

Into the Painted Grey

Agalloch

The jagged lines in these wooden hands
speak of a silent aeon below the depths
of an austere ebon tide
for centuries kingdoms have risen
upon the ancient hands of a god
once severed for the world's birth
a sacrifice to the storms of life
now darkness is thine sanctum

Temples of magma steam across the grey
The arc that transcends my iconic pride
For I am not an ageless god, no, I am imprisoned by time
These ancient palms shall once again be mine

Hands...hands that lift the oceans
to vertical depths above the stars
For when I die, the universe will die with me
and all will be lost forever gone

Where am I?
How long shall I suffer here?
Forlorn in the cold neolithic embrace
Forsaken deep in the sullen tide
How long shall I suffer here?

Perched on the cliffside gazing out into the brine
My archaic beard pours downward and joins the feral sea
I am the heritage; the quintessence of myth and legend
The archetype of Pagan might and divinity

Hands...hands that lift the oceans
to vertical depths beyond the stars
I gather a celestial blanket around these tired bones
and finally slumber in the clouds of ice
These are my hands...
...so it is done