

## Agalloch "Black Lake Niðstǫng"

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Written in the waters...

(voice of the dead)

"Our shadows seep into the dusk  
like cranes that melt into the pool;  
a black lake in which they descend  
pale ghosts caress the niðstǫng in the dark  
its face scarred by the ages,  
its curse sent with heathen breath  
to poison the waters of the black lake  
We are... we are the faces below the ripples  
A deep sorrow travelled through the woods  
And found a home in our humble grave"

(voice of the niðstǫng)

"I've sent this peril...  
To the world; this peril shall spread all sorrows  
And you are but gods  
watching from below at the base of the totem  
in the black temple of the Earth  
I am... I am the silence inside the tomb  
You created the stars  
and gave birth to all the heavens;  
the darkness of space and time  
So go... go to the night side end below"

Where have all the noble cranes gone?  
Where have all the stags disappeared to?  
Piled below in the tomb of this burdened pool  
a curse to those who corrupt these sacred woods  
a curse to those who taste this solemn water

No unhallowed breath shall seal a fate before me  
Join the drowned in the silence of the black lake's  
womb  
Accursed... written in the waters...

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