

# Nightfall

Amorphis

As a rot to rape the spring sown seed  
A plague sprang forth of his tracks  
Churns ran red when cows milked blood  
And famine cracked poor backs

Who would hear a lament sad  
Under the bright blue sky  
That's sung in hovels dark and low  
With eyes too weak to cry

But horror be the nightfall's gloom  
For the man upon the road  
When moon doth laugh at worthless lives  
Twice hard for all promise showed

Empty stare upon his face  
Nine fathoms deep  
He set upon the road again  
On ground that bears no seed