

Agalloch, I Am The Wooden Doors

When all is withered and torn
And all has perished and fallen
These great wooden doors shall remain closed. . .

When the heart is a grave filled with blood
And the soul is a cold and haunted shall of lost hope
When the voice of pride has been silenced
And dignity's fires are but cinders
. . .their grandeur shall remain untainted

It is this grandeur that protects the spirit within
From the plight of this broken world, from the wounds in her song
I wish to die with my will and spirit intact
The will that inspired me to write these words
Seek not the fallen to unlock these wooden doors