Amorphis "Exile Of The Sons Of Uisliu"

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A wave the sound Of Noisiu's voice His singing was ever sweet

Noisiu's grave has now been made And the accompaniment Was mournful

For him I poured out Hero of heroes The deadly drink that killed him

Dear his short shining hair A handsome man Very beautiful

Dear the gray eyes That women loved Fierce they were foes Dear the gray eyes

A wave the sound Of Noisiu's voice His singing was ever sweet

Noisiu's grave has now been made And the accompaniment Was mournful

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