

## The Smoke

Amorphis

In my dream smoke followed me  
As on fire the whole world had been  
To the yard I walked in  
Up the frontstep and opened the door

Cranes flew over to the North  
As I walked on dry  
And passed through a grove  
Yellow with flowers

They had been expecting me  
They said so and I believed  
In my dream smoke came to me  
And we became as one

I am smoke