

# Amorphis, Sign

Far from here, a house forsaken  
On lands of yesterday  
The silence of the night has crept in  
As weeping of the women  
As thoughts of solitude  
As sadness and as grief

In a dim deserted room  
A token left on the table  
A talisman, a hairbrush from his father  
Oozing from the shaft  
A stream of bitter sap  
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow

They know it to be an emblem of death  
A sign of destruction  
They recognize the end of a friend  
The agony of a man and son  
They look at the brush  
Remember the black hair  
They weep a bitter sap

Oozing from the shaft  
A stream of bitter sap  
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow  
Bristles weeping wet  
To a pool of red