

As Embers Dress the Sky

Agalloch

The shallow voice of the wind
Cries between these ebony wings
The shallow cries of the wind
Sing a swan song for mankind Shine on morning sky fire
Ablaze this final day
The autumnal end, the dawn of man
The centuries fade below my feet I soared above them as they worthlessly poured
Thought from a chalice
As wisdom did flow twilight would come to pass
Drink, oh, hallowed cup of life Shine on evening sky fire
Paint the sky with the blood of a raven
Bereavement, oh, garment of ebony
As embers dress the dusk of man

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