

## Amorphis "Tuonela"

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Sorrow is my bread  
And tears I drink as wine  
Oblivion my happiness  
Ground under tooth of time

For cold be the stone  
When frost devoured the land  
Consolation is no gift  
Of winter's icy hand

Upon a crust of snow, I'll lay my broken frame  
What steel and iron won't take, I'll give in winter's name  
No good a sullen soul, no use a simple knave  
No group of brides of plaited hair, this man old and lame

If only I could breathe  
To see the sun of May  
But still longer are the nights than days  
As I wither away

Came the man of crown  
With sound of war drums beat  
Said no sword I'm strong enough  
Without my two good feet

Upon a crust of snow, I'll lay my broken frame  
What steel and iron won't take, I'll give in winter's name  
No good a sullen soul, no use a simple knave  
No group of brides of plaited hair, this man old and lame, old and lame

No good a sullen soul, no use a simple knave  
No group of brides of plaited hair, this man old and lame

I'm not overlooked, am I?  
In eyes of the maid I'll wed  
I'll reap the crops of Tuonela  
My bride's wealth in death

