

Isis, Pliable Foe

Carried down yet another ghostly road
Of a life already lived and faded
Passing yet another broken man
His life in burning iron —

His voice is the thoughtless wake of others

A damaged life
Beating blackened earth
As great dedicate
The face's gone
Who we are in its grace
A war is on

The other rises, shining in his violence
His annihilation is my aim
No blood is spilled
Only smiles from his lips

Twist his arm back at me
Time is made at odds
Pushing me
Extending me
To go toe-to-toe in this race

Crush away my will
Our world is bound in two
A shadow escapes ahead
— them — the —
The struggle in our words —