

Amorphis, A Servant

What was denied from poor
I thought to be riches
I run for them there and then
It made me take my due
To death I'd plunge with joy
My happiness to claim
I am prepared to face the war
Under the black soil

I'm righteous if I so desire
Until I reveal my worth
And take to myself
What was denied from me
I stalked them in their celebrations
I delved into the words
I aimed at the highest of the high
And decided it's mine to take

Wont to crawl I was
To cringe and fawn
A servant on hours of day
But a holder of nocturnal sway

What was denied from poor
I thought to be love
I run for it here and now
It makes me take my due