

## Ghost Key

Isis

It's cold.  
Snowing blue light dusk settles...

A fire burns with failing light  
Against the growing darkness

Bending over the dying flames  
You were with me then and always

Through the fluttering veil of frozen blue,  
A hooded figure cuts its path  
To cleave the night in two.  
Pull its outer husk from its body and the rest escapes,

And there upon the ground the remnants of our struggle.

This is the ghost key  
This is our ghost key  
This is our ghost key