

Amorphis, Elegy

Long evenings full on longing
Low-spirited my mornings
Full of longing too my nights
And all times the bitterest.
'Tis my lovely I long for
It is my darling I miss
My black-browed one I grieve for.

Beneath the grass my treasure
Under the sand my sweet one
Beneath the grass my treasure
Under the sand my sweet one

There's no hearing my treasure
No seeing my marten-breat
No hearing her in the lane
Driving below the window
Chopping the wood by the stack
Clinking outside the cook-house
In the eart my berry lies

Beneath the grass my treasure
Under the sand my sweet one
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Under the sand my sweet one

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Low-spirited my mornings
Full of longing too my nights
And all times the bitterest.

There's no hearing my treasure
No seeing my marten-breat
No hearing her in the lane
Driving below the window
Chopping the wood by the stack
Clinking outside the cook-house
In the eart my berry lies

In the soil she's mouldering
Under the sand my sweet one
Beneath the grass my treasure
The one I grieve for.