

# Amorphis, Enigma

On his trail the stones they grew  
He was lead astray  
Forces strange he had to face  
Magic unseen

When he asked, he was not answered  
But he would not yield  
What he asked for was not given  
A shape to his dream

To a whirling mass of water  
Mountains of high  
His desire he spoke out  
To claim his due  
A shadow moved in Louhi's mirror  
The fairest maid of them all  
Restless mind found her to his liking  
But the queen wanted more

Louhi spoke in riddled tones of three things to achieve  
Find and catch the devil's moose and bring it here to me  
Seize the stallion born of fire, harness the flaming horse  
He captured and bound the moose, he tamed the golden horse

Still remained the one final test  
Hunt the bird from the stream of death