Threshold of Transformation (Demo)

Isis

I've arrived
King of
lucid dreamsThey call me
a building
Lungs Caved in
and he criedThe act unknown
Actor in sleep
Here I am turned
then here I see
The circle in
bones made in haste
He waits to
anoint the
faithfulIn all things left unturned
Fear all too new
Rising fate beside me
Will he wait for the quiet fire
To be known and realized
Embodied by a boy
His voice small and weak
Wisp of smoke to be chosen
Upon their heads
he places crowns
to witness entire townsThe boy blesses whispers into words
in the painted valleys they await rain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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