

## Falling Snow

Agalloch

The water pours its embracing arms around the stone  
Decay drips from the unquiet void where the ice forms, where life ends  
The stone is by the crimson flood, swallowed  
The red tide beyond the ebon wound, contorted  
My sacrifice bids farewell in this river of memory... a wave to  
end all time  
Red birds escape from my wounds and return as falling snow  
To sweep the landscape; a wind haunted, wings without bodies  
The snow, the bitter snowfall  
You wish to die in her pale arms, crystalline, to become an ode  
to silence  
In the soul of a mountain of birds, fallen  
The cascading pallor of ghostless feather  
The snow has fallen and raised this white mountain on which you  
will die and fade away in silence