

Amorphis, Summer's End

In the morning mist
By the waning moon
Through the woods she set on foot
With a sacred blade
Cut the berries down
Dug up the dreaded mandrake root

Tread my path to summer's end
This bequest I leave you, she says
You will see what could be evergreen
Turn to copper and fade to grey

By the standing stones
Atropine eyes smiled at me
Sitting in a sluggish vertigo
Sands of time form another dream

No love without sacrifice
No life springs without decay
The final kiss is a wormy one
In soil's cold caress, to rest we'll lay