

On the Dark Waters

Amorphis

On the dark waters of Tuonela
Sailed a ship hewn out of bone
Clambering against the current
Swiftly sailing the black waters
No water gushed around its fore
No trail left behind its aft
No oars there were to be seen
No sail hoisted on its mast

Who did sail that boat of bone
Steer the silent ship of death?
As it flew and dove
And made its way upstream?
Waiting at the dark headwaters
Were a people sullen, silent
Baying for that ship to take
Their dead downstream

A ship of bone rose from the river
Called the dead aboard its deck
Through the fiery gates of life
It took its silent passengers
The black waters of that river
Turned to blood, bubbled and boiled
As the boat of bone was blazing
Dead, dry veins ran red with life

Who did sail that boat of bone
Steer the silent ship of death?
As it flew and dove
And made its way upstream?
Waiting at the dark headwaters
Were a people sullen, silent
Baying for that ship to take
Their dead downstream

Into a dark bend of the river
Were cast the nameless unborn
On top of a barren outcrop
Naked bodies of the elders
The dead were squinting their eyes
As they once more saw their shadow
They were born to a life of tears
In the light of a forgotten sun

Swiftly on the sable waters
Sailed back the boat of bone
To the dark waters of Tuonela
And the people woke astounded
To the dawn of their new life
(Tuonela's dark water)
Saw the day once more a-breaking
(Tuonela's dark water)
Knew the night would be descending