

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]