

Amorphis, Black River

Still searching for my way
The right way to be
Still pondering
What I've done

I'm still thinking what I've said
Still finding from within
And all that I know
Is still not enough

I'm being held by the one
Shadow tormenting my soul
The curving neck of the swan
The slow turning of a bird's head

So white its plumes and feathers
Its breast like the moon in water
Silent and tranquil it moves
On the river in the calm

I wander back on familiar roads
I sense the marks I left on the hills
I see the cuts and wounds of my deeds
They make me muse on life

Up the hill and the mountain
I look back, I look down
There flows the River of Death
And here the wind in my hair