



Chlorine, shrapnel, Maxims and wire,
Naively plotted at the zenith,
Prove but barbarous overture
To our novel ascent to hell;
Survival to tell it the sting
In each tale. But the world's been hung
By a hair above a furnace ...

Patience preach the pauper seers ...
Wait for the light on high to fall.

To death, dearth, plague and the tyrant
Our era presents nice firm going
And who'd believe they could go harder
As they come up to the last fence?
The earth flies from under their feet
In a bloodclot rain, and whips raised,
Colours flying, they race to the post.