# Black River

## Amorphis

Still searching for my way
The right way to be
Still pondering
What I've doneI'm still thinking what I've said
Still finding from within
And all that I know
Is still not enoughI'm being held by the one
Shadow tormenting my soul
The curving neck of the swan
The slow turning of a bird?s headSo white its plumes and feathers
Its breast like the moon in waterSilent and tranquil it moves
On the river in the calmI wander back on familiar roads
I sense the marks I left on the hills
I see the cuts and wounds of my deeds
They make me muse on lifeUp the hill and the mountain
I look back, I look down
There flows the River of Death
And here the wind in my hair

Songwriters
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