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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