

Isis "Hall Of The Dead"

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Red lights
Stone walls
Rise above our heads
Golden sight
Ray of light
across the room

The sun makes
its way in
destined to
wake
You're in my
sight again
Faithful guide
of vanity
here we stand
among the others
From within
hall of the
dead!
Makes them going through
the room with white lights

Push forward
Lifeless body at the sign
lay around us
listening above us
Over our heads
they all lay
listening
lifted above us

We must be this band
Of the needy king

Don't look at the sun

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