

Wrists of Kings

Isis

Now our blood
Travels though the
veins of our
history

It bursts forth them
Boiling black
clouds from the wrists of kings

The shadow
Lengthens as
time draws on its tendrils

Creep into mythic cracks
blending with the light of day

We see it
Now Before us
But even so we cannot
Read the lies between the lines

Bring them nothing
They have
Made it's way
The nights