Skyforger

Amorphis

Inside this nonexistence
I know very clearly
The directions, all the points
Of every potential quarterI forge my wisdom
Into an arc surrounding all
I forge my heartbeat
To a dome all heavens wideI know the sun and the moon
The names of stars
Their movement and purpose
I mark the place of Polaris
On these impossible heightsI forge the horizons
I craft them for flowing blood
I forge the places
Precise for silver, precise for goldIn solitude I measure out
The range of barren lands
I draw into the nothingness
The intersecting curvesI look at all directions
I look at one clear point
I see them all come together
I see into the heartThis here is my place, it is my work
I was made the maker of the skyI am the maker of the sky
I am the forger of the arc

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