

Dead Winter Days

Agalloch

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 reignsI 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 winterI 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)]

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