

Stone to Wake a Serpent

Isis

We four, bound by blood
Standing in the crossroads

On the underside of the world
Waiting our turn

Here we see
Coiled serpent
Black and baking
In the sun

Stone is flung
Serpent wakens
Arrow of poison
Pierces our hearts

Teeth sink into tender flesh
Lightning strikes, too fast to see

We seek succor for the stricken
Pleas met with spiteful laughs

Slow advance, not to stir the poison
Its course fast and merciless

Merciless, merciless

In vast halls, buried in hurried hordes
No help found here, only dreadful tears