

Vales Beyond Dimension

Agalloch

I have arrived at the corridor of infinity; the great hall where the ages are kept
Behind ancient ash and primordial iron
The past is a mirror...aeons exist in a myriad cast
The vale before me; my own reflection

Another stands at the doorway of the maelstrom; a visionary to guide me through
Cracks reveal themselves in patterns of the distance
The past is a sphere
A mystic shape, a mode of knowing
A godless, perfect form in the quietus of passing

Between the vales of existence and the miasmatic landscape of consciousness
The fabric of being has withered away; no longer there waiting for me

I have peeled away layers of my humanity
No longer a being, the core of entity
For each layer reveals the key to the gates of the multiverse

Through the doorway of a shaman's reality
A universe within the skull

Alas I stand at the threshold of dimension
The macrocosm has revealed itself as a towering serpent spire
The past has shattered...aeons subsist only in countless shards
The myriad cast of the vale; a thousandfold reflection