

# 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