The Watcherâ€™s Monolith

Agalloch

Blue textures cascade downward to the base of the monolith
Like brush strokes on a canvas of souls
Two arms reach out a cloak of silent nihil
Revenants untouched by the scythe
They are lost in the dark woods of timeAloft in the landscape that you hail
I am the fog that seeps over here in the early hoursStanding proud in the hollow of the land
A vestige of deeper purity etched in spirit against the skyThe menhir had runes carved in limbs of oaken sovereignty
and could see the ages growing from within the palms
I can feel the era slipping into oblivion,
no longer grasping the textures
I am slowly becoming stoneAs wolves celebrate the dusk,
an old voice of wisdom haunts the valeShapes flicker in the fire light through the windows
The woodlands burn with grace
Their silence drowns the ageAs wandering ghosts pass through the flames
A new age of rebirth lights the dawnBut who are they who pass by the window?
The shapes; like black solar wheels scorched in the snow
by gods of the stone...
This elder stone shall never fall!Cast the aeons into the void
So that no other can seek them
No age, no hands shall taint them
Pour the sorrows into the sun
They are lost forever in dark woods of time
Carve the symbols into the stone
So that another can find them
No age, no hands shall change them
Pour the ages into the sun
They are lost forever in the dark woods of time

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