Tuonela

Amorphis

Sorrow is my bread
And tears I drink as wine
Oblivion my happiness
Ground under tooth of timeFor cold be the stone
When frost devoured the land
Consolation is no gift
Of winter's icy handUpon a crust of snow, I'll lay my broken frame
What steel and iron won't take, I'll give in winter's name
No good a sullen soul, no use a simple knave
No group of brides of plaited hair, this man old and lameIf only I could breathe
To see the sun of May
But still longer are the nights than days
As I wither awayCame the man of crown
With sound of war drums beat
Said no sword I'm strong enough
Without my two good feetUpon a crust of snow, I'll lay my broken frame
What steel and iron won't take, I'll give in winter's name
No good a sullen soul, no use a simple knave
No group of brides of plaited hair, this man old and lame, old and lameNo good a sullen soul, no use a simple knave
No group of brides of plaited hair, this man old and lameI'm not overlooked, am I?
In eyes of the maid I'll wed
I'll reap the crops of Tuonela
My bride's wealth in death

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