

## Between Bronze Walls

### The Ruins of Beverast

As poisoning light  
Ignores my futile desire for sleep  
I find myself surrounded by mirrors  
Blinding me  
With this abhorrent colour  
With my abhorrent flesh  
With their abhorrent grin  
This must be the most raging maelstrom  
The deepest climax  
My saviour, my mere witness indeed  
I perceive your presence  
Yet, you cannot approach ...  
This hell is mine  
I shall die between bronze walls.