

Amorphis, Greed

Not thirsty am I for the blood
Of redeemer of thy greed
My hunger can't be satisfied
With flesh of thy nazarene
No gilded streets of heaven's grace
Entice me in thy speech
No holy mother doth condone
All your pillage war and greed

But know thee that all oceans worth
Of waters turned holy
Won't change the course of river
That runs inside of me
My blood flows ever skyward
And pools where thy black is white

For woulst thou not carme at my soul
With sword of thy supreme truth
Strike me down on my bended knees
For thy baptism so soothe

My blood flows ever skywawrd
And pools where thy black is white
Alone am I to raise my head
In the starless forest night