

## Black River

Amorphis

Still searching for my way  
The right way to be  
Still pondering  
What I've done

I'm still thinking what I've said  
Still finding from within  
And all that I know  
Is still not enough

I'm being held by the one  
Shadow tormenting my soul  
The curving neck of the swan  
The slow turning of a bird's head

So white its plumes and feathers  
Its breast like the moon in water  
Silent and tranquil it moves  
On the river in the calm

I wander back on familiar roads  
I sense the marks I left on the hills  
I see the cuts and wounds of my deeds  
They make me muse on life

Up the hill and the mountain  
I look back, I look down  
There flows the River of Death  
And here the wind in my hair