

Highest Star

Amorphis

Under the vault of heavens
I stood alone, waiting
The blaze of silver shining in my eyes
My hands of gleaming gold
The red of iron in my veins
The blue of steel in my bones
The sparkle of blackness of coal in my hair
My chest golden with waved

It is my heaven
It has my eyes
It is my space
It has my shape

I knew it was my masterwork
I felt the strength of gods
Revised the soaring heights
Let the heavens be aligned

I listened with care the place for the moon
Made sure of the tones
Painted through void the route for the sun
Made out the locus of stars
I pierced the distant dome
For the lights to seep through
I checked the curves of borders of all
And placed the highest star

It is my heaven
It has my eyes
It is my space
It has my shape

It worked and sun and danced
It shone and gloved and gleaned
It circled, curved and blazed
It pulsed, burned and waned

It flowed from my bones
And bolted from my fingers
And settled on and over me
And made me face my longing