

A Servant

Amorphis

What was denied from poor
I thought to be riches
I run for them there and then
it made me take my due
to death I'd plunge with joy
my happiness to claim
I am prepared to face the war
under the black soil

I'm righteous if so desire
until I reveal my worth
and take to myself
what was denied from me
I stalked them in their celebrations
I delved into their words
I aimed at the highest of the high
and decided it's mine to take

Wont to crawl I was
to cringe and fawn
a servant on hours of day
but a holder of nocturnal sway

What was denied from poor
I thought to be love
I run for it here and now
it makes me take my due