

# Agalloch, Of Stone, Wind, And Pillor

...It was not long ago when I had fallen from this mortal world,  
lost in dream flight to pierce the horizon as a bird...

Is this life the pillor I must bear?  
To grow in this wretched world?  
...With hate each day I burn...  
The birds above, they ride the winds  
And from each piercing talon dangles a soul

The stone awaits my fall  
Upon a grave I dug myself  
The birds sing their requiems  
Please lend me your wisdom to fly above the heavens,  
Across seas of gold, to my land of frostbitten, ageless night

Let me dig my own grave  
Let me, oh precious noose of mine  
You are my mother, whose womb around my neck  
Grants me a world of cold nihilism  
An endless winter night  
A bitter, black frozen hell  
For me  
Forever!

Is this the pillor I must bear?  
To die on this fucking world?  
...With hate I die and burn...  
The birds above, they caress the winds  
They lend me the wisdom to fly...

[Written by J. Haughm ('97)]