Amorphis, Far From The Sun

Nothing is more than too much
I'm waiting for the tarnishing touch
you wish for the last kiss goodbye
like the child that cannot lie

I walk
away now from you
and your sun
it goes down from you
as I walk
away now from you
and from
from your sun

holding the wounds of the bleeding souls
you summon all the restless folk
to share the feast of anxiety
like the spawn that cannot breed

I walk
away now from you
and your sun
it goes down from you
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