

Agalloch

"She Painted Fire Across The Skyline I"

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Oh dismal mourning
I open my weary eyes once again
My life has been left hollow
And ashes have filled the gorge of my within
Last night I hope and wished I'd die in my sleep
But no catharsis was granted to me
Will this pain ever pass?
The enchanting perfume of winter
And the bleak, cold breath of her still haunts me
(Oportet ubique pulchritudinem evanescere)

So half of me rode to the mountains
And the other half soared high in the winds
To a place where the angels had fallen
The soil gagged and choked on their wings
My soul was the pale skyline
That she stretched across the horizon
Two years had brought the fire
That she paints upon my loathsome canvas

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