Black Winter Day

Amorphis

This is how the lucky feel
How the blessed men think
Like a daybreak in spring
The sun on spring morningLike the flat brink of a cloud
Like the dark night in autumn
But how do I feel
In my gloomy depths?This is how the lucky feel
How the blessed men think
Like a daybreak in springLike the flat brink of a cloud
Like a dark night in autumn
A black winter dayThis is how the lucky feel
How the blessed men think
Like a daybreak in springThe sun on spring morning
Like the flat brink of a cloud
Like a dark night in autumnA black winter day
Not darker than that
Gloomier than an autumn night
A black winter day

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