

Amorphis, Sacrifice

I have brought this treasure
Berries red and apples golden
From the soil from these grounds
Would you take them as your own

Come before the winter's gale
Before the frost and snow
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice
Come when the sun has gone away
When the warmth has gone
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice

I have brought this treasure
And lay my gift on a bed of sprigs
You will find when darkness falls
My offerings on clean, cold stone

Come before the winter's gale
Before the frost and snow
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice
Come when the sun has gone away
When the warmth has gone
Take what I will give you
Accept my sacrifice