

Silver Bride (Forging the Land of Thousand Lakes)

Amorphis

From the misty dreams of nighttime
I sought the clarity of my days
From the gates of longing
Looked for the familiar glowThe death of my wife's slayer
Brought no comfort to me
No shape from loneliness
For a dreamA queen of gold I made
A silver bride I built
From the northern summer night
From the winter moonResponded not my girl
No beating heart I felt
I brought no sighs to the silver lips
No warmth from the goldWithin my heart a flame of desires
Provoked the power of my will
Forced into a silvery shape
A golden queen for meI made our bed under the stars
Covers a plenty, bear skin hides
Stroked the arc of golden curves
Kissed the lips of silverQueen of gold, I made her
Silver bride, I built her
Queen of gold, no heart
Silver bride, no warmthQueen of gold, I made her
Silver Bride, I built her
Queen of gold, no heart
Silver Bride, no life

Songwriters

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