

Agalloch

"Limbs"

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The texture of the soul is a liquid that casts a vermillion
flood
From a wound carved as an oath; it fills the river bank a
sanguine fog
These arms were meant to be lost! Hacked, severed
and forgotten
The texture of time is a whisper that echoes across the
flood
It's hymn resonates from tree to tree, through every
sullen bough it sings
These boughs were said to be lost! Torn, unearthed
and broken
Earth to flesh, flesh to wood, cast these limbs into the
water
Flesh to wood, wood to stone, cast this stone into the
water...

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