Into Hiding

Amorphis

The islander slips into hiding
And takes to his heels
Out of dark Northland
The murky house of SaraHe whirled out of doors as snow
Arrives as smoke in yard
To flee from bad deedsThere he had to become someone else
He must change his shape
As an eagle he swept upWanted to soar the heavenward
The sun burnt his cheeks
The moon lit his brows
(Wanted to soar heavenward)
The sun burnt his cheeks
The moon lit his brows

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