

...And the Great Cold Death of the Earth

Agalloch

Life is a clay urn on the mantle

And I am shattered on the floor

Life is a clay urn on the mantle

And I am scattered on the floor

We are the wounds and the great cold death of the earth. . ."Earth is floating on the waters like an island,

Hanging from four rawhide ropes

Fastened at the top of the Sacred four directions.

The ropes are tied to the ceiling of the sky,

When the ropes break, this world will come

Tumbling down and all living things will fall with it and die. . ."Life is a clay urn on the mantle

And I am the fragments on the floor

Life is a clay urn on the mantle

And I am the ashes on the floor

We are the wounds and the great cold death of the earth

Darkness and silence, the light shall flicker out. . .

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