

Amorphis, Under the Red Cloud

I retired to a towering mountain
Laid down in a circle of stones
For three days and for three nights
I listened to the skull of a bear
The sun burnt its sigil into my chest
The rain washed the evil away
Time spun itself around me
The moon cast its silvery shell

I rose up in circle of stones
Made my way down in the valley
Followed the banks of a rushing river
To a shore of an icy sea

The great bear growled
The thunder spoke
The mountain shook
The skies lit up

They came carrying their torches
Appeared from the desolate dark
Approached me circling and swirling
Howling their battle-cries
That's when the bear was born in me
It rose on its legs beside
From a distance the crack of thunder
And the red cloud swallowed the sky

I rose up in circle of stones
Made my way down in the valley
Followed the banks of a rushing river
To a shore of an icy sea

And in the furthest corner of the North
On the edge of the world we know
With open arms embracing them
And I bared them my heart of hearts

Under the red cloud