

## Hall of the Dead

Isis

The great stone walls  
Rise above our heads,  
Cold and sad  
Pale light, a dusty veil

The sun makes its way in  
Destitute, weak  
You're at my side again  
Faithful guide unfailing,  
Here we stand among the others  
The living among the dead

Veins still flowing full  
Lungs filled with white light

Push forward  
Lifeless bodies swept aside  
They are on us  
Cast a net of armor  
Over our heads  
Hide our life  
Lest it be lifted from us

We must leave this place  
Of deathly decay

Don't look back, press on