

## Takitum Tootem (Trance)

### The Ruins of Beverast

Thrones...as far as the eye can reach...thrones  
Rotting ungarnished, an unsavoury patina  
As if it was given a genuine voice  
In a strident elegy for the shame of Kings

Bones...a landscape of bones  
Here, at the junction of old roads, old dust raised  
Welcome our Kings in their iron chariots  
Acclaim them in humility, and form a guard of honour

Skeletons of the underbrush  
Beasts of the mountains  
Ghosts of the sea  
Bury your hearts in obedient silence!

Pride devours pride  
King devours king  
Dynasties of miserable sleep -  
Finally haunted by animal eyes  
Finally fallen!

Here, at the very end of all bacchanal frenzy  
Behold our Kings - naked, ashamed, abased

Hubris! Hubris! Hubris!  
No nightmare left undreamt  
Hubris! Hubris! Hubris!