

## 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