

# Imperial Walls

Peter Hammill

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.