

# Canaan, The Eleventh Shadow

After the torchlight red on our pale faces.

After the frosty silence of agony.

Prison and reverberation (of tears) over distant blood.

What is that sound low in the air (murmur) of maternal lamentation ?

Who are these hordes swarming over endless plains - ringed in fire ?

What is the city over the mountains dressed in violet air ?

Falling towers of CANAAN unreal.