

# 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