

# The Watcher™'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 time Aloft in the landscape that you hail

I am the fog that seeps over here in the early hours Standing proud in the hollow of the land

A vestige of deeper purity etched in spirit against the sky The 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 stone As wolves celebrate the dusk,

an old voice of wisdom haunts the vale Shapes flicker in the fire light through the windows

The woodlands burn with grace

Their silence drowns the age As wandering ghosts pass through the flames

A new age of rebirth lights the dawn But 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

Lyrics provided by

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