

# I Am the Wooden Doors

Agalloch

When all is withered and torn  
And all has perished and fallen  
These great wooden doors shall remain closed. . .

When the heart is a grave filled with blood  
And the soul is a cold and haunted shall of lost hope  
When the voice of pride has been silenced  
And dignity's fires are but cinders  
. . .their grandeur shall remain untainted

It is this grandeur that protects the spirit within  
From the plight of this broken world, from the wounds in her so  
ng  
I wish to die with my will and spirit intact  
The will that inspired me to write these words  
Seek not the fallen to unlock these wooden doors