

## Song of the Sage

Amorphis

No man nor a god, with a sword he carved  
With a feather he conjured  
An instrument from the bone of fish  
A kantele from the jaws of a pike  
Sat on a golden rock, on a bank of a golden river  
By the brink of golden falls, under the golden sun

The birds flew to the singer  
The wildfowl from the open sea

The fingers plucked the brightest chord  
Tolled the fangs of a pike  
The colours of rainbow lighted  
Above the silent waters

Came forth the woodland creatures, the spirits great and small  
The mistress and the master of Tapiola, forest folk

Behind a cloud of blue, the moon wove the strands of silver  
On the edge of the cloud of red, the daylight gilded the cloth

The small fish in the shallows, the big ones under the surface  
The king of waters, on the waves, the queen on an open sea

From distant fens came the swans  
An eagle from its heaven high

Each one comprehended and understood  
Each one shed a tear, they wept and cried

Each and every tear, tears of everyone  
All joined to flow into the silent waters  
The golden stream of life carried the tears to the sea  
To oceans' deep keeps the pearls were concealed.