

# 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 —