

Of Stone, Wind, and Pillor

Agalloch

...It was not long ago when I had fallen from this mortal world
,
lost in dream flight to pierce the horizon as a bird...
Is this life the pillor I must bear?
To grow in this wretched world?
...With hate each day I burn...
The birds above, they ride the winds
And from each piercing talon dangles a soul
The stone awaits my fall
Upon a grave I dug myself
The birds sing their requiems
Please lend me your wisdom to fly above the heavens,
Across seas of gold, to my land of frostbitten, ageless night
Let me dig my own grave
Let me, oh precious noose of mine
You are my mother, whose womb around my neck
Grants me a world of cold nihilicity
An endless winter night
A bitter, black frozen hell
For me
Forever!
Is this the pillor I must bear?
To die on this fucking world?
...With hate I die and burn...
The birds above, they caress the winds
They lend me the wisdom to fly...
[Written by J. Haughm ('97)]