

# You Were But a Ghost in My Arms

Agalloch

Like snowfall, you cry a silent storm  
Your tears paint rivers on this oaken wall. . .  
Amber nectar, misery ichor  
. . .cascading in streams of hallowed form  
For each stain, a forsaken shadow

You are the lugubrious spirit  
Etched in the oak of wonder  
You are the sullen voice and silent storm

Each night I lay  
Awakened by her shivering silent voice  
From the shapes in the corridor walls.  
It pierces the solitude like that of a distant scream  
In the pitch-black forest of my delusion. . .

With each passing day, a deeper grave. . .

"Why did you leave me to die?"  
"Why did you abandon me?"  
"Why did you walk away and leave me bitterly yearning?"

Her haunting, contorted despair was etched into the wood's grain  
Though fire rages within me, no fire burns fiercer than her desire  
The shape whispers my name. . .

I damn this oak!  
I damn her sorrow!  
I damn these oaken corridors  
That bear the ghosts of those I've thrown away!

Though tempted I am to caress her texture divine  
And taste her pain sweet, sweet like brandy wine;  
I must burn these halls, these corridors  
And silence her shrill, tormenting voice  
. . .forever. . .

Like snowfall, you cried a silent storm  
No tears stain this dust in my hands  
But from this ashen gray, her voice still  
Whispers my name. . .

You were the lugubrious spirit  
Who haunted the oak of wonder  
You were the geist that warned this frozen silent storm  
You were but a ghost in my arms