

Hallways of Enchanted Ebony

Agalloch

Kiss me coldly and drain this life from my lips
Let the cold blood flow on it's own...
Kiss me coldly and fall away from the soul
Long forgotten...

From which of this oak shall I hang myself?
These ebon halls are always dark...
From which frostbitten bough shall I die?

As dark as the winter, as black as her ghastly veil
As cold as her whisper and chilling gown

No corridors of life and beauty
These enchanted halls are stained with the blood of night
Ebon halls gleam as ghosts of a fire dance wickedly across a pantheon of marble

These weary eyes shall open no more, frozen tightly by the cold embrace of death
A charnel house of memories torn and burning melancholy shall embrace me now

Hear this call...
Beyond endless halls and far across the vast forest, just across the iron gates
Whispers...

As dark as the winter, as black as her grim mask of death
As cold as her sorrow, her ivory tears

No corridors of life and beauty
No bloodred sky, no colors left in this world

It was the light's end