

Amorphis, Exile Of The Sons Of Uisliu

A wave the sound of Noisiu's voice
his singing was ever sweet...
Noisiu's grave has now been made
and the accompaniment was mournful

For him I poured out - hero of heroes,
the deadly drink that killed him

Dear his short shining hair
a handsome man, even very beautiful

Dear the grey eyes that women loved
fierce they were foes