

Agalloch

"...And The Great Cold Death Of The Earth"

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Life is a clay urn on the mantle
And I am shattered on the floor
Life is a clay urn on the mantle
And I am scattered on the floor
We are the wounds and the great cold death of the
earth. . .

"Earth is floating on the waters like an island,
Hanging from four rawhide ropes
Fastened at the top of the Sacred four directions.
The ropes are tied to the ceiling of the sky,
When the ropes break, this world will come
Tumbling down and all living things will fall with it and
die. . ."

Life is a clay urn on the mantle
And I am the fragments on the floor
Life is a clay urn on the mantle
And I am the ashes on the floor
We are the wounds and the great cold death of the
earth
Darkness and silence, the light shall flicker out. . .

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