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 mankindShine on morning sky fire
Ablaze this final day
The autumnal end, the dawn of man
The centuries fade below my feetI 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 lifeShine 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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