

# In the Shadow of Our Pale Companion

## Agalloch

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

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