

# 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