

Summer's End

Amorphis

In the morning mist by the waning moon
through the woods she set on foot
With a sacred blade cut the berries down
Dug up the dreaded mandrake root

Tread my path to summer's end
This bequest I leave you she says
You will see what could be evergreen
Turn to copper and fade to grey

By the standing stones
Atropine eyes smiled at me
Sitting in a sluggish vertigo
Sands of time form another dream
No love without sacrifice
No liege springs without decay
The final kiss is a wormy one
In soils cold caress to rest we'll lay