

Amorphis, Rusty Moon

Bathed in the rust of moon
Is the death bed's lullaby
Sung so softly with the stars
Reflected in her eyes

It's the blaze that beckons men
Into the woods, of beaten path
Is the sight of the fire that
No maiden's eyes should have
Iron does as iron's told
And drinks of life's red gold
But shame won't leave with dying breath
The life that wants its own death

And the forest hums its silent hymn
Heard by those of solitude
As mist it wells
Up the brook's dark banks
Bewitched by there fir woods