

Imperial Walls

Peter Hammill

Strange to behold
Is the stone of this wall
Broken by fate.

The strongholds are bursten,
The work of giants decaying;
The roofs are fallen,
The towers are tottering,
Mouldering palaces roofless,
Weather-marked masonry shattering.
Shelters time-scarred,
Tempest-marred,
Undermined of old.

Earth's grasp holdeth
Its mighty builders
Tumbled, crumbled,
In gravel's harsh grip
Till a hundred generations
Of men pass away.

Till a hundred generations of men pass away,
Till a hundred generations of men pass away.