

Amorphis, Into Hiding

The islander slips into hiding
And takes to his heels
Out of dark Northland
The murky house of Sara
He whirled out of doors as snow
Arrives as smoke in the yard
To flee from bad deeds

There he had to become someone else
He must change his shape
As an eagle he swept up
Wanted to soar heavenward
The sun burnt his cheeks
The moon lit his brows