Amorphis, Planetary Misfortune

I hear you hear your worthless speech unheard and sensational feeding my comprehension let me see beyond all additional

show me something real something low and dramatical when all this sinful glittery is still too much to see

taste the death from my hand cleanse your senses take the death from my hands please your senses

I fear you planetary misfortune who will pray for my hallucinations I'm not attuned when you fold your hands it's a wave of the salvation

and their slaves are their kings futility of this creation stand before the illusionist the man of misapprehension

taste the death from my hand cleanse your senses take the death from my hands please your senses