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