

# 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 Haugm/Anderson/J. William W. (2/97 - 11/98)]

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