

# Amorphis, On Rich And Poor

Old folk remember  
And those today learn  
How before their time  
Life was different here:

Without the sun people lived  
Groped about without the moon  
With candles sowing was done  
Planting performed with torches.

At the time we lived  
Without the sunshine  
Who had covered up our sun  
And who had hidden our moon?

Without the moonlight stumbled  
With our fists fumbled the land  
With our hands we sought out roads  
With hands roads, with fingers swamps  
We could not live without sun  
Nor manage without moonlight;  
Who would seek out the sun  
Who spy out the moon?  
Who else if not God  
The one son of God?