Dead Man's Dream

Amorphis

On opening my eyes…
The world dark as my soul…
Nothing moves, nothing flows
A dream of a dead man

The moss of thoughts fill my mouth…
Lichen grows on my bones… Vertebrae detach…
Teeth lost in the grit

The night has swallowed my name…
Taken my time, taken my place
The dusk has covered my trace…
The rain has washed my memories away

I have disappeared…
I am no more… Turned into voice of storm
The roaring song of space…
Behold the waves… They roll over themselves
Behold the waves… There lies the lap of time

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