

Amorphis, On a Stranded Shore

Silk of blue woven by the moon
Red spun by the sun
Of the sun's gold
Silver in wrists and in her rings
Hair braided in red
Her shoes feather-light
As reeds and straws on the shore
As bark and foliage
As clamshells and sand
My maiden's flesh
Now fish in the lake deeps
Her blood now water-blue
Oh god of sleep
Tell in my dream
Where has my maiden gone
Where lies my mermaid now
Rise above the waves
From the waters' grave
From the side of spotted stones
Become alive again
These shores are for memory
These waters not for baiting
No shallows for the thirsty
No sun beheld above these shores
No reflection of the moon
On these waters here
My maiden's flesh
Now fish in the lake deeps
Her blood now water-blue
My maiden's hair
Grass on the waters' edge
Now willows on a shore
Oh god of sleep
Tell in my dream
Where has my maiden gone
Where lies my mermaid now
Rise above the waves
From the waters' grave
From the side of spotted stones
Become alive again

No sun beheld above these shores
No reflection of the moon
On these waters here