

Amorphis, From The Heaven Of My Heart

I who have forged the heavens
I also have my king
To northland I was sent
I was cast to distant Pohjola
Enforced by my king's spells
His orders undenied
From the small crumbs of earth
From a fleece of summer ewe
From a memory of a single seed
From the flair of a swan's feather
I let the milk come seeping from the heaven
Heaven of my heart
There my skills were known to them all
They all knew my name
All knew of my might
And I forged a godly device
A machine divine
The gates of plenty opened by me