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

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