

# Amorphis, Sacrifice

I have brought this treasure  
Berries red and apples golden  
From the soil from these grounds  
Would you take them as your own

Come before the winter's gale  
Before the frost and snow  
Take what I will give you  
Accept my sacrifice  
Come when the sun has gone away  
When the warmth has gone  
Take what I will give you  
Accept my sacrifice

I have brought this treasure  
And lay my gift on a bed of sprigs  
You will find when darkness falls  
My offerings on clean, cold stone

Come before the winter's gale  
Before the frost and snow  
Take what I will give you  
Accept my sacrifice  
Come when the sun has gone away  
When the warmth has gone  
Take what I will give you  
Accept my sacrifice