

## My Kantele

Amorphis

Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsense  
Who say that music reckon that the kantele  
Was fashioned by a god  
Out of a great pike's shoulders  
From a water-dog's hooked bones:  
It was made from the grief  
Moulded from sorrow

Its belly out of hard days  
Its soundboard from endless woes  
Its strings gathered from torments  
And its pegs from other ills  
Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsense

So it will not play, will not rejoice at all  
Music will not play to please  
Give off the right sort of joy  
For it was fashioned from cares  
Moulded from sorrow.