

Magog (in Bromine Chambers)

Peter Hammill

In Bromine Chambers there can be no mercy, no bitter flagellati
on 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.