

Amorphis

"The Sign"

Visit "[The Sign](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Amorphis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.