

## Rusty Moon

Amorphis

Bathed in the rust of moon  
Is the death beds lullaby  
Sung so softly with the stars  
Reflected in her eyes

It's the blaze that beckons men  
Into the woods, of beaten path  
Is the sight of the fire that  
No maiden's eyes should have  
Iron does as iron's told  
And drinks of life's red gold  
But shame won't leave with dying breathe  
The life that wants it's own death

And the forest hums its silent hymn  
Heard by those of solitude  
As mist it wells  
Up the brook's dark banks  
Bewitched by there fir woods