

## Exile of the Sons of Uisliu

Amorphis

A wave the sound of Noisiu's voice  
his singing was ever sweet...  
Noisiu's grave has now been made  
and the accompaniment was mournful

For him I poured out - hero of heroes,  
the deadly drink that killed him

Dear his short shining hair  
a handsome man, even very beautiful

Dear the grey eyes that women loved  
fierce they were foes