

## 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