

The Lantern

Amorphis

The river brings butterfly wings
Carries shining feathers of birds
And flowers and branches of trees
And broken bodies maimed
In black waters, they all sank
Devoured by the depths
The bodies in Tuonela's stream
Tuonela's stream

The kings of renown
The mightiest of men
Jumbled together with lowly slaves
All smeared into pulp
The flesh of the families
The bones of the tribes
Deprived of their trophies
Dismembered and crushed

In a pool beneath the stream
The waters ceased to boil
Then dulled the roar and foaming froth
Tuonela's river had calmed
By the side of the waters black
In the never-ending night
Flickered a small lantern
A fire danced on the shore

The kings of renown
The mightiest of men
Jumbled together with lowly slaves
All smeared into pulp
The flesh of the families
The bones of the tribes
Deprived of their trophies
Dismembered and crushed

Who was he who walked the night
And stirred on the stony shore?
And moved along those murky banks
Roamed the riverside
Who walked the night?