

## Amorphis "A Servant"

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What was denied from poor  
I thought to be riches  
I run for them there and then  
It made me take my due  
To death I'd plunge with joy  
My happiness to claim  
I am prepared to face the war  
Under the black soil

I'm righteous if I so desire  
Until I reveal my worth  
And take to myself  
What was denied from me  
I stalked them in their celebrations  
I delved into their words  
I aimed at the highest of the high  
And decided it's mine to take

[Chorus:]  
Wont to crawl I was  
To cringe and fawn  
A servant on hours of day  
But a holder of nocturnal sway

What was denied from poor  
I thought to be love  
I run for it here and now  
It makes me take my due

[Chorus] (x3)

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