

# 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.