Jerusalem III

you have found succour in the lap of night

refuge in the thousand virtues of dawn

and still, you remain heedless of my call

i have sent you, sacred and well-armoured

with the seeds of chaos and chance

yet where you have stepped i hear the strange voice

of peace, so alien to my distant ears,

you cast your desire, your denial

soft on the traitor wind, thus force my hand.

you i sent, but come to you now i will

with the gold and diamonds of destruction

trailing a caravan’s weight behind me

i offered you honest death and virgins

yours and yours alone for the willing sin.

the sands of time run up as well as down

and soon, the evolution of the soul

begins again.