of unmerciful gloom.

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