Amorphis, Withered

Withered be the flower Long past its 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

Tears once warmed the ground
Torn out of eyes that could cry no more
Compassion for the wind to take
O 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