Amorphis, My Kantele

Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsense
Who say that music reckon that the kantele
Was fashioned by a god
Out of a great pike's shoulders
From a water-dog's hooked bones:
It was made from the grief
Moulded from sorrow

Its belly out of hard days
Its soundboard from endless woes
Its strings gathered from torments
And its pegs from other ills

So it not play, will not rejoice at all
Music will not play to please
Give off the right sort of joy
For it was fashioned from cares
Moulded from sorrow.