

Agalloch, In The Shadow Of Our Pale Companion

Through vast valleys I wonder
To the highest peaks
On pathways through a wild forgotten landscape
In search of God, in spite of man
'til the lost forsaken endless. . .
This is where I choose to tread

Fall. . .so shall we fall into the nihil?
The nothingness that we feel in the arms of the pale
In the shadow of the grim companion who walks with us

Here is the landscape
Here is the sun
Here in the balance of the earth
Where is the god?
Has he fallen and abandoned us?

As I'm stalked by the shadow of death's hand
The fire in my heart is forged across the land

Here at the edge of this world
Here I gaze at a pantheon of oak, a citadel of stone
If this grand panorama before me is what you call God. . .
Then God is not dead

I walked down to a river and sat in reflection of what had to be done
An offering of crimson flowed into the water below
A wound of spirit from which it floated and faded away

. . .like every hope I've ever had. . .
. . .like every dream I've ever known. . .
It washed away in a tide of longing, a longing for a better world
From my will, my throat, to the river, and into the sea. . .
. . .wash away. . .
. . .fade away. . .

Here is the landscape
Here is the sun
Here at the edge of the earth
Where is the god?
Has he fallen to ruin?

As I'm stalked by the shadow of death's hand
My heathen pride is scarred across the land