

# Peter Hammill, Magog (In Bromine Chambers)

In Bromine Chambers  
there can be no mercy,  
no bitter flagellation for your sins;  
no forgiveness and no sackcloth  
can cease the dance  
of ashes on the wind.

Too late now for a wish  
to change all wishing;  
too late to change, to breathe, to grow.  
Too late to smother out the tell-tale footprints  
which mark your passage through the greying snow.