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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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