

This Old Cabin

Agalloch

...Blood on my hands...I walked in the shadows
 'neth an azure midnight sky
 I walked in the shadows
 to abscond a life not my own
 I walked in the night
this life I hateDestroy this life, this life I hate
 return me to the womb
 thy crystalline will
 has finally shattered
As spring rain paints itself
 on the canvas of youth
it's snowing still in my heartWill I ride the summer winds
 or dance upon the crimson horizon
 will I find paradise in hell?
 If I go deep into the woods
If I go to this cabinAs scarlet flowers lust for the dew of morning
 and infants nurse on the nectar of motherhood
As prophets of ruin wield their swords of wisdom
and battle forth towards a brighter dawnTake me away from here
 ...Falling...
 ...Soaring...If I go deep into the woods
 If I go to this cabin
 If I go deep into the woods
 If I go will you follow?...Falling...
 ...Soaring...
Take me away from here(This blood) on my hands
 to celebrate my passing
 My soul shall bleed
 for eternity
...in silence...[All poetry by J. Haughm]

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