Divine Mother (The Tower Crumbles)

Isis

The divine mother stumbles
Cancer wrapped around her heart
The eyes of gods keptInfect fingers pry open the clearest cages
Sickness has been madeFather and sons
Stoic fire
Sisters tears protect
There is no fear
The eyes of god keptMeasures have been takenWipe clean my face
Rip clear my heart
Death must seem so distant
That reach has not reached me:

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