Wrists of Kings

Isis

Now our blood
Travels though the
Veins of our
HistroyIt bursts forth them
Boiling black
Coulds from the wrists of kingsThe shadow
Lengthens as
Time draws on its tendilsCreep into mythic cracks
Blending with the light of dayWe see it
Now before us
But even so we cannot
Read the lies between the linesBring them nothing
They have
Made it's way
The nights

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