

# Agalloch, A Desolation Song

Here I sit at the fire  
Liquor's bitter flames warm my languid soul  
Here I drink alone and remember  
A graven life, the stain of her memory  
In this cup, love's poison  
For love is the poison of life  
Tip the cup, feed the fire,  
And forget about useless fucking hope. . .

Lost in the desolation of love  
The passions we reap and sow  
Lost in the desolation of life  
This path that we walk. . .

Here's to love, the sickness  
The great martyr of the soul  
Here's to life, the vice  
The great herald of misery  
In this cup, spiritus frumenti  
For this is the nectar of the spirit  
Quench the thirst, drown the sorrow  
And forget about cold yesterdays. . .

Lost in the desolation of love  
The passions we reap and sow  
Lost in the desolation of life  
This path that we walk. . .  
Lost in the desolation of love  
The sorrows we reap and sow  
Lost in the desolation of life  
The path that we walk. . .