

Terrathaw and the Quake

Allegaeon

Lo! Lo and behold
the world laid before you
it takes new forms;
it grows, Before long,
the land will smolder
and chaos will overflow

From the peaks
to the seas,
ignition from the inner channels
through the mantle death now travels
from the core
wherein is stored
a molten mortar waiting for
a vent to open for fire to flow
Deposit ash
stone turned to glass
through small eruptions, the mountain born
as the quake contribute to the storm.

Now out from the cold
the world has flourished
the soil flush with warmth.
it grows, before long
the land will reap spoils
the flora in overgrowth.

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The terrathaw, the mist it breaks and lifts
the rising of the oceans create bizarre tidal shifts
tectonic collisions shake the fragile earth.
the quake creates a path from hell to the surface

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The mountain born.