

Nightbird's Song

Amorphis

Whispering of the trees
And nightbird's wistful song
My heart is growing still
The silent warriors arise

From beneath the shadows blue
From behind the shrouded veil
The ghosts step in front of me
The silent ones creep through me

They run beneath the stars
They rush on the road of night
They glide on the glass of time
They ride on a pale and frozen lake

Arise, the silent warriors arise
Arise, from the black soil
Arise, from the nightbird's song and screams

From the solar winds of my soul
From the moonlit matter of my bones
From shivering of my flesh
From leaden weights of my memory

The ghost of time are born
Step forth the immortals
Emerge the envoys of the depths
Silently the warriors arise.