

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 untainted It 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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