

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