

# Amorphis, Divinity

Last day brings the grace  
For bearers of forbidden name  
Step into five-fold mace  
As son as father in a frame

Someday fire wipes the rain  
Fears are frozen tears  
Whisper things that no one hears  
Cry now, cry now for me again  
Tomorrow's pride and pain  
Why you kneel before my name

Crushing my belief  
And make shape to my relief  
For who you said your prayers  
I can't hear them anyway