

Amorphis, Cares

Many rocks the rapid has
A lot of billows the sea
More plentiful are my cares
Than cones on a spruce
Beard moss on a juniper
Gnarls upon a pine bark
Knobs upon a fir husks on a grass-top
Boughs on a bad tree.

Drag my cares away
Carry off my griefs
For no horse can draw
No iron-shod jerk
Without the shaft-bow shaking off
The cares of this skinny one
The sorrows of this black bird