

# Amorphis, Weaving The Incantation

A mind dejected, blood boiling with anger  
The storm of the warpath now sings in my heart  
Your pleadings useless, I now shall disregard  
I leave you to weep and to fear for me

I'm ready for my end  
My hair I comb down  
With resin into braids  
I'm ready to ascend  
My will burning high  
Summon strength from the night

I equip myself, to warfare I prepare  
I put on my black cloak, enchanted adder's skins  
Your prayers shall not reach into my heart  
Your despair shall not stop me now

This precious hairbrush thrown at the wall  
It came to me from my father  
I give you this as a token of myself  
For you to have and mourn over

And when my blood flows from its bristles  
When my sap is streaming from its shaft  
Then you will know of my anguish  
My destruction will be revealed