

## As Embers Dress the Sky

Agalloch

The shallow voice of the wind cries between these ebony wings  
The shallow cries of the wind sing a swansong for mankind

Shine on morning skyfire  
ablaze this final day  
The autumnal end, the dawn of man  
The centuries fade below my feet

I soared above them as they worthlessly poured thought from a chalice  
As wisdom would flow, twilight would come to pass  
Drink, oh hallowed cup of life

Shine on evening skyfire  
Paint the sky with the blood of a raven  
Bereavement, oh garment of ebony  
As embers dress the dusk of man...