

Amorphis

"Rusty Moon"

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Bathed in the rust of moon
Is the death beds lullaby
Sung so softly with the stars
Reflected in her eyes

It's the blaze that beckons men
Into the woods of beaten path
Is the sight of the fire that
No maiden's eyes should have

Iron does as iron's told
The drinks of life's red, gold
But shame won't leave with dying breath
The life that wants it's own

And the forest hums its silent hymn
Heard by those of solitude
As mist it wells up the brook's dark banks
Bewitched by these fir woods

It's the blaze that beckons men
Into the woods of beaten path
Is the sight of the fire that
No maiden's eyes should have

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But shame won't leave with dying breath
The life that wants it's own

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Is the death beds lullaby
Sung so softly with the stars
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Iron does as iron's told
The drinks of life's red, gold

But shame won't leave with dying breath
The life that wants it's own

Iron does as iron's told
The drinks of life's red, gold
But shame won't leave with dying breath

Iron does as iron's told
The drinks of life's red, gold
The life that now wants it's own death

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