

Moonsorrow

"Unohduksen Lapsi"

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Katkennut terÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ kÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ dessÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ni,
verivana rinnallani.

Vain tyhjÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ huotra maahan tallattuna
seuraa kun IÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤hden taas.

On vihollinen kaadettu,
voittamaton voitettu.
VeistettyÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ lihaani pelko
jÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ytÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤.

Tuo viima hyytÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤vÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤
nimeÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ni kuljettaa.
Punainen veri piirtÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤
merkin maahan routaiseen.

Vuoren rinnettÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤
huurre kapuaa.
Kuin hetkeÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤n odottaen
laelle kotka vain jÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤.

Taas vaihtaa tuuli suuntaa,
se vainajia syleilee ja kivet murentaa.

On metsÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ autio
ja pilvet paenneet.
Katson henki hÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤lyryten
kun kaikki hiljalleen jÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤tyy.

Vain viima hyytÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤vÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤
nimeÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ni kuljettaa.
Lopulta tiedÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤n sen
mitÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ tulin
tÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤yttÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤mÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤n.

Vuoren rinnettÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤
taivas kuristaa.
Pelotta tarkkailee hÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤n
jonka siivet vielÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ kantavat.

Yksin tuulta vastassa
seisoo orpo taistojen.
SiintÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤ metsÃƒÂfÃ,Â¤

keihÃfÃfÃ,Âxiden
rannassa taivaan punaisen.

Se raivo lailla ukkosen
silpoo rivit nÃfÃfÃ,Â¶yrttyvien.
Sudet talosta kuoleman
suovat henkÃfÃfÃ,Âxyksen viimeisen.

Yksin tuulta vastassa
on lapsi tuon teurastuksen.

Ei vanhus sano sanaakaan,
vain haaskalinnut taivaalla tarinansa tuntevat.

Multaan hautaan kappaleet
raudan
vÃfÃfÃ,Â¤symÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ttÃfÃfÃ,Â¶mÃfÃfÃ,Â¤n.
Matkan lopussa ei jÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ljelle jÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ÃfÃfÃ,Â¤
mitÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ÃfÃfÃ,Â¤n.

VielÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ viima hyytÃfÃfÃ,Â¤vÃfÃfÃ,Â¤
lauluani kuljettaa.
Merkki routaisessa maassa
aikaan katoaa.

Vuoren rinnnettÃfÃfÃ,Â¤
huurre kapuaa.
Kuin hetkeÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ÃfÃfÃ,Â¤n odottaen
laelle kotka vain jÃfÃfÃ,Â¤ÃfÃfÃ,Â¤.

Siivet revitty mutta kynnet valmiina
loppunsa kohtaamaan.

Sodan maailmaa
pimeys kuristaa.
Pelotta tarkkailee hÃfÃfÃ,Â¤n
jonka silmÃfÃfÃ,Â¤t vielÃfÃfÃ,Â¤
nÃfÃfÃ,Â¤kevÃfÃfÃ,Â¤t.

[English translation:]

[CHILD OF OBLIVION]

A broken sword in my hand,
a trail of blood on my chest.
Just an empty scabbard trampled to the ground
will follow as I leave again.

The enemy has been slain,
the invincible defeated.
A fear is gnawing my rough-hewn flesh.

The icy piercing wind
my name is carried upon.
Blood o' so red, it draws
a mark on the frozen ground.

And rime is climbing
the mountainside.
As if awaiting its time to come
a solitary eagle stays still.

Yet the wind is changing again,
embracing the dead and eroding what is stone.

The woods are silent
and the clouds are gone.
Through the steam of my breath
all I see is turning ice.

Just the icy piercing wind
my name is carried upon.
And then it becomes clear
what part here is mine.

And sky is strangling
the mountainside.
With no fear in his eyes
the one with wings is watching.

Alone against the wind
the battlefield orphan now stands.
The forest of spears is growing
on the red skyshore.

That rage like thunderstorm
tears the humbling lines.
Wolves from the house of death
now grant the final breath.

Alone against the wind
the child of slaughter now stands.

No, the old man speaks no words
and only the vultures may tell his tale.

Into the soil buried
the shards of untiring iron.
At the journey's end nothing is to remain.

Still the icy piercing wind
my name is carried upon.

The mark on the frozen ground
will vanish into time.

And rime is climbing
the mountainside.
As if awaiting its time to come
a solitary eagle stays still.

Wings they are torn but claws are ready
to face what might be the end.

And dark is strangling
the world of war.
With no fear in his eyes
the one with sight is watching.

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