

Birth and Death of the Pillars of Creation

Agalloch

Towers...
Deity forged architecture
Swirling in and out of form
Enveloped in the arms of dark matter
Towers...mercurial and flowing...

My work is done

Pillars...
From an antediluvian bane
Collapsing in and out of form
Embodied in a cradle of absence
Pillars...mercurial and flowing...

My work is done

By way of light across a vast millennia
I can behold this grandeur at its infancy
Though I know it has already passed away a millennia before

My work has begun...