

Agalloch

"Ass Embers Dress The Sky"

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The shallow voice of the wind cries between these
ebony wings
The shallow cries of the wind sing a swansong for
mankind

Shine on morning skyfire
ablaze this final day
The autumnal end, the dawn of man
The centuries fade below my feet

I soared above them as they worthlessly poured
thought from a chalice
As wisdom would flow, twilight would come to pass
Drink, oh hallowed cup of life

Shine on evening skyfire
Paint the sky with the blood of a raven
Bereavement, oh garment of ebony
As embers dress the dusk of man...

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