

# The Watcher's Monolith

Agalloch

Blue textures cascade downward to the base of the monolith  
Like brush strokes on a canvas of souls  
Two arms reach out a cloak of silent nihil  
Revenants untouched by the scythe  
They are lost in the dark woods of time

Aloft in the landscape that you hail  
I am the fog that seeps over here in the early hours

Standing proud in the hollow of the land  
A vestige of deeper purity etched in spirit against the sky

The menhir had runes carved in limbs of oaken sovereignty  
and could see the ages growing from within the palms  
I can feel the era slipping into oblivion,  
no longer grasping the textures  
I am slowly becoming stone

As wolves celebrate the dusk,  
an old voice of wisdom haunts the vale

Shapes flicker in the fire light through the windows  
The woodlands burn with grace  
Their silence drowns the age

As wandering ghosts pass through the flames  
A new age of rebirth lights the dawn

But who are they who pass by the window?  
The shapes; like black solar wheels scorched in the snow  
by gods of the stone...  
This elder stone shall never fall!

Cast the aeons into the void  
So that no other can seek them  
No age, no hands shall taint them  
Pour the sorrows into the sun  
They are lost forever in dark woods of time  
Carve the symbols into the stone  
So that another can find them  
No age, no hands shall change them  
Pour the ages into the sun  
They are lost forever in the dark woods of time