

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