

Amorphis, Withered

Withered be the flower
Long past its prime and bloom
Forgotten on the stony bed
This silent hillside tomb
For coppered be the grip
Of this wooded land
A crude cold gauntlet
Hides the bony hand

Tears once warmed the ground
Torn out of eyes that could cry no more
Compassion for the wind to take
O doth pity the bastard poor
A life of misery and hate
Upon a chance, a twist of fate
The poison from the goblet ran
Down the throat of her drunken man