

Where, the sonorous boom of the foundry's roar?
Where, has the honourable industry gone?
Where, the descant harmony of working men,
That once was the beating drum - a nation's song?

Still. A cavernous carcass of rust-some red,
Built with pride and blood, now the last to remain;
A momento for might, forlorn, forgotten,
Like the dying dregs of a dementia'd brain.

Now, where once a world of exploitation lay,
Which forged the warmth of civilisation's sigh,
The breath has cooled, the apocalypse is done -
As nature's benevolent embrace creeps nigh.



