Amorphis, God Of Deception

The god of deception
a man with your face
see him still wondering
searching for your grave

needles called luster
it's only a one night stand
and you are six feet under
dead by your own hand

as you lost your destination
something drilled holes in your soul
it's time to meet your maker
raise the relief on your temple

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something drilled holes in your soul
it's time to meet your maker
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make them blame themselves
regret the deceased
until the truth kills it's novelty
attrition of their beliefs

as you lost your destination
something drilled holes in your soul
it's time to meet your maker
raise the relief on your temple

it's the pain that calls the tune
those heartbreaking moments
mislaid it all
all the happiness
you can die at your leisure
make them blame themselves
regret the deceased
until the truth kills its novelty
attrition of their beliefs