

Anchoress in Furs

The Ruins of Beverast

Forced to pause amid the breath of petrified nostrils
Beastlike, primeval, looming
A golden crown and raiment weigh heavy up his path
Where opulence is ballast rise the corridors of savagery

Feeleth it not a touch of a pale hand
Heareth it not a warning chant
No maw so eager to swallow tongues in abjection
A grotesque mating dance
No nakedness so hostile

Chased uphill between silent monstrosities
Minatorially echoing isolation
Limbs wounded and basted with the salt of the mountain
The grimace of God's instinct is beautified here
And she shall not relent...

A prayer for death as a poem to the stars
Gold dust trickles through hands that reached towards the night
sky
A rotten heart of greed is buried tonight
Forsaken uner rock, becoming clouds
Bonfires fed with remains of fortune
Let them be seen from afar!

Chasten us all and never soothe the mountain
"Sie waren wie große Vögel und dann waren die Trompeten zu hören. Und mitten in der Finsternis entstand ein weißer Schein
Entsetzlich kalt! Ich dachte: Jetzt zerbricht die Erde in Himmel und Hölle! Und dazwischen: Nebel! Undurchdringlicher Nebel!
Der Nebel ist gut, sonst würden wir sehen was wir nicht erwarten."