

Grain of Sand

Amorphis

The roads around here are straight
Lead over mountains and mounds
Here you will never get lost
For all roads lead to your death

You will turn into
(Into dust on the road)
Into a grain of sand
(On a bank of a river)
You will turn into
(Into a speck on a forest path)
Into a grain of sand

The sweet substance of your blood
With rushing waters will merge
It will settle on the river's bed
Snow upon your grave mound

Only Tuonela's river
Is winding and crooked
When fed to its rapids
You will be ground
Your flesh torn from your bones
Your bones spat on its banks

You will turn into
(Into dust on the road)
Into a grain of sand
(On a bank of a river)
You will turn into
(Into a speck on a forest path)
Into a grain of sand

Your flesh torn from your bones
Your bones spat on its banks

Your flesh
(Only Tuonela's river)
Your bones
Your flesh torn from your bones
Your bones spat on its banks