

# I Am the Wooden Doors

## Agalloch

When all is withered and torn

And all has perished and fallen

These great wooden doors shall remain closed. . .When the heart is a grave filled with blood

And the soul is a cold and haunted shall of lost hope

When the voice of pride has been silenced

And dignity's fires are but cinders

. . .their grandeur shall remain untaintedIt is this grandeur that protects the spirit within

From the plight of this broken world, from the wounds in her song

I wish to die with my will and spirit intact

The will that inspired me to write these words

Seek not the fallen to unlock these wooden doors

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