Isa

Ulme

Been standing here for ages
Watching the valleys blossom and burn
The pyres of yesterday smells of losing you
Preserved we are, portraits (in the glassy depths)
I picked up the shattered mirror, put them in water
Cold as my dreamsIsa: Still - Standing - Empowered
Isa: Watching you die, with tears of ice
Isa: Detached - Silent - Ecstasy
Isa: We are the deadWe arrived here from different spaces
Bidding the wooden shrines farewell
Concealed within dead lips lies the rope
That forged us and then tore us to shreds
Distant opposite assembly at the shores
They're telling me it's time to let goA time to burn, a time to build
With your own hands a room within that room
Bring it all towards the centre and tremble
Bring her back from the shadows and kiss her
Retrieve the sword from the abyss
Hold back the tidal waveIsa: Still - Standing - Empowered
Isa: Watching you die, with tears of ice
Isa: Detached - Silent - Ecstasy
Isa: We are the dead

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