

# Into the Painted Grey

## Agalloch

The jagged lines in these wooden hands  
Speak of a silent aeon below the depths  
Of an austere ebon tide

For centuries kingdoms have risenUpon the ancient hands of a god  
Once severed for the world's birth  
A sacrifice to the storms of life

Now darkness is thine sanctumTemples of magma stream across the grey  
The arc that transcends my iconic pride  
For I am not an ageless god, no, I am imprisoned by time

These ancient palms shall once again be mineHands... hands that lift the oceansTo vertical depths  
Above the stars  
For when I die,  
The universe will die with me  
and all will be lost, forever gone

Where am I?How long shall I suffer here?  
Forlorn in the cold neolithic embrace  
Forsaken deep in the sullen tide

How long shall I suffer here?Perched on the cliffside gazing out into the brine  
My archaic beard pours downward and joins the feral sea  
I am the heritage; the quintessence of myth and legend

The archetype of Pagan might and divinityHands... hands that lift the oceans  
To vertical depths beyond the stars  
I gather a celestial blanket around these tired bones  
And finally slumber in clouds of iceThese are my hands...  
...so it is done.

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