

Ghosts of the Midwinter Fires

Agalloch

There are ghosts in every hallway
In every room, behind every door
Peering through every window into the past
Holding onto us in the bitterness of the mire
Leaving a trace of themselves in the spaces in which they hide

...but there are no ghosts here...

There are gods in the wake of every flame
The fire that betroths the coldness of the void
In every wind, every tempest, and every snowfall
In every silence
Inside every root that reaches deep into the soul of the Earth

...but there are no gods here...

Shadows paint the dusk
Ghosts rise from the flames
To set alight in the fields
In robes of smoke and spirit aligned