Hall of the Dead

Isis

The great stone walls rise above our heads
Cold and sad pale light, a dusty veil.
The sun makes its way in destitute.Weak, you're at my side again
Faithful guide unfailing.
Here we stand among the others,
The living among the dead!Veins still flowing, full lungs
Filled with white light.
Push forward lifeless bodies, swept aside, they are on us.Cast a net of armor over our heads, hide our life,
Lest it be lifted from us.
We must leave this place of deathly decay
Don't look back, press on.

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