

## Sign from the North Side

Amorphis

True Celtic power  
From the cape of Cornwall  
Cry of hope, angels cry  
This was omen, our sign, prediction  
Distant gate, gothic grave  
Through ages our clan still remain  
In this proud land I grew up strong,  
My tears are flowing all around  
The wind is twisting my sorrow  
I still believe in truth and hate  
All through my life I have carried our ring,  
The omen  
All this was the fragment from my life  
In this proud land I was born alone  
I was taught to fight, taught to win  
They told me the way of steel and secret  
I am the unburied child, child without a nam,  
Without fate,  
I fight for peace and love,  
I am reborn