

Peter Hammill, Imperial Walls

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.