

Amorphis, Smithereens

I let you take
this breeding sorrow
you're too close to see
as the pride inside of you
is smashed to smithereens

this fire hunts the soulless and the weak
bursting out the madness in me
and through all the that fear I have to keep
I still pretend to be real

you can't resist
all those fools beside you
spread your arms and share
this hatred with me
as it smashes your soul to smithereens

this fire hunts the soulless and the weak
bursting out the madness in me
and through all the that fear I have to keep
I still pretend to be real