

The White Swan

Amorphis

I set out on a longest road
to seek the answers from Death
I set out to the black sacred stream
to seek out and shoot a white swan

On desolate and stony paths
from a mountain to a vale
I reached the shore and saw it come
into my view, the swan

I took the arrow and raised my bow
I aimed below the graceful neck
under the white of its breast
inside the red of its heart

The surface of the river calm and black
reflects the sky, the pale moon
and there a glimpse caught of myself
I'm shattered, the vision is ruined

An arrow from the water
a serpent rips my mind
into the black river of Death
with a slash across my heart

My last sight a white swan
behind the swan a starless sky
under the sky a coal black river
reflected a bone white moon