Amorphis, The Smoke

In my dream smoke followed me
As on fire the whole world had been
To the yard I walked in
Up the frontstep and opened the door

Cranes flew over to the North
As I walked on dry
And passed through a grove
Yellow with flowers

They had been expecting me
They said so and I believed
Im my dream smoke came to me
And we became as one

Cranes flew over to the North
As I walked on dry
And passed through a grove
Yellow with flowers

Cranes flew over to the North
As I walked on dry
And passed through a grove
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I am smoke
I am smoke