A Desolation song

Agalloch

Here I sit at the fire
Liquor's bitter flames warm my languid soul
Here I drink alone and remember
A graven life, the stain of her memory
In this cup, love's poison
For love is the poison of life
Tip the cup, feed the fire,
And forget about useless hope. . .Lost in the desolation of love
The passions we reap and sow
Lost in the desolation of life
This path that we walk. . .Here's to love, the sickness
The great martyr of the soul
Here's to life, the vice
The great herald of misery
In this cup, spiritus frumenti
For this is the nectar of the spirit
Quench the thirst, drown the sorrow
And forget about cold yesterdays. . .Lost in the desolation of love
The passions we reap and sow
Lost in the desolation of life
This path that we walk. . .
Lost in the desolation of love
The sorrows we reap and sow
Lost in the desolation of life
The path that we walk...

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