

Limbs

Agalloch

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...