My Kantele

Amorphis

Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsense
Who say that music reckon that the kantele
Was fashioned by God
Out of a great pike's shoulders
From a water dog's hooked bones
It was made from the griefIts belly out of hard days
Its soundboard from endless woes
Its strings gathered from torments
And its pegs from other ills
Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsenseIts belly out of hard days
Its soundboard from endless woes
Its strings gathered from torments
And its pegs from other ills
Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsenseSo it will not play, will not rejoice at all
Music will not play to please
Give off the right sort of joy
For it was fashioned from cares
Moulded from sorrow

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