

Ghost Key

Isis

It's cold.
Snowing blue light dusk settles...

A fire burns with failing light
Against the growing darkness

Bending over the dying flames
You were with me then and always

Through the fluttering veil of frozen blue,
A hooded figure cuts its path
To cleave the night in two.
Pull its outer husk from its body and the rest escapes,

And there upon the ground the remnants of our struggle.

This is the ghost key
This is our ghost key
This is our ghost key