

# 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)]