

Amorphis

"Withered"

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Withered be the flower
Long past it's 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

The tears once warmed the ground
Torn out of eyes that could cry no more
Compassion for the wind to take
Ohh, 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

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