

## **Amorphis**

### **"Sign"**

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Far from here, a house forsaken on lands of yesterday  
The silence of the night has crept in  
As weeping of the women, as thoughts of solitude  
As sadness and as grief

In a dim deserted room a token left on the table  
A talisman, a hairbrush from his father  
Oozing from the shaft a stream of bitter sap  
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow

They know it to be an emblem of death  
A sign of destruction  
They recognize the end of a friend  
The agony of a man and son  
They look at brush, remember the black hair  
They weep the bitter sap

Oozing from the shaft a stream of bitter sap  
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow  
Bristles weeping wet, into a pool of red  
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow

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