

Agalloch, Limbs

The texture of the soul is a liquid
that casts a vermillion flood.
From a wound carved as an oath;
it fills the river bank a sanguine fog.

These arms were meant to be lost!
Hacked, severed and forgotten.

The texture of time is a whisper
that echoes across the flood.
Its hymn resonates from tree to tree,
through every sullen bough it sings.

These boughs were said to be lost!
Torn, unearthed and broken.

Earth to flesh, flesh to wood,
cast these limbs into the water.
Flesh to wood, wood to stone,
cast this stone into the water.