

Limbs

Agalloch

The texture of the soul is a liquid that casts a vermilion flood
From a wound carved as an oath; it fills the river bank a sanguine fog
These arms were meant to be lost! Hacked, severed and forgotten
The texture of time is a whisper that echoes across the flood
It's hymn resonates from tree to tree, through every sullen bough it sings
These boughs were said to be lost! Torn, unearthed and broken
Earth to flesh, flesh to wood, cast these limbs into the water
Flesh to wood, wood to stone, cast this stone into the water...

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