

Amorphis, My Sun

Slowly turns the key of time
In the lock of promises broken
In mute silence of my space
I crouch under my yearning
The works of my gods receding now
Evade my grasping hands
Her hair I would long to adorn
With glowing stars
Her brow with shining sun
In silver I would trace
The moonshine of her grace
The shining one
Perfection of the skies I knew
And memories of my deeds
Fade away beyond my reach
And change to lonely nights
But ever so slowly
Turns the key of time
In a rusty lock
Of broken promises