Amorphis, Song of the Sage

No man nor a god, with a sword he carved
With a feather he conjured
An instrument from the bone of fish
A kantele from the jaws of a pike
Sat on a golden rock, on a bank of a golden river
By the brink of golden falls, under the golden sun
The birds flew to the singer
The wildfowl from the open sea
The fingers plucked the brightest chord
Tolled the fangs of a pike
The colours of rainbow lighted
Above the silent waters
Came forth the woodland creatures, the spirits great and small
The mistress and the master of Tapiola, forest folk
Behind a cloud of blue, the moon wove the strands of silver
On the edge of the cloud of red, the daylight gilded the cloth
The small fish in the shallows, and the big ones under the surface
The king of waters on the waves, the queen on an open sea
From distant fens came the swans
An eagle from its heaven high
The fingers plucked the brightest chord
Tolled the fangs of a pike
The colours of rainbow lighted
Above the silent waters
Came forth the woodland creatures, the spirits great and small
The mistress and the master of Tapiola, forest folk
Each one comprehended and understood
Each one shed a tear, they wept and cried
Each and every tear, tears of everyone
All joined to flow into the silent waters
The golden stream of life carried the tears to the sea
To oceans' deep that keeps the pearls were concealed