

# Amorphis, Silver Bride

From the mystic dreams of nighttime  
I saw the clarity of my days  
From the shades of longing  
Looked for the familiar glow  
The death of my wife's slayer  
Brought no comfort to me  
No shape for loneliness  
For a dream  
A queen of gold I made  
A silver bride I built  
From the northern summer nights  
From the winter moon  
Responded not my girl  
No beating heart I felt  
I brought no sighs to the silver lips  
No warmth from the gold  
Within my heart a flame of desires  
Provoked the power of my will  
Forced into silvery shape  
A golden queen for me  
I made our bed under the stars  
Covers a-plenty, bear skin hides  
Stroked the arc of golden curves  
Kissed the lips of silver  
(Queen of gold) I made her  
(Silver Bride) I built her  
(Queen of gold) no warmth  
(Silver Bride) no love  
(Queen of gold) I made her  
(Silver Bride) I built her  
(Queen of gold) no warmth  
(Silver Bride) no life