Amorphis, Sign From The North Side

(lyrics: E. Holopainen)
(music: E. Holopainen, T. Koivusaari & O.P. Laine)

True Celtic power
from the cape of Cornwall

Cry of hope, angels cry
This was omen, our sign, prediction

Distant gate, gothic grave
Through ages our clan still remain

In this proud land I grew up strong,
My tears are flowing all around
The wind is twisting my sorrow
I still believe in truth and hate

All through my life I have carried our ring,
The omen
All this was the fragment from my life

In this proud land I was born alone
I was taught to fight, taught to win
They told me the way of steel and secret
I am the unburied child, child without a nam,
Without fate,
I fight for peace and love,
I am reborn