

Agalloch, Dead Winter Days

There lies a beauty behind forbidden wooden doors
A beauty so rare and pure, it would make human eyes bleed and burn...

...She killed herself in the fall...

I am the unmaker, I bring death to the beautiful dawn
With pillor, cold, and a legion of dying angels...

...I killed myself in the spring...

A grim bough had hung me high
I sank the fires of the Sol
Here, nightfall reigns

I oppose the light
I gather the storms
with a sword I wield with hate
I shot down the sun with bow and flame
Pillorian for the dead winter

I am the unmaker
The pillorian...the ending
I...die...
I damn you the dead winters...

[Music by Haughm/Anderson/J. William W. (2/97 - 11/98)]