

Godlike Machine

Amorphis

To a strange land, land of Pohjola
I took my gift, I received it from the gods
I melted the knowledge of heaven
From the pieces of my heart I built a golden mill

I made the heavens, I delivered them
I gave the horn of plenty, released them

My king sold me to the northland queen
I forged and gave her a godlike machine
It wasn't enough for the queen of liars
To the river of death I also was sent
I was sent

The field of death I furrowed
I turned the soil black with steaming viper blood
In a forest deep underground
I hunted a wolf and a bear from the shadow

I was offered death as prize for my great deeds
False words from the tongue of the northland queen

A heart turned unto me
She whispered the knowledge of gods
And gave the missing words of wisdom
To me, a creator of heavens

A heart turned unto me