

# Skyforger

## Amorphis

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

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