

## Agalloch

# "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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