

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