

My Sun

Amorphis

Slowly turns the key of time
In the lock of promises broken
In mute silence of my space
I crouch under my yearning

The works of my gods receding now
Evade my grasping hands

Her hair I would long to adorn
With glowing stars
Her brow with shining sun
In silver I would trace
The moonshine of her grace
The shining one

Perfection of the skies I knew
And memories of my deeds
Fade away beyond my reach
And change to lonely nights

But ever so slowly
Turns the key of time
In a rusty lock
Of broken promises