Black River

Amorphis

Still searching for my way
The right way to be
Still pondering
What I've done

I'm still thinking what I've said
Still finding from within
And all that I know
Is still not enough

I'm being held by the one
Shadow tormenting my soul
The curving neck of the swan
The slow turning of a bird?s head

So white its plumes and feathers
Its breast like the moon in water

Silent and tranquil it moves
On the river in the calm

I 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 life

Up the hill and the mountain
I look back, I look down
There flows the River of Death
And here the wind in my hair

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