

# The Melancholy Spirit

Agalloch

It was in this haunted place under a moonless cloak of ebony  
I was drawn to the glow of a young spiritess weeping in the woods

The blackest ravens and ice-veiled boughs  
Have spoken of you, goddess of these bleak woods  
I yearn for your embrace, spiritess of the melancholia  
Show me, again, your sweet face  
Enchant me with your rich, cinder burnt ether  
Lure me into your arms and bless unto me eternal death

She had spoken to the dawn  
Her words wisped in tongues of the wind

And then silence...  
Pale clouds betrothed the dawn  
Black rain fell  
The birds wore masks

The haunting stain of her woe  
Had burned itself into the oak  
Night had gone  
Bereaved, I was torn for her

One last time I witnessed her beauty in the distance  
The arms of the trees tore at her morbid gown swaying in the loathsome winter breeze  
She faded before my eyes  
Since that day a thousand veiled birds have taken flight  
And the melancholy rain still pours forever on...