

## This Old Cabin

Agalloch

...Blood on my hands...  
I walked in the shadows  
'neth an azure midnight sky  
I walked in the shadows  
to abscond a life not my own  
I walked in the night  
this life I hate  
Destroy this life, this life I hate  
return me to the womb  
thy crystalline will  
has finally shattered  
As spring rain paints itself  
on the canvas of youth  
it's snowing still in my heart  
Will I ride the summer winds  
or dance upon the crimson horizon  
will I find paradise in hell?  
If I go deep into the woods  
If I go to this cabin  
As scarlet flowers lust for the dew of morning  
and infants nurse on the nectar of motherhood  
As prophets of ruin wield their swords of wisdom  
and battle forth towards a brighter dawn  
Take me away from here  
...Falling...  
...Soaring...  
If I go deep into the woods  
If I go to this cabin  
If I go deep into the woods  
If I go will you follow?  
...Falling...  
...Soaring...  
Take me away from here  
(This blood) on my hands  
to celebrate my passing  
My soul shall bleed  
for eternity  
...in silence...  
[All poetry by J. Haughm]