

# 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