

# Hallways Of Enchanted Ebony

## Agalloch

Kiss me coldly and drain this life from my lips

Let the cold blood flow on it's own...

Kiss me coldly and fall away from the soul

Long forgotten...From which of this oak shall I hang myself?

These ebon halls are always dark...

From which frostbitten bough shall I die?As dark as the winter, as black as her ghastly veil

As cold as her whisper and chilling gownNo corridors of life and beauty

These enchanted halls are stained with the blood of night

Ebon halls gleam as ghosts of a fire dance wickedly across a pantheon of marbleThese weary eyes shall open no more, frozen tightly by the cold embrace of death

A charnel house of memories torn and burning melancholy shall embrace me nowHear this call...

Beyond endless halls and far across the vast forest, just across the iron gates

Whispers...As dark as the winter, as black as her grim mask of death

As cold as her sorrow, her ivory tearsNo corridors of life and beauty

No bloodred sky, no colors left in this worldIt was the light's end[Music by Haughm (12/97 - 2/98)]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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