

## The Restless Mills

### The Ruins of Beverast

Earth's hell was a pit of fuming furnaces  
Firing cauldrons of blood  
Moving monstrous wheels  
Where the air was stale from foul belief  
In a shadow, so faint - yet salaciously desired  
... to be that of god... to reach into these naked depths  
And shaped in soot... a silhouette  
Of outstretched arms and torso  
At a giant cross...  
A desperate view onto the restless mills  
That grind... grind... grind...  
Jahwe, you were the breeder of a pest cocoon  
And whatever your gift was -  
Dreadful were the mills that crushed it.