

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 dreams
Isa: Still - Standing - Empowered
 Isa: Watching you die, with tears of ice
 Isa: Detached - Silent - Ecstasy
Isa: We are the dead
We 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 go
A 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 wave
Isa: Still - Standing - Empowered
 Isa: Watching you die, with tears of ice
 Isa: Detached - Silent - Ecstasy
 Isa: We are the dead

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